F O R U M and Century

The Magazine of Controversy. Its method is to give a fair and friendly hearing to both sides, all sides, of important questions of the day. Its practice is, in an age of shifting authority, of relativity and specialization, to apply common sense both to threadbare tradition and to glittering novelty. Its object is, by stimulating independent thinking, to promote sound individualism in a democracy.

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

Editorial FOREWORD

WANTED: a new economic plan America. Surely in this seventh quarter our national depression it is time to call challenge to befuddlement and confu- n of weak counsels. The U. S. Chamber Commerce has met in Atlantic City l discussed among other matters the irability of some sort of national eco- nic board, and of some plan for guar- eed employment, but that body ad- rned without crystallizing a single ommendation under which industry ght rally. The International Chamber Commerce has met in Washington and ourned with an anæmic resolution of usive generalities. Speaking before this gust body of world plutocrats, "the atest Secretary of the Treasury since xander Hamilton" had nothing better offer than the noble but vague counsel ourage. In Washington no vivid recom- ndation was formulated to raise West- capitalism out of the slough of despond o which it has fallen.

OUR PRIDED business brains seem be as unimaginative as those of our ided politicians. Do our captains of lustry really propose to play golf until six million unemployed of midsum- r swell to the ten million unemployed midwinter, and radical labor becomes exasperated that it begins to destroy ital goods by suddenly increasing the sumption of dynamite?

AS A magazine of opinion and con- versy THE FORUM is not bound by any uples of excessive caution, and we pro- se to make a beginning by inviting nomic plans for America. In this issue present for the consideration of our ders a Plan evolved by Mr. Charles A. ard, veteran professor of politics and storian of the government and economic of the United States. Professor Beard odestly says that he sets up his Plan a target for discussion. Perhaps it is re than a target. The Beard Plan is the sult of forty years of clear-headed think- g about the development of our coun- y. Mr. Beard has borrowed nothing

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VOL. LXXXVI — No. 1

THE FORUM, combined with THE CENTURY MAGAZINE (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.), is published monthly by the Forum Publishing Company, Inc. 25 cents a copy; $2.50 a year; foreign subscription, $3.50. Publication office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and general offices, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Back copies not over three months old, 25 cents; all other back copies, $1.00. Four weeks' advance notice required for change of address, and such notices must supply the old address as well as the new. *Indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*

All manuscripts should be typewritten, accompanied by return postage, and addressed to the Editor at the New York office. No responsibility is assumed for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

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FORUM

Next Month

U. S., INCORPORATED

Jay Franklin

Here is another Plan for America, different from Mr. Beard's yet equally deserving of sober consideration. Its proposer, a witty political commentator, glosses his suggestions with a pyrotechnical style, but that doesn't make them any less sound. In the process of advising for the future he offers acid observations on the present. His paper holds a surprise for all who believe that authoritative economic discussions must be dull.

TAMMANNY'S GRAB BAG

Ralph E. Renaud

Who's who in New York graft, and what he gets. Mr. Renaud has been in a position to learn the inside details: he was Managing Editor of the old New York *World* when it died, and at present he is on the staff of the New York *Evening Post*. In this outspoken article he does not hesitate to mention names and figures.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF BANKERS

James Truslow Adams

6500 banks have crashed in the past ten years. The business slump can't be blamed for all these failures, because many of them occurred during what is fondly recalled as the flush period of prosperity. Mr. Adams has an idea as to what is wrong, and he states it baldly.

MARRIAGE

A Socratic Dialogue

The Editor got five women together — among them Mary Roberts Rinehart and Margaret Culkin Banning — and set them to talking about marriage. Before the argument ended they had spouted material enough for a dozen magazine articles, the cream of which is contained in this stenographic report of their conversation. Unquestionably it will set women everywhere to buzzing on this most universal of topics.

RETIREMENT AND THE BUSINESS MAN

Struthers Burt

"No other proof is needed that there is something the matter with business than the fact that so many men retire from it, and so many others want to retire from it." Starting from this premise, Mr. Burt makes an investigation into the psychology of the business man and concludes that one of his troubles is an inferiority complex in relation to his calling. Other unexpected conclusions come out in the course of this sympathetic analysis.

THE GREAT DIRT CONSPIRACY

Walter B. Pitkin

By pure coincidence Walter Pitkin has developed one of the suggestions contained in the Beard "Five-Year Plan" in this issue — proving that the active minds of the country are pushing forward in the same direction. Mr. Pitkin's proposal that we do away with the small independent farmer in favor of huge agricultural corporations is the result of a 14,000-mile automobile tour through the nation's distressed farm lands.

FOREWORD

Continued

from Russia in setting up his Plan. W and woof it is home spun American.

As IMMEDIATE palliatives to st business going, pending the adoption his Plan, Mr. Beard offers, toward the e of his article, two expedients. Let C gress in special session create two Syn cates, one for Agriculture and the otl for Building Materials and Housing. T Agriculture Syndicate would organ vast farming corporations to consolid large farms and link small scattered far into a system, buying marginal land, foresting, constructing highways, a building transmission lines. The Buildi Materials and Housing Syndicate wo likewise organize a nation-wide netw of corporations to engage in replacing c slums by model tenements, and slove farm buildings by beautiful rural str tures.

THESE two Syndicates, Farm and Housing, are later to be fitted into t scheme which is the core of the Bea Plan — a National Economic Coun composed of an association of syndicat corporations. This National Econon Council is to call for the syndication of corporations engaged in producing t necessities of life — food, shelter, clo ing, heat. These necessities are to rated as public utilities and to be un the same government regulation as pow radio, transportation, and other pub utilities. Each Syndicate is to functi much as the Electric Bond and Sh Company does to-day in the electric dustry. That is, each Syndicate will h stock in the Corporations and give th technical advice. The Syndicate will p dict distribution and consumption as w as ward off the staggering blow of m placed technological production un which America is suffering to-day.

UNDER the Beard Plan the c porate structure of industry will chan Stock owned by the public will slowly retired and concentrated among th most interested — the employers and t employees. Gradually the government w acquire an interest in the corporations means of funds raised by bond issues a income and inheritance taxes. The outsi public will gradually be eliminated exce as investors in guaranteed bonds yieldi three per cent. Prosperity surpluses w be set aside to take care of every sort unemployment, even in times of depressio *if any*. Prices will be reduced, but wag will be increased, and with them t power of consumption.

IF ANYONE thinks he has a bet Plan than Mr. Beard, let THE FOR hear from him.

HENRY GODDARD LEACH

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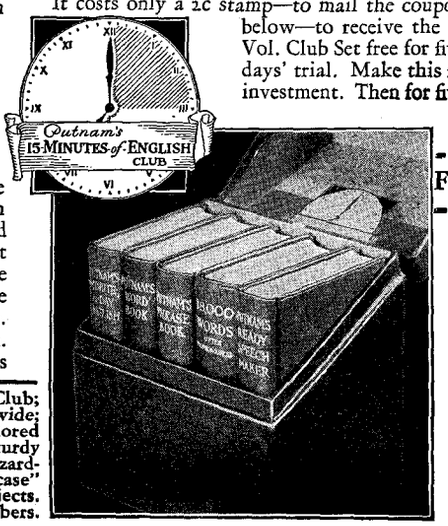

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — KEATS

Reviews by

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN **HARRY SALPETER**
GRANVILLE HICKS **FRANCES WARFIELD**

An American Record

DAWN, by Theodore Dreiser; Liveright, $5.00.
Reviewed by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY of early youth, *Dawn* tells us nothing new about Dreiser in any philosophical, any essential, sense. He is the same Dreiser, whether he is telling of his newspaper experiences in *A Book About Myself*, or whether he is chronicling the rise of a traction magnate or the fall of a maiden of easy virtue. Like Irving Babbitt, the author of *Sister Carrie* has not had a new idea since 1895. But no one wants him to get new ideas; he has fulfilled his function, and it has been a valuable one, by sticking to his guns to the last. If he had chopped and changed with each new wind of doctrine, his value as the recorder of certain phases of American life would have been greatly diminished. Instead of showing us what happened to some midland girls who were turned loose in Chicago in the eighties and nineties, instead of grappling with the sort of man who was best fitted to carve opulence and influence for himself out of the economic expansion of the America whose requiem is being sung by Stuart Chase and others, he might have tried the historical romance, along with Winston Churchill; he might have turned to the hollow and vaguely "uplifting" political novel, he might have done the Lord knows what.

But because the spectacle of poverty, and the twin forces of Thomas Henry Huxley and the Pittsburgh that Lincoln Steffens has called "Hell With the Lid Lifted" caught him young, he was saved from bobbing up and down on the surface currents. Admit that his philosophical notions are naïve, admit that he almost is childishly impressed by formulas just so long as they are chemical or physical, and he remains, nevertheless, one of the most sure means we have of understanding America of the late nineteenth century. Certainly a man who looked in upon the terrific labor troubles of the Pittsburgh that Dreiser knew would have ample warrant to believe the worst of human nature, the worst of God.

Dawn leads logically to the Dreiser of *A Book About Myself*. It tells, with complete candor, about the various Dreiser households in Terre Haute, Sullivan, Evansville, and Warsaw, Indiana, and in Chicago. Dreiser's father was an immigrant from Germany; his mother, of Mennonite stock transplanted from Pennsylvania. The overweening religiosity of Dreiser senior permanently alienated the young Theodore from the Catholic Church, whose parochial schools he attended in more than one town in the "Valley of Democracy." To Dreiser, the Pope is the world's greatest "vendor of nostrums." Many children of Catholic upbringing have acquired an uncanny skill at dialectic; not so Dreiser. His early exposure to religion seems chiefly to have made him skeptical of all abstractions that have a sociological origin; how contradictory, then, that he should take the abstractions of physics and chemistry so seriously! How illogical that he can take an algebraic formula on trust, yet cannot see the need of the Platonic idea of the good sentence.

But there is no use scolding Dreiser at this late date for sloppy writing. One can only wonder why the prose in "My Brother Paul," one of the sections in *Twelve Men*, is so much smoother than the prose about Brother Paul in *Dawn*. And then one can only forget the difference, for one gets used to the ungainliness and reads only for the substance. This substance in *Dawn* shows how shallow most of the criticism of Dreiser has been. For example, Gorham Munson has sought to make out a case against Dreiser's motive for writing by showing that, in his newspaper days, the novelist wanted lots of money in order to achieve the favors of many women. *Dawn*, with its pictures of the struggle that Dreiser's mother had to go through to hold t family together, shows well enough h Dreiser came to overvalue money; a who shall blame him?

It also shows well enough that a mi in adolescent days (as we all are, more less) might logically err in wanting t much sympathy, too many blandi ments. The fact remains that Dreiser, matter what his motives for writing, w never clever enough to prostitute hims for money and fame; he simply had be honest, for he lacked the skill to che *Dawn* is a telling record in that it reve the young Dreiser as too utterly unsub to be ever anything else than himse And if Stuart Sherman and Rob Shafer are right when they say that t world is not wholly a zoo, and therefo the Dreiser novels are a little off cent it is well to remember that every Howel every James, needs his Frank Norr his Theodore Dreiser, to right the b ance and show us that a good bit of t creed of the zoo remains in human socie to plague us.

One should go to Dreiser to lea something invaluable about the expansi of America; one should go to *Dawn* a to *A Book About Myself* to learn ho Dreiser came to see America as he h seen it. It is silly to slap the man on t wrist for his "chemical" version of huma existence; to do so is to indicate panic one's own soul, and that is scarcely — both Shafer and Sherman have ina vertently shown — consonant with huma dignity.

A Modern Pilgrim

THE PURE IN HEART, by Franz Werfe Simon & Schuster, $3.00.
Reviewed by GRANVILLE HICKS.

TO THE COMPANY of modern pi grims — Thomas Mann's Hans Castor James Joyce's Stephen Dedalus, the Ma cel of *The Remembrance of Things Pas* and the rest — Franz Werfel adds a ne

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figure, Ferdinand R., the hero of *The Pure in Heart.* Like the others of that company, Ferdinand seeks the meaning of life and the way of salvation, but unlike the others he ends where he begins. For Ferdinand R. is the naturally religious man. It is true that, having been born in a secular age, he cannot rest content in the simple faith of his childhood. As one of his friends says, "To find God the man of to-day must lose him." Ferdinand has to expose himself to all the delusions of the day, has to experience the contemporary pride of the intellect, has to see the emptiness of all man-made schemes for universal happiness; but in the end he finds peace and strength and joy in a kind of mystic communion with God.

The story begins with Ferdinand as he is at present, showing him as he appears to a casual but curious and acute observer. Then come four long episodes from his life, given to us as a kind of restatement of his recollections. (The method is precisely that adopted by Henry James for some of his later novels and so much praised by Percy Lubbock.) The first episode shows Ferdinand as a boy, suffering from the hostility between his father and mother and afterward from the disappearance of the latter and the death of the former. The second carries him through the war and the third through the post-war revolutionary period. In the last we see his rediscovery of the inner principle of which he had largely but not entirely lost sight during the days of disillusionment and emancipation. Thus we are led back to the Ferdinand of the first chapter.

But the story is not Ferdinand's alone; it is almost as much the story of Barbara, his nurse. It is from Barbara, so far as his religion has a human origin, that he imbibes the religious spirit; it is Barbara who defines for him, and for the reader, the goal of his pilgrimage; it is Barbara who restores to his spirit the equilibrium so long lost. Utterly undogmatic, innocent of theology, even unconscious of her own piety, Barbara has the gift of a more than human peace. What Ferdinand purchases at a great price is hers by birthright.

Surely this particular pilgrimage has not been traced before, and we can only be grateful to Werfel for describing it with so much insight and such warm conviction. Yet it may be doubted if Ferdinand R. can ever rouse in the contemporary mind the response roused by other pilgrims of recent fiction. Barbara is a credible figure, simply because she is so remote, quite as remote as any early martyr or medieval saint. But Ferdinand moves through the world that we know, suffers as we have suffered, is stirred, however briefly, by the hopes that have stirred us. We try to identify him with

AMBROSE BIERCE

That master of style — the only author about whom five books of biography have been published in a single year — had this important work in preparation throughout his long career in literature, taking notes on the misuse of words by eminent writers only, and ignoring the diction of those meriting no place in Letters. Happily, he brought this volume to completion, as the culmination of his literary activities — his last word — and entitled it

Write It Right

All of. "He gave all of his property." The words are contradictory: an entire thing cannot be of itself. Omit the preposition.

But. By many writers this word (in the sense of except) is regarded as a preposition, to be followed by the objective case: "All went but him." It is not a preposition and may take either the nominative or objective case, to agree with the subject or the object of the verb. All went but he. The natives killed all but him.

Executed. "The condemned man was executed." He was hanged, or otherwise put to death; it is the sentence that is executed.

Fail. "He failed to note the hour." That implies that he tried to note it, but did not succeed. Failure carries always the sense of endeavor; when there has been no endeavor there is no failure. A falling stone cannot fail to strike you, for it does not try; but a marksman firing at you may fail to hit you.

Got Married for *Married.* If this is correct, we should say, also, "got dead" for died; one expression is as good as the other.

Gubernatorial. Eschew it; it is not English, is needless and bombastic. Leave it to those who call a political office a "chair." "Gubernatorial chair" is good enough for them. So is hanging.

Juncture. Juncture means a joining, a junction; its use to signify a time, however critical a time, is absurd. "At this juncture the woman screamed." In reading that account of it we scream too.

Lengthy. Usually said in disparagement of some wearisome discourse. It is no better than breadthy, or thicknessy.

Roomer for *Lodger.* See *Bedder* and *Mealer* – if you can find them.

Self-confessed. "A self-confessed assassin." Self is superfluous: one's sins cannot be confessed by another.

Shades for *Shade.* "Shades of Noah! how it rained!" "O shades of Caesar!" A shade is a departed soul, as conceived by the ancients; one to each mortal part is the proper allowance.

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RED BREAD

By MAURICE HINDUS

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The Summer months always bring forth a host of fraudulent door-to-door magazine agents. Readers are warned to examine the credentials of such agents most carefully. Many agents are entirely trustworthy and these will gladly establish their identity.

If in doubt, call your local police headquarters!

Books

ourselves — and we cannot. He persistently stands apart.

That is Werfel's dilemma: he cannot take it for granted that his readers share Ferdinand's innate religiosity; and on the other hand he well knows that he cannot describe that spirit in the language of modern thought. The only way he can give Ferdinand's attitude any substance for us is by showing us what it is not. This he does, and does well enough so that we have a reasonably clear idea what he means. But that does not help us to see through Ferdinand's eyes. We remain, like the casual observer of the first and last chapters, on the outside. We have learned the route his pilgrimage followed, but we can scarcely be said to have participated in it.

Industrial Russia

RED BREAD, by Maurice Hindus; Cape & Smith, $3.50.
Reviewed by HARRY SALPETER.

SEVERAL years ago Maurice Hindus gave us that excellent report of the effects of the revolution on the Russian peasant, *Humanity Uprooted*. To-day the land of the Soviets is throbbing with the accelerated beat of another revolution, the Five-Year Plan. By 1933 the vast farming areas — which had been divided into twenty-seven million small holdings before the collectivization program was begun — must be socialized into farming units vaster than the largest farms of the Argentine; a tremendous electrification, railroad-building, factory-building, and manufacturing program must be completed. By 1933 Soviet Russia must be the most self-sufficient nation on the face of the earth, and from that self-sufficiency derive the strength to resist whatever tariff wall, blockade, war, or embargo the "capitalist" nations may decree.

To that end Russia must manage on iron rations; the food her people need is exported that she may hire technical talent and purchase whatever raw and finished products are required for the expediting of the Five-Year Plan. A hundred years of development are being pressed into five. The language is that of war. As Mr. Hindus puts it in his brilliant report of Russia's industrial revolution, *Red Bread:* "The newspapers . . . were speaking the language of war — of an industrial front, an agricultural front, of battles for grain, for vegetables, for meat, for coal, for oil, for steel, for cotton, for tractors; of shock brigades, of light cavalry attacks, of militant discipline, of campaigns, of Red offensives." Thus Russia's Five-Year Plan. Would an American Plan, such as Charles Beard proposes, have the same effect on us?

The chief questions in relation to the Five-Year Plan to which Mr. Hindus has addressed himself are: "What is happening on the land? In what manner is the life of the *muzhik* being bent, if not broken? What have the peasants to say about the program which is forcing their lives into new moulds?" Mr. Hindus, it is important to bear in mind, is of Russian birth. He comes from a village in the heart of Russia. He knows the peasant. He has knowledge of his past life and can see the present with reference to the past. And it is plain from the evidence of this book that the peasant trusted Mr. Hindus and that Mr. Hindus has a gift for listening.

For *Red Bread* is packed with the first-hand accounts of the tragic human consequences which follow in the wake of a decision accelerating a transition from the old to the new. It is plain that with the use of every device known to tyranny, enlightened or otherwise, the Russian peasant is being taken from his individual holding and made a member of a vast communal farm, of which his own holding is a small part.

It is all for the good of Russia and the good, perhaps, of the peasant's sons and grandsons, but in the meantime the peasant does not like it and the stubborn ones suffer — enduring beggary and exile. But personal hardships cannot deter a revolutionary process, whether inevitable or decreed.

Hand in hand with the physical revolution goes a revolution in morals and manners. The communal farm puts a heavy premium on religion, so heavy as to abolish it, virtually. Morals are laxer. Church weddings are becoming rare. However the old may feel about collectivization, their sons and daughters welcome it, for it means education, entertainment, the widening of horizons, a social life beyond the possibilities of the old village, access to "luxuries" — perfumes, handkerchiefs, lingerie — beyond the reach of any but city dwellers. The collective farm brings in its wake schools, nurseries, fire stations, libraries; gives women promise of relief from the drudgery of the kitchen.

In the process of transition, the hearts of the old peasants are being broken and a new issue has been provided to divide even further the young from the old generations. And to make sure that the young shall be on its side, the Soviets are reëducating them into contempt for the sense of individual property — a most paradoxical achievement for an atheist state when, as Mr. Hindus notes, nineteen centuries of Christianity have failed to inculcate it. Mr. Hindus's book makes us feel as if, for a moment, we had been allowed to hear the beat of the heart of Russia.

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Books

Return from War

THE ROAD BACK, by Erich Maria Remarque: Little, Brown, $2.50.
Reviewed by FRANCES WARFIELD.

THE ROAD back is, of course, the road from war to peace, from death to life. That it is also the road back from realities to catch phrases, from comradeship to artificial values, from simple faith to complete bewilderment, is Remarque's theme. It is the theme on which he ended *All Quiet on The Western Front.* "Now if we go back," he wrote, "we will . . . not be able to find our way any more. . . . We will be superfluous even to ourselves, . . . a few will adapt themselves, some others will merely submit, and most will be bewildered." And so it happened.

No heroes come home from the wars in this book. A wounded lieutenant gets off the train and is brutally attacked by revolutionists because he is wearing shoulder straps. A farmer hurries across the fields to his wife to find that she has not been waiting. Soldiers who for four years have known only filth and slaughter and starvation return home to be chided for their language and their table manners. Schoolboys who have heard their comrades' dying screams and seen them lying ripped to bits in shell holes return to school to hear professors prate of the glorious death of warriors and the long, sweet sleep beneath green grasses. There is no understanding, then, but there are lives to be rebuilt.

How to rebuild them? "A few will adapt themselves." Food is scarce; one may marry a butcher's daughter and be sure, at least, of plenty to eat. With luck and a taste for it, one may turn profiteer and talk earnestly of shipments. Here is a chap untroubled by bad dreams who can show his medals and remember proudly that he was a champion marksman. "Others will merely submit," supposing themselves somehow at fault that the peace-time world of kindliness and love of which they dreamed in the trenches does not exist. But nearly all are bewildered. One teaches school, finding that he knows nothing of value to tell his pupils except, perhaps, how a man with a lung wound gurgles and one with a head wound whistles. One turns soldier again, trying to recapture the old comradeship, finding mere barbarized gang spirit. One turns back to books, but realizes that learning and culture are mockery so long as human beings continue to make war. Continue to make war. Already, the returned soldiers find, a new generation of striplings is gleefully practicing "By squads, right wheel!" and shouting the eternal hurrahs of battle.

This is not as fine and clean-cut a book as *All Quiet.* The same gifted hand is there, the same thoroughly relished masculine humor, the same passion and pervading truth. The book is sound, it is absorbing; but it should be simpler. You feel that the fire of *All Quiet* is here toned up a bit with fireworks. Perhaps it would be impossible for the writer of the best war book to write the best post-war book as well. At any rate, Herr Remarque's dramatic effects, which in the first book were used superbly, in the second have a slight but unmistakable flavor of Hollywood.

Books in Brief

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF LYDIA E. PINKHAM, by Robert Collyer Washburn; Putnam, $3.50.

THIS highly entertaining biography should be recommended to the respectful attention of the advertising profession. They owe much to the astute New England matron of Lynn, Massachusetts, who cashed in so gloriously on "woman's weakness." Our high pressure copy writers are not, it seems, as inventive as one had supposed. "Coming events cast their shadows before," appeared first in one of the famous Pinkham advertisements. So did "Reach for a vegetable instead of a sweet." Mr. Washburn's book is a success story of the purest vintage, the story of a success achieved through astonishingly modern formulas. It was in 1875 that Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, pressed by poverty, first decided to market her Vegetable Compound. She could not then have forseen that in five years' time she would be regarded as the savior of her crushed and broken sex — a rôle which she took seriously and with considerable complacence. Undoubtedly, as Mr. Washburn says, Mrs. Pinkham believed in the efficacy of her female remedy, and in her ability to give medical and moral advice to her thousands of female correspondants. She was early initiated into feminism. She lived in an age of medical ignorance which placed greater trust in home remedies than in the dubious machinations of doctors. Like Mary Baker Eddy, who also lived in Lynn, and whose *Science and Health* appeared, oddly enough, in the same year as the Vegetable Compound, she had a genuine sense of Messianic destiny. Equally without doubt, she was a sound business woman, who was obligingly ready to discover that her Compound could be applied to a variety of ills, and who was willing to forswear New England reticence in the interests of advertising copy. Mr. Washburn's biography, while somewhat sketchily and perfunctorily written, is immensely amusing and has, also, more weighty merits as an interpretation of American psychology.

NEW RUSSIA'S PRIMER, by M. Ilin; Houghton, Mifflin, $1.75.

AS THE Book-of-the-Month Club has shrewdly recognized, this small volume should be placed in the hands of everyone who has any interest, no matter how biased, in the point of view of modern Russia and in its self-imposed objectives. Written, as Professor George S. Counts explains in his introduction, for use in the Soviet schools, it tells in simple but artfully dramatic terms the story of the Five-Year Plan and summarizes the vast reconstructive projects on which Russia is now working. Inevitably, there are comparisons with America. The case against our economic system is stated with a terrible baldness which is calculated to make thinking persons uncomfortable. "We have a plan. In America they work without a plan. We make what is essential. In America hundreds of factories consume raw materials and energy in order to make what is altogether unnecessary." Starting with such statements as these, the wastefulness, the short-sightedness, the chaos of our present system is explained in language startlingly simple and with the aid of illustrative imagery. There is a certain half-naïve quality pervading this book which is akin to the disconcerting candor and logic of a child. One may not assent to its assumptions, but one cannot take them lightly. *New Russia's Primer* belongs in the category of required reading and has, besides, the surprising merit of being easy to digest.

CAT WITHOUT SUBSTANCE, by Sylva Norman; Norton, $2.50.

CHARACTERISTICALLY, Miss Norman owes her rather inscrutable title to Lewis Carroll. "Well! I've often seen a cat without a grin," thought Alice, "but a grin without a cat. . . ." Her intention, so far as one can penetrate it, seems to be to satirize the irrelevant and irrational quality of life, even when it is approached intelligently. The Anscombes are a civilized and charming English family, comfortably situated, seemingly fortunate. Nevertheless they are unable to achieve happiness or to rescue themselves from the grotesque accidents of fortune. *Cat Without Substance* is an extremely clever book, witty, full of surprises. If Miss Norman had been more certain whether she was writing a satire or a Meredithian comedy, and if she had copied less directly and less frequently the introspective manner of Virginia Woolf, it might have been a very good book indeed.

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Books in Brief

THE WEB OF YOUTH, by W. E. Suskind; Brewer, Warren & Putnam, $3.00.

IT SEEMS that in Germany also first novels have a tendency to be autobiographical. *The Web of Youth* quite obviously parallels the author's personal experience. It is, however, the autobiography of a generation rather than that of an individual. Suskind writes of the boys who just missed the war, who were reluctantly enduring their last year at school in the days following the peace. Fleming, the hero, and his friends are dissatisfied, disillusioned, and ineffectually rebellious. They have escaped the physical hardships of war, but have nevertheless been spiritually tainted. Released from school, they are thrust into the crazy confusion of the inflation period when moral as well as financial values were dizzily unstable. Suskind's description of the atmosphere of this period is admirable. His book is too formless and confused, too crowded with irrelevancies, to be a good novel, but as a document it is powerful and highly illuminating.

THE DOGS, by Ivan Nazhivin; Lippincott, $2.50.

THIS unusual and rather bizarre novel is strangely hard to classify. Nazhivin's principal characters are dogs; events are seen through their eyes and from a carefully developed point of view. Whimsy is sedulously avoided, nor does the author make the usual error of presenting his canines as if they were men in every essential but form. The story he tells — one of life on a great Russian estate in the ample pre-war days and of the changes which war and bloody revolution brought — is confined within the limits of what dogs, as he very convincingly conceives them, would experience. The book, which starts in a mood of leisurely quiet, mounts to a climax of terror and desolation. It has ironic implications which are the more effective for not being stressed. It also has humor. If one is willing to yield oneself to Nazhivin's odd method of approach, *The Dogs* gives a stirring and perceptive account of the break up of the old Russian régime.

MANY THOUSANDS GONE, by John Peale Bishop; Scribner, $2.50.

ONLY A FEW writers of fiction — Stephen Crane, Evelyn Scott, and one or two others — have done justice to the material afforded them by the Civil War; the rest have used it chiefly as a background for low comedy darkies, tender hoop-skirted blondes, and Lincoln delivering his Gettysburg address or pardoning condemned youths. Mr. Bishop's stories as collected in this book deserve a high rank among modern tributes to a much ignored period. Choosing as his scene occupied Southern towns instead of the battlefields, and finding his drama in the relations between the Union soldiers and the girls their enemies left behind them, he treats the tragedy of the eighteen-sixties as Hemingway has treated the most recent conflict — as a large canvas on which to paint the figures of men and women whose natural instincts war emphasizes and corrupts. The Hemingway comparison, always dangerous and in this instance more than ever subject to misinterpretation, is nevertheless further strengthened by the fact that Mr. Bishop's people have the same bony, raw strength and are victims of the same desperate irony. The title story is a complicated, cinematic description of the looting of a Southern village; when one assembles its shifting, many-angled episodes one has a masterly picture of behind-the-lines war.

THE SON OF WOMAN, by J. Middleton Murry; Cape & Smith, $3.00.

MRS. D. H. LAWRENCE, whose husband's sex life forms the theme of the book, has called *The Son of Woman* "appalling" and has said that "it is beastly to publish it with me still alive." Yet one cannot help but admit that what Mr. Murry started out to do he has done extraordinarily well. The only question is whether or not it was worth doing at all — whether the importance of this new and possibly correct interpretation of Lawrence's work compensates for the ruthless way in which it invades the secret corners of his life. Certainly if its assumptions are sound, it is an essential appendix to all of Lawrence's writing. Mr. Murry claims that the man who has heretofore been considered the most masculine of English novelists was a sexual weakling and that his erotic novels were wish-fulfillments; that, almost impotent himself, the excessively virile figures which he portrayed in his fiction (such as the gamekeeper in *Lady Chatterly's Lover*) represented what their creator could never be. Only in the little known *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, says Murry, is the true Lawrence revealed. These are harsh imputations to make against a man who can no longer defend himself, and unless Mr. Murry is absolutely sure of his facts he has done an evil thing. Perhaps he has done an evil thing anyway — and an undoubtedly tasteless thing. Would Lawrence, even possessing the zeal for truth which was his, have approved this post-mortem, brilliant and apparently authentic as it is? Would he not prefer to be remembered by what he himself wrote rather than by what someone else wrote about him? *The Son of Woman* exhibits a ghoulish

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Why don't you write?

Books in Brief

dexterity, but one cannot help feeling, perhaps prudishly, that practically all of it would have been better left unsaid.

WHEN THE WICKED MAN . . . , by Ford Madox Ford; Liveright, $2.50.

IN THE STRUCTURE of the novel Ford Madox Ford has no equal. He proves his technical skill again in *When The Wicked Man . . .*, a (for him) comparatively straightforward tale centering around a New York publisher named Notterdam. Like *The Good Soldier*, which remains Ford's masterpiece, and in fact like all his novels, the story is one of cuckoldry — of a man who wants domestic peace and never finds it. Notterdam eventually discovers that his wife has for years been having a *liaison* with Joe Kratch, his partner and a person closely bound to him by ties of affection and business. This is actually the crisis of the book, and Notterdam's lust for the calculating, double-crossing Henrietta, his relations with the Creole jezebel, Lola Porter, and her author-husband, even those drunken moments when he glimpses a mirage of his own decaying self are unimportant beside it. But, possibly because Ford has told it before and told it better, the parable of the fouled nest is this time unconvincing. However, because of the several good characterizations and Ford's style it is good reading and in places exciting. Furthermore, it is the latest work of an expert novelist, one who, though he lacks something that is essential to great writing, has at least completely mastered the tricks and tools of his trade.

AMERICAN EARTH, by Erskine Caldwell; Scribner, $2.50.

GOOD as some of these stories are, it is a pity that they should have been collected between the covers of a book and thereby have been given a permanence to which they have no rightful claim. They represent the promising work of a promising young writer and as a whole are above the general run of magazine fiction, but the collection which they form cannot stand by itself as *In Our Time*, which Hemingway produced when he was at a period comparable to that of Mr. Caldwell at present, stood and still stands by itself. By far the best of the tales, all short, are those dealing with the shrewd-yet-simple bargainings of Yankee and Southern farmers; these have an understanding humor and a sureness which set them apart from, and a good distance above, the groping, formless sketches of pastoral love or domestic horror which fill the intervening pages. The most unsatisfactory story is the last one which, in spite of the good writing which has gone into it, is to this reader practically unintelligible. Mr. Caldwell has a direct, simple, and forceful style, and in all probability his varied experience and indubitable craftsmanship will eventually yield a better book than *American Earth*. His publishers have made the mistake of promising more than he is yet able to give.

KING OF FASHION, by Paul Poiret; Lippincott; $3.00.

THESE racy and candid memoirs of the great French *couturier* should not be overlooked by anyone in quest of diversion. They are inimitable. With a serene lack of self-consciousness M. Poiret boasts shamelessly about his accomplishments, his rise to fame from humble, bourgeois origins, his daring leadership of the mode, his fabulous fêtes, his mission as an artist. A whole chapter is devoted to "My Influence," and one is constantly running across such passages as this, evoked by M. Poiret's perception of how much more industrious he was than his lazy artist friends: "What ardour I had at that time, what a need to work and produce! I have never seen anybody who equalled me in this respect." Somewhat surprisingly, M. Poiret's brazen vanity, so naïvely voiced, is disarming rather than offensive. One accepts his own version of himself as a thoroughly remarkable person. In his time he knew all Paris, and among his particular friends were such distinguished persons as Vlaminck, Dufy, Segonzac, and Isadora Duncan. He knew their foibles, and does not hesitate to expose them with robust malice. He had a thousand interests, from fashion and the decorative arts to the preparation of choice omelets. He had an inexhaustible energy and curiosity, and a gift for shrewd observation — as his chapters on America especially prove. In short, he has had a rich, a crowded, an exuberant life — the record of which is well worth reading.

BREAK-UP, by Hagar Wilde; Little, Brown, $2.00.

HOLLYWOOD scouts, and the great ex-wife public, will doubtless feel at home with this book. They will be wrong. Despite its surface resemblance to the pseudo-sophisticated best-seller, *Break-Up* is made of better stuff. The depraved and neurotic New York which Miss Wilde pictures is, in a sense, legendary. Her characters are larger than life, more drunken, wittier, more glamorous. Nevertheless they have something of the same reality as Hemingway's people, and much of the same bravado. Their glib, irrelevant chatter is in the tradition of *The Sun Also Rises* without being too slavishly imitative. Miss Wilde tells the story of half a

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Books in Brief

dozen couples, some married, some not, who have great difficulty in maintaining their emotional relationships against the pressure of a thoroughly artificial life. Into their midst she projects Kelsey Lord, young and courageous and fresh from Ohio, who is doomed to sharper and more poignant suffering than any of the rest. The book is theatrical, over-romanticized. Oddly enough, it is not cheap. It is genuinely witty, and it has far more feeling and intensity than the average shoddy novel of life in the big wicked city.

THE NEMESIS OF AMERICAN BUSINESS, by Stuart Chase; Macmillan, $2.00.

IF ALL economists could write as well as Stuart Chase, the uninstructed public might be persuaded to read their books and might now, in consequence, be less bewildered by our current predicament. In this collection of brilliant and rather startling essays, Mr. Chase diagnoses the more salient ills of our economic system and prophecies the breakdown which may occur, especially in metropolitan centers, unless we exercise a little ordered intelligence before it is too late. As an anecdote to pessimism, he describes his "Private Utopia" which, however difficult of attainment, sounds like a rational and desirable place. Professional economists could doubtless pick flaws in Mr. Chase's boldly stated theories, but at least his book possesses the great merit of stimulating intelligent curiosity and thought. Incidentally, one essay, "The Luxury of Integrity" is worth the price of the book, and should be recommended to all those who are harried by the necessity of perpetual and ignominious compromises in the pursuit of their daily bread and butter.

A VAGABOND TROUPER, by Jefferson De Angelis and Alvin F. Harlow; Harcourt, Brace, $3.50.

A MORE ingratiating and readable book of reminiscences than Jefferson De Angelis' autobiography has not appeared in some time. It recounts the experiences of the author as a young actor knocking about the West in the days of the gold rush, joining first one troupe and then another, and finally setting off with his sister to tour the Orient in a repertory of variety sketches and dramatic thrillers of the calibre of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." De Angelis had a faculty for getting into scrapes and ludicrous situations, and although he has long been a favorite on the American stage he still retains sufficient modesty and sense of humor to disclose them at his own expense. One does not have to have an interest in the professional stage to enjoy the account of his adventures.

"A TARGET FOR DISCUSSION"

Mr. Beard's "Five-Year Plan for America," published in this issue of THE FORUM, has been carefully studied by a small group of economists and industrial leaders, to whom advance proofs were shown prior to publication.

Their comments will be published in THE FORUM, beginning with the August issue. Every detail of Mr. Beard's proposals will be taken under consideration by men whose prominent identification with American industry, both practical and academic, qualifies them to judge the merits of the Plan.

Whatever the changes which the next five years will see, the men and women who read THE FORUM are destined to play active and important parts in the shaping and direction of the plans which will govern our progress toward a stabilized prosperity.

We hope that they will give Mr. Beard's proposals their serious thought — and that they will let us have their comments, whether they agree with him in whole, in part, or not at all. Their opinion carries weight in the affairs of this country. THE FORUM is eager to learn what they, and other men and women in similar position, think of the Plan, for it is they who will decide whether or not it is to be put into effect.

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INDEX

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Books in Brief

TORTURE GARDEN, by Octave Mirbeau; Claude Kendall, $2.50.

DEPENDING on the individual reader's frame of mind, this exposition of sadism and masochism will seem either appallingly shocking or slightly funny. It is comparable to Baudelaire, in subject and spirit if not in artistic merit, and the blooms in the torture garden are all *fleurs du mal*. The story tells of a young Frenchman who goes out to the East and succumbs to the lure of a necrophilic vampire named Clara. This creature's blood lust causes her to lead her lover through a sort of human zoo in which the *divertissements* are human beings in all stages of physical agony. As the two progress through this inferno Clara waxes delirious and her neophyte becomes sick. So happy is the lady made by the garden of evil that eventually she falls into a swoon from which she is about to recover as the book ends; we are left to assume that the young man, having learned his lesson, goes on his way. It is all reminiscent of early Theda Bara with a dash of the tabloids (though written long before tabloids were invented), and it is all just a bit dull.

THE LIVELY LADY, by Kenneth Roberts; Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.

THE PRIVATEER *Lively Lady*, Captain Richard Nason of Arundel, Maine, was a good deal of a nuisance to her country's enemies, the British, in the War of 1812, until, disabled in the course of helping a comrade out of a nasty scrape, she fell victim to a ship of the line three times her size. Thereafter her captain continued his adventures in and out of Dartmoor Prison. The delight Mr. Roberts gave the woodsman last year in *Arundel* he gives now to the amateur sailor, and besides spins a brisk adventure story. His hero is a son of the narrator of his first novel; Richard's mother, Phoebe, reappears in the present book, as gallant as ever. There is a thread of a love story, much humor, a lively set of characters, a quick beginning, and a well sustained flood of action.

HAPPY SINNER, by Elizabeth Hamilton Herbert; Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00.

WERE it less sentimental, and were it spiced more liberally with malicious wit, *Happy Sinner* might claim a place beside the novels of "Elizabeth." Although it falls short of that desirable mark, it is a debonair and diverting tale which achieves plausibility in the face of obstacles. John, the glamorous black sheep of the Fletcher family, returns home after eight years abroad and, for the satisfaction of his ruthless vanity, succeeds in completely disarranging the lives of his three brothers. He captures the heart of Sally Field, a lovable and pliant little fool who has always been his brother Peter's girl. He causes Sam to break off his engagement. He airily deserts Sally — on the plea that he cannot divorce his wife — but returns to overwhelm her anew after she has surprisingly eloped with Sam. In the end, however, he is defeated by Sam's wisdom, by Sam who assures Sally that she is welcome to look forward to a romantic reunion with John in heaven if only she will make him, Sam, a devoted wife on earth. Miss Herbert has drawn a shrewd portrait of her unscrupulous and all-conquering egotist. Her other characters are considerably feebler, nor can she manage quite the casual, ironic quality such a story demands.

YOUNG LADY OF PARIS, by Colette and Willy; Boni, $2.50.

THIS IS the fifth of Colette's novels to be translated into English within the past two years and, like its predecessors, it is good entertainment. The narrator is the Claudine of *Claudine at School*, now transplanted from her beloved Montigny to Paris, which she dislikes, and still actively interested in discovering Life and, more particularly, Sex. Her experiments center around a somewhat bizarre specimen named Marcel and his more normal father — and also include close supervision over her cat, to whom the metropolis brings love and a litter of kittens. The lightest of the Colette books to reach America, *Young Lady of Paris* provides diverting summer fare.

THE WHITE KING OF LA GONAVE, by Faustin W. Wirkus; Doubleday, Doran, $3.50.

WHETHER you lean to research in Negro psychology or are an addict of pure adventure tales, this book is sure to keep your interest in a pretty tight grasp. Wirkus, a Marine sergeant, is attached to the Haitian gendarmerie, and this is his chronicle as colonial administrator. For sheer action and thrills it has few equals, but it has its object lesson, too, in the proper methods of handling backward races. One cannot but feel after reading it that if there were more men of Wirkus' caliber in the Marine Corps, that organization would stand in a considerably better light in the West Indies and Central America at large. Perhaps the most thrilling adventure recorded is the coronation of Wirkus as king of La Gonave. This strange event was prompted by his just and tactful administration over that island and by the odd coincidence that his first name corresponded with that of an early native ruler.

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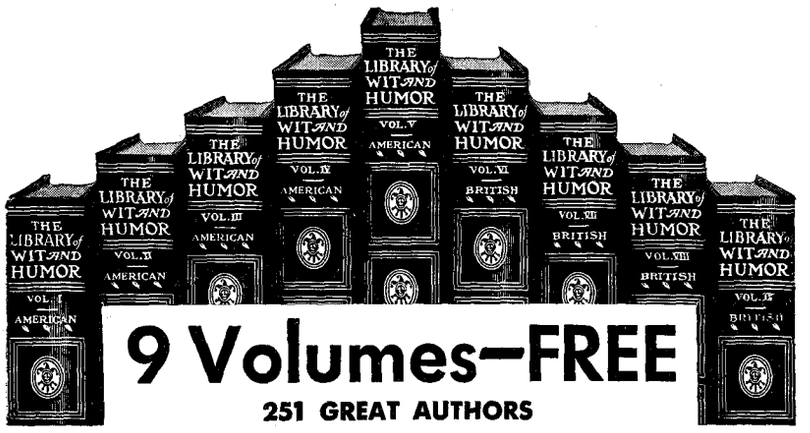
Books in Brief

AMBROSE HOLT AND FAMILY, by Susan Glaspell; Stokes, $2.50.

TO ONE unfamiliar with Miss Glaspell's work, this novel is disappointing as an introduction. There is little evidence in it of the profundity, technical dexterity, and lyric beauty that many of the critics are acclaiming in the author. The story concerns the relations between a poet and his wife. The poet has never really got in touch with reality: he plays a part, he glories in imaginary sufferings, he makes his life a constant retreat from nothing in particular. He insists, too, on regarding his wife as a pretty piece of fluff, which she resents, having a mind of her own. This poet is in the cement business, and coincidence forces him to destroy for material profit the very woods that he loved as a boy and about which he hopes to write his best poetry (as obviously manufactured a device as any ham novelist ever concocted.) The poet has a father, Ambrose Holt, who has devoted his life to being True To Himself. This necessitated his leaving his wife shortly after their marriage in order to go adventuring and seeking the meaning of existence. His conduct has caused his ostracism in his home town, and his son shares the town's disapproval of the old man. In fact he feels so violently about it that when his wife Blossom gives evidence of loyality to her father-in-law, he deserts her in a rage. (The author never quite succeeds in explaining why, but maybe it was some kind of nasty father-and-son complex.) Matters reach a deadlock, with the husband off in New York with another woman and the wife at home loving him and yet longing to Be Herself, like Ambrose Holt. The tangle is solved by the noble and quietly melodramatic suicide of old Holt. This is the cue for the husband to come back again and put his arm around his wife's waist, which we surmise is sign language for "they lived happily ever after." This summary is intended to convey the idea that *Ambrose Holt and Family* is "literary" in the worst sense. It hints from time to time at depths which it never reaches. It fails to achieve the effect the author strives for because its mechanism is apparent to the reader.

MARRIED LOVE, by Dr. Marie Stopes; Putnam, $2.00.

THERE IS in this book none of the indecency that its publishers' offensive advertising campaign of loud denial has hinted at. It is an honest, rather sentimental, attempt to explain fully and clearly the intricacies of sex. It deserves on its merit the wide circulation it has gained through suggestive blurbs. Dr. Stopes writes clearly and matter-of-factly in terms that any reader can understand.



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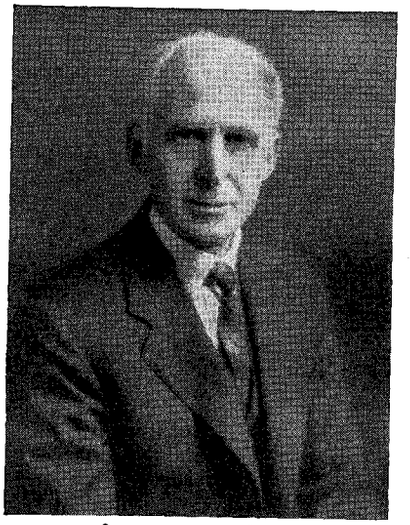

Charles A. Beard

THE "FIVE-YEAR PLAN" IN OUTLINE

1. A National Economic Council to be instituted, under the authorization of Congress, to represent the fundamental industries of the country in order to achieve coördination.

2. The Sherman and Clayton anti-trust acts to be repealed. All industries affiliated with the Council, and others approaching a high degree of concentration, to be declared national public service enterprises subject to the principles of prudent investment and fair returns.

3. A Board of Strategy and Planning to be formed to survey the resources and productive facilities of the country and forecast the production of consumers' and capital goods, allocating production not only so as to secure the maximum of output, within the limits of constantly increasing demand, but also so as to raise the standard of living by increasing wages and reducing prices.

4. The Bureau of Standards to be strengthened by a concentration of industrial research agencies in order to coördinate research, eliminate duplication of effort, and standardize all essential commodities produced under the jurisdiction of the National Economic Council.

5. Each industry associated with the National Economic Council to take the form of a Syndicate of affiliated corporations, in the form of a holding company, with large directorial and service powers. Each Syndicate to have its own Board of Strategy and Planning, geared into the grand Board of the Economic Council. The Syndicate to be divided into divisional or geographic corporations, or both, and the various plants under each corporation to be operated by corporation managers.

6. A separate Agricultural Syndicate to make a survey of fertile regions, reforest sections now devoted to futile cultivation, and plan new roads and power lines to develop the most productive parts of the country. Large-scale corporate farming to be introduced where the old methods of farming are not profitable.

7. A Marketing Syndicate to be formed under the National Economic Council to work out a plan to eliminate waste in haulage and handling and to curtail the profits of middle men by establishing great storage houses and refrigeration plants, with branches.

8. A Syndicate of exporting and importing corporations to direct trade with foreign countries in such a way as to secure the goods needed by the United States, control the issue of foreign securities in the United States, and stop the reckless habits of financiers in making loans to irresponsible governments for unproductive enterprises. Also through this Syndicate a consistent influence in diplomacy could be wielded by means of economic pressure.

9. American diplomacy to proceed on the basis of the Kellogg Pact, recommending adherence to the World Court, full coöperation in the economic conferences and councils of the League of Nations, and cancellation of European war debts on condition that the armed forces of the world be reduced to a police basis.

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FORUM

JULY, 1931 VOL. 86, NO. 1

A "Five-Year Plan" for America

by **CHARLES A. BEARD**

Is the concept of national planning merely another transitory fad, an idle fantasy born of day-dreaming and destined like a thousand others to pass away to-morrow or the day after? The answer seems to be an inescapable negative. All Western civilization is founded on technology, and of inner necessity technology is rational and planful. The engineer must conform to the inexorable laws of force and materials. Technology cannot begin anything without first establishing a goal, a purpose. To proceed at all it must stake out a field of work; then in execution it must assemble materials and engines and carry on its operations according to blue prints until it reaches its predetermined ends. With irresistible might it strides across the wild welter of unreasoned actions, irrelevant sentiments, and emotional starts and fits which characterize historic politics, agriculture, and industry. As technology advances, occupying ever larger areas of productive economy, there will be a corresponding contraction of the spheres controlled by guesswork and rule-of-thumb procedure. This means, of course, a continuous expansion of the planned zone of economic activity.

Rational in method and planful in procedure, technology is also centripetal in operation. Systematization and unification are inherent in its very processes. Every advance in the chemical field, for instance, involves contacts with other fields — the use of electricity, the exploitation of coal, and spinning, dyeing, and weaving. Wherever technology works in industry and transportation, it contributes powerfully to the concentration of productive activities — to the integration of small plants — thus running counter to the individualistic and free-will methods prevailing in the days of handicrafts and simple agriculture. Horizontal and vertical trusts and interlocking directorates are the inevitable outcome of technical rationality functioning under its law of efficiency. If technology, now young, is to go forward — and it will under the drive of mass demands for the comforts and conveniences of civilization — then the area of economic life controlled by planning will widen. The only question is: under what institutional auspices?

In this there is nothing new. Hints of it were discovered by Charles Babbage a century ago. There is nothing Russian about its origin. Indeed, planning of economy was anathema to the Bolsheviks until, facing the task of feeding

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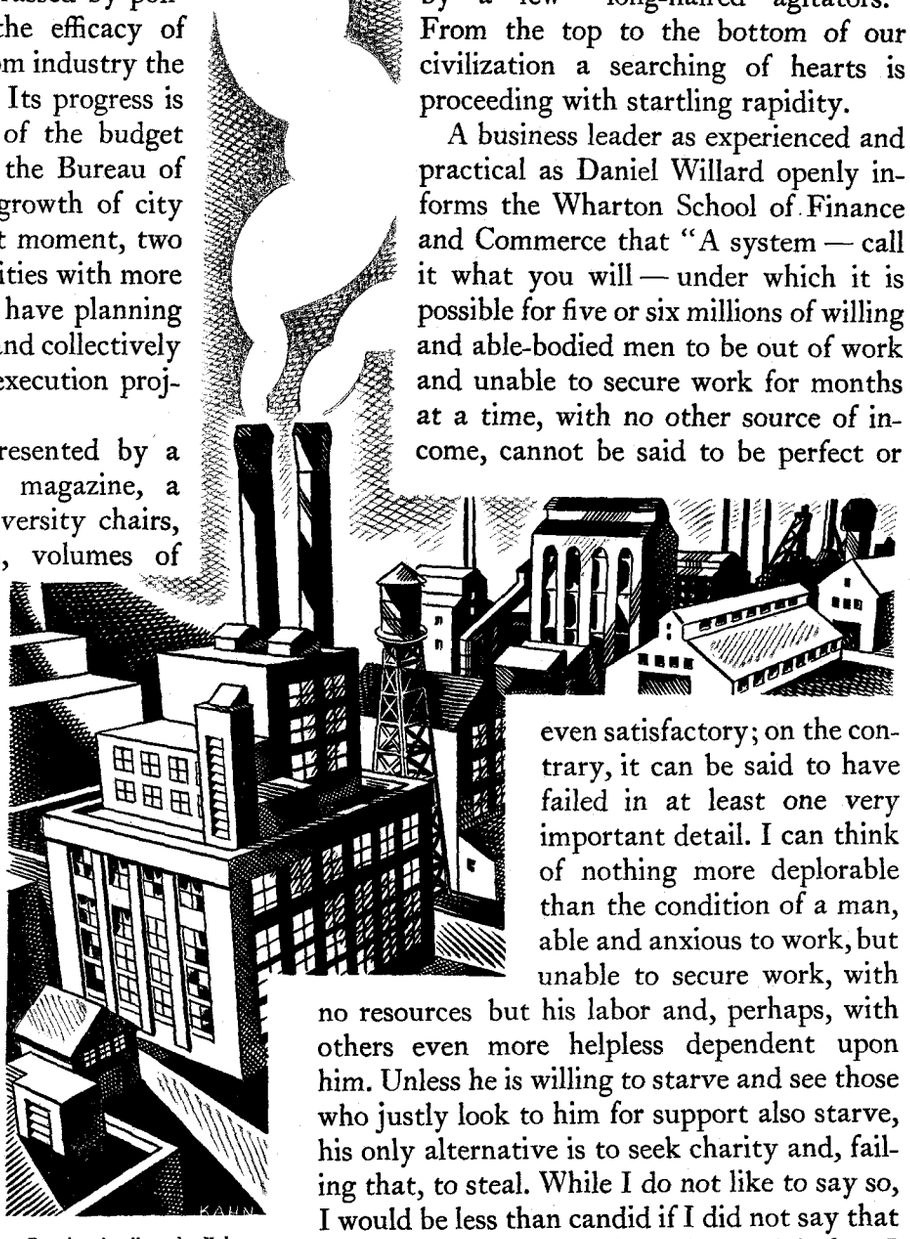
enraged multitudes, they laid aside Marx, took up Frederick Winslow Taylor, and borrowed foreign technology to save their political skins. There is nothing in the concept that is alien to American experience. Our giant industrial corporations, though harassed by politics, bear witness to the efficacy of large-scale planning. From industry the idea spreads to politics. Its progress is symbolized in the rise of the budget system, in the work of the Bureau of Standards, and in the growth of city planning. At the present moment, two thirds of the American cities with more than 25,000 inhabitants have planning boards or commissions, and collectively they have in course of execution projects of great magnitude.

City planning is represented by a national association, a magazine, a national conference, university chairs, a practicing profession, volumes of statutes and ordinances, and achievements of no mean proportion. State planning for power, agriculture, highways, and other branches of economy now looms large in governors' messages. Fragments of national planning are already scattered through the agencies and establishments of the Federal Government and await the touch of engineering genius to extend them and tie them into a consistent organization for efficient functioning on the national stage. Planning is already here; it is inherent in our technological civilization, which is now as American as the individualistic agriculture that held the center of the economic stage for two centuries during our early development. It would have gone forward inexorably, even if the Russian revolution had not borrowed it and dramatized it.



Drawings by Alexander Kahn

It is merely accentuated to-day by an industrial paralysis which promises to be deeper and more prolonged than any previous crisis of the kind. The American people now stand aghast at the paradox of wheat piled mountain high and shoe machinery rusting while millions willing to work go hungry and unshod. This paradox is no longer pointed out by a few "long-haired agitators." From the top to the bottom of our civilization a searching of hearts is proceeding with startling rapidity.

A business leader as experienced and practical as Daniel Willard openly informs the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce that "A system — call it what you will — under which it is possible for five or six millions of willing and able-bodied men to be out of work and unable to secure work for months at a time, with no other source of income, cannot be said to be perfect or even satisfactory; on the contrary, it can be said to have failed in at least one very important detail. I can think of nothing more deplorable than the condition of a man, able and anxious to work, but unable to secure work, with no resources but his labor and, perhaps, with others even more helpless dependent upon him. Unless he is willing to starve and see those who justly look to him for support also starve, his only alternative is to seek charity and, failing that, to steal. While I do not like to say so, I would be less than candid if I did not say that in such circumstances I would steal before I would starve." Evidently we have gone a long way from the day when an ex-President of the United States could fling back the cry "God knows; I don't" to a workingman asking what he should do in the face of unemployment and starvation.

But the issue transcends the present crisis. The crisis will pass. Still the waste of our natural resources, the neglect of our opportunities, the failure to use our marvelous material endowment efficiently will be pointed out by

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technology with increasing emphasis. Awareness of the necessity of planning will spread. Projects and work in hand will force the gates of the future. And there is good ground for predicting that other crises, more devastating, will return with rhythmic regularity, until science takes the place of rule of thumb and the untrammeled acquisitive instinct. Herein lies the problem: how to go forward along lines already made clear by the lamp of experience and engineering rationality?

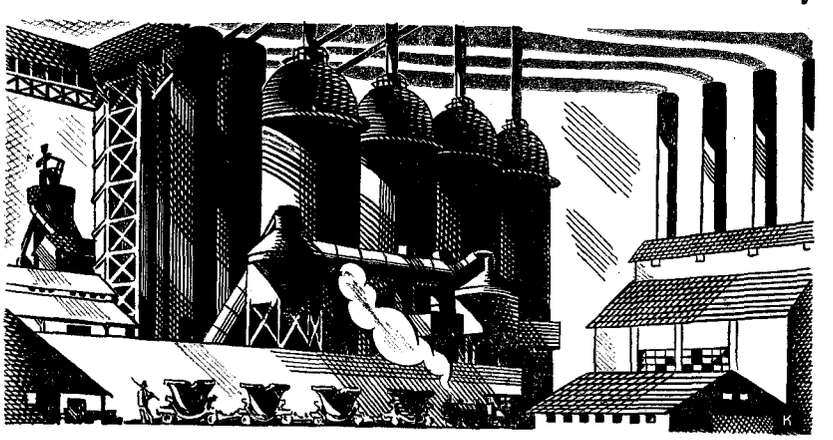
Planning — Our One Solution

When the question is asked: what shall be done? three answers come at once, the easiest at the outset naturally, for all love ease. First there is the answer: do nothing at all; return to *laissez faire*. This is the counsel of despair; like the peasants of Europe in the presence of the Black Death, we should lie down and accept fate. Besides being repugnant to reason, the philosophy of *laissez faire* has been tried and has failed to fulfill its promises. It is also obsolete, having been abandoned by technology and business enterprise. Condemned by experience as a pledge of security and prosperity, it cannot be revived; children burned and blackened in that fire will not return to it again. Even if attractive as a theory, it has been rendered impossible by the march of events beyond the reach of any person, functionary, or class.

At the other extreme, we are offered a dictatorship — of politicians either in their own name or in the name of the proletariat. Both are a form of verbal legerdemain, but owing to their prominence in current discussion they deserve consideration. The former may be adapted to Italy with her meager resources and her vast mass of illiterate or semi-literate peasants; it may have improved slightly at least the economic lot of the Italian people — which is debatable; but to talk of forcing such an iron régime of despotism on the citizens of the United States is to betray a woeful ignorance of their history, their traditions, their ideas, and their wilful way of life. It is to adopt the fanciful philosophy of the French revolutionists, who thought they had a creed good always, everywhere, and for everybody. To expect dictators who have never before managed anything as complicated as a chicken farm to manage a vast technological system of industry with success is to expect the impossible, even though evangelistic fervor be enlisted.

The same criticism applies with equal force to the Russian remedy. It has lately been associated with the concept of planning, but that was an afterthought and never would have been even partially realized had it not been for the technological assistance of Western capitalism. Nor is the Russian plan really a plan in the sense of a definite stereotype for action. For more than ten years the Russian government has pursued a zigzag course, trying one expedient after another; and it is still constantly changing the inner organization of its industrial machinery in a desperate effort to make it work efficiently. It has renounced one proletarian policy after another in order to make its wheels turn, and what will be the outcome of its labors either in terms of organization or performance, no one can vaguely guess.

One thing, however, is certain; it rules by tyranny and terror, with secret police, espionage, and arbitrary executions. The system may be adapted to a people who endured Tsarist despotism for centuries, but to suppose that it could be transported intact to the United States, even if deemed successful in its own bailiwick, is to ignore the stubborn facts of American life and experience — the long practice of self-government in towns, villages, and states, the traditions of personal liberty, the established public school system, and a thousand other elements that stand out like mountains in the American scene. If capitalism were cursed with all the evils ascribed to it by



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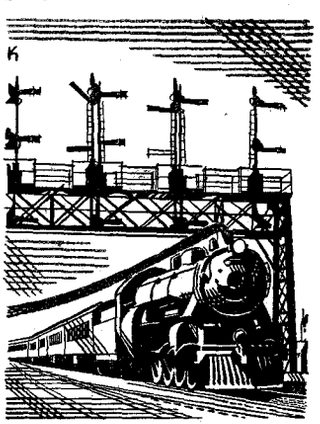
Communists (and it has plenty to its credit), still the American people, on a fair and free count, would vote one hundred to one for keeping it rather than enslave themselves to the kind of political and economic despotism regnant in the land of the former Tsars. This does not mean, of course, that they will not soon see the necessity of recognizing the right of Russia to work out her own destiny and put her trust in the mollifying effect of reasonable intercourse rather than in barricades and blockades.

In the third place, we are offered palliatives. Some hopeful economists propose the four- or three-day week in industry, blandly overlooking agriculture, which would be called upon to pay the bill for that generous luxury, assuming that it is feasible for manufacturing. It is also suggested that children be kept in school until they are twenty-one years old. This scheme ignores the fact that thousands of children do not want to be in school and, in truth, should not be there, after they are fifteen or sixteen years of age. Were the idea practicable, its execution would be demoralizing to millions of young people, unless the whole system of education were geared into a planned national economy. Standing alone, the proposition is absurd.

Under the head of palliatives come schemes for elaborate public works, especially to employ the idle in times of depression. Within limits such a building program is undoubtedly desirable, but it has perils, for it may withdraw millions and billions from fruitful capital investments and waste them on enterprises which add nothing to the nation's economy except expenses for upkeep. The history of federal waterways appropriations affords a tragic warning. Finally, there are various projects of insurance. Here too is a device of restricted utility. Governing persons may prefer to give doles to idle working people rather than to have them upset the fair pageantry of state, but the practice extended over long periods of time is ruinous to economy and morals. It represents the imbecility of defeatism. Besides, it displays the kind of intellectual cowardice which led the Romans to seek safety in supplying bread and circuses to the pullulating multitudes of the Eternal City. It is a foe of, not a substitute for, planned economy.



In the fuller realization of that type of economy, the stubborn heritage of American civilization must be kept in mind. Planning cannot ignore the human elements in the situation — the traditions of personal liberty (though often violated), the inventiveness and experimenting spirit of individuals, long-continued institutions of local government, ways of living, standards of life, and easy-going democracy of customs. It must conserve the dynamics of enterprise which has been so marked in the conquest of this continent. It must reward efficiency from the top to the bottom — a truth which the Russian government is learning by bitter experience. It must leave wide areas of life and economy open to ingenuity. It must reckon with the resolve of vast masses to have more than the minimum subsistence now tolerated by millions in Europe and the Orient. It must avoid the red tape and sterility so common to large government undertakings — though not so common as often imagined in interested quarters. It will lop off the dead wood of our futile plutocracy, so sinister in its influences on politics, culture, and rational living, without at the same time destroying the prudence of husbandry.

Planning on a large scale in these circumstances, and in fact in any circumstances, is a hazardous industry, but it must be faced, and attempts must be made to cut a way into the dim future under such light as we have. It is not given to any mind to conceive a blue print of the whole field, and the present project is submitted with the thought that it may be more of a target for concentrating fire than a beacon to the lampless. Yet in human affairs a target has its utility. As James Madison explains in the *Federalist*, "it is impossible for the people spontaneously and universally to move in concert toward their object;" hence in time of stress and strain changes must be "instituted by some informal and unauthorized propositions made by some patriotic and respectable citizen or number of citizens." In this spirit the following plan is sketched to the limits of the space allowed.

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A National Economic Council

THE FIRST STEP in the program is the institution of a National Economic Council, under the authorization of Congress. In organizing the membership of this Council, Congress will take into account all the great industries which have reached a high degree of concentration or would be easily consolidated were it not for the hampering barriers of the anti-trust acts. The groups thus affiliated will certainly include economic agencies concerned with transportation, communications, fuel (oil, gas, and coal), iron and steel, lumber and building materials, electrical utilities, textiles, packing, and perhaps a few others. Also represented on the Council will be the several organizations in agriculture, wholesaling, and retailing. In addition, labor, organized and unorganized, will have its spokesmen. The exact weight to be assigned to each element will be a matter of great delicacy, but criteria can be evolved and in the process the experience of Germany with economic councils may be studied with profit.

In short, there will be established for the fundamental industries of the country — covering the prime necessities of food, clothes, and shelter — a small national body charged with the function of coördinating these divisions of economy and working out the project of their inner relations — financial, operative, and distributive. At the outset it will serve as a kind of economic convention, like that of 1787, to draw up an economic program to be submitted to the country for approval. It will naturally propound any changes in the Constitution and laws deemed necessary for the realization of planned economy.

To facilitate this immense operation, the Sherman and Clayton anti-trust acts will be repealed. All industries included in the National Economic Council, and other industries not yet ripe for affiliation but approaching a high degree of concentration, will be declared to be national public service enterprises "affected with public interest" and subject to the principles of prudent investment and fair returns. In all this there is no departure from concepts now well established in American law. Billions of dollars' worth of gas, railway, communications, and electric property is already within the scope of this declaration. The Federal Coal Commission, which examined the coal problem in 1923, reported that the mining of anthracite was "affected with public interest." In sustaining an act of Colorado pertaining to strikes and lockouts in such business undertakings, a state court declared years ago: "We must take judicial notice of what has taken place in this and other states, and that the coal industry is vitally related, not only to other industries, but to the health and even the life of the people. Food, shelter, and heat before all others are the great necessities of life and in modern life heat means coal."

Well may the informed commentator, R. E. Cushman, add: "This is a line of reasoning which raises the query whether the courts may not yet come to the point of defining businesses affected with a public interest in simple terms of human necessity." Whatever the courts might say with respect to such a principle, it would be supreme if established by constitutional mandate. At one stroke the billions of capital now within this category will be widened to cover all enterprises fundamental to a high standard of American life, and the process of regularization, standardization, accounting, and control can be immediately set going. If a great deal of water went under the bridge, it could be later squeezed out painlessly by inheritance taxes, and the proceeds devoted to amortization of capital.

Associated with the National Economic Council will be a Board of Strategy and Planning, with appropriate divisions, each headed by a production engineer. Here points of reference can be found in the War Industries Board and other federal agencies created during the Titanic effort to mobilize men and materials for the World War. The prime function of the Board of Strategy and Planning will be to make a survey of the resources and productive facilities of the country and forecast the production of consumers' and capital goods, starting with obvious needs and proceeding to the possible boundaries of wealth creation under a system of efficient technology.

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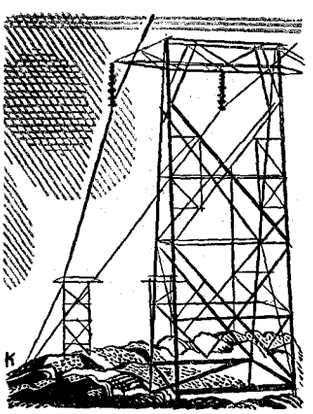
After this survey will come an allocation of productive and distributive activities with respect to the requirements of the plan. Procedure here will be in keeping with that already followed by large corporations in the United States — simply on a vaster scale and subject to economic, not legal, restrictions. The central concern will be not only the maximum output of goods in each division, within the limits of constantly expanding requirements, but also a steady raising of the standard of life by increasing wages and reducing prices. The tempo of the production machine will be, as our philosophical engineer, Ralph E. Flanders, says, "a question of values. As we value goods more and leisure less, we will lengthen our work days. As we value leisure more and goods less, we will shorten them."

Closely affiliated with the Board of Strategy and Planning will be the Bureau of Standards in Washington, which will be strengthened by a concentration of industrial research agencies, as far as centralization will work for the elimination of duplications. Whenever it is necessary, for industrial or geographical reasons, to attach research laboratories to particular plants or, as in the case of agriculture, to experiment stations established with reference to climate and soils, there will be a planning and allocation of work at the center, under a planning staff, with a view to intense specialization and the solution of problems with the least motion. In connection with its work, the Bureau of Standards will extend its present activities to include the standardization of all commodities produced under the jurisdiction of the National Economic Council; and goods produced outside of that jurisdiction will be subjected to the same tests as to weights, measures, composition, and quality. These will be, of course, the fundamental goods. A large part of so-called "quality goods," calling for distinctive taste and æsthetic characteristics, will continue in private hands, but with the decline of the plutocracy the production of articles for the *demi-monde* will fall off.



Syndicated Corporations

So much for the general overhead of the new order of technological efficiency. Now let us turn to the internal structure of the great industries associated with the National Economic Council. Each will be a syndicate of affiliated corporations, in the form of a holding company, analogous to the present Electric Bond and Share Company, with large directorial and service powers. Perhaps in time a closer union will be effected, but the more freedom at the bottom the better for initiative and prompt action.

The Syndicate will have its own board of strategy and planning, geared into the grand Board of the National Economic Council. The Syndicate will consist of divisional or geographical Corporations, or both, as the case may be, and the various plants under each Corporation will be operated by corporation managers. Operating standards and efficiency tests for all plants will be set by Syndicate production engineers, and competitive principles will be established, with National Service Medals and graduated bonuses as rewards for valorous soldiers of the forge and lathe. Since the profits of each Syndicate, as a public utility, are to be limited, such surpluses as may arise will be due mainly to unexpected efficiency, and will be divided into two parts: one to go to bonuses and the other to reserves for contingencies, including unemployment arising from accidents, temporary shutdowns, changes in machinery, crop failures, and depressions, if any.

In the precise form proposed for each Syndicate and Corporation, there will be nothing foreign to American experience and practical achievement. Numerous examples are to be found on every hand. There is, for instance, the Inland Waterways Corporation under the management of the War Department, which operates fleets of vessels in the carrying trade between Minnesota and the Gulf of Mexico, as well as along the Gulf from Alabama to New Orleans. Though a business concern making regular charges for its service, it is entirely public in nature, the Government of the United States holding all the stock in it. Another illustration is afforded by the Federal Land Banks, in which the Government owns part of the stock and closely supervises the

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issue of bonds. Possibilities are to be found in the limited dividend corporations established for housing projects under the laws of New York.

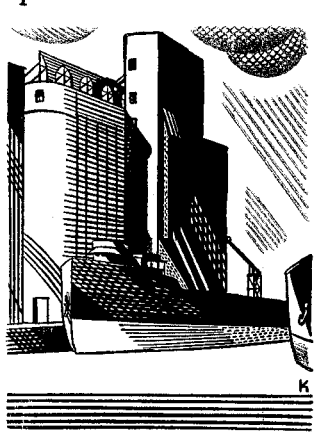
Hints for development may also be drawn from the proposed corporation to take over transit companies in New York City, involving property worth approximately a billion dollars. Under this scheme the outstanding stocks and bonds are to be transformed into other securities, bearing a low rate of interest, and the amalgamated concerns are to be operated by a quasi-public directorate representing the city and the constituent companies.

From fragments gathered from holding companies and organizations mentioned above, illuminated by imagination, ideal forms for the Syndicates and Corporations to be established under the National Economic Council can be readily brought to blue print, without violating a single American economic tradition. Indeed, a far more tender regard could be paid to stock- and bondholders than is usual in cases of bankruptcy and reorganization under private banking auspices.

Now let us consider the problem of financing. In the beginning, the financial readjustment necessary to the establishment of each Syndicate or Corporation might be left to private arrangement, as in the case of railway and utility enterprises under federal and state commissions. Principles conceived in the public interest with due respect to private rights are now a part of the laws of the land. Since the new Syndicates to be organized under the National Economic Council will be public utilities, it will be relatively easy to work out the financial readjustment on the basis of prudent investment and fair return. In time, however, it may be found desirable to reduce the capital charges by substituting consolidated first mortgage bonds drawing three per cent interest, gradually extinguishing the outside stockholding groups, and providing safe investments for small savings.

Doubtless, as indicated, a lot of water would flow into the capital set-up, causing a huge outcry among political democrats, but since the water could be effectively reduced by taxation, it would be better to allow a generous freedom than to stall a grand plan in a quarrel over details. As a part of the program, it would contribute to efficiency if a large amount of stocks were kept afloat, with graduated dividends based on efficiency in operation and production, especially if these stocks were distributed among the directors, managers, and employees of the several Corporations. Thus the private stockholder, who ordinarily does nothing for industry but sign proxies and grumble when dividends are reduced, would be eliminated in the end, and vested interests turned over to engineers and workers, leaving the bondholder with his three per cent and liable to a stiffer inheritance tax than is now imposed. It would also be advantageous if the proceeds from inheritance and income surtaxes were all turned over to capital account for amortization purposes or new construction, leaving the politicians to raise their current revenues from other sources.

From what has been said it is apparent that no confiscation of property is contemplated here. On the contrary, the examples set by the abolition of three or four billion dollars' worth of property in slaves during our civil conflict, and the destruction of millions invested in the liquor business by prohibition, are put aside as highly undesirable methods of operating in a technological society. It is one thing for peasants to seize land belonging to their lords and go ahead tilling it as of old; but the arbitrary seizure of property employed in complicated technical operations is an entirely different proposition. An acre of land is an acre of land, and corn or potatoes are easily produced on it. A factory or railway is, to be sure, a collection of objective utilities, but the amount of wealth it can turn out depends fundamentally on the interest, skill, and loyalty of those who manage and operate it. The loss of a few months of chaos may be equal to the entire capital value. It has been estimated that the entire productive outfit of an industrial nation could be reproduced in ten years.



Everything hangs on management. Violence and tyranny cannot create a spinning machine or operate one after it is built. A few years of civil conflict in a technological

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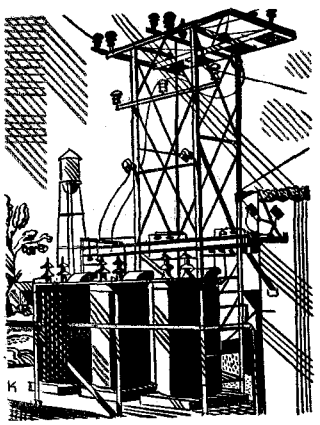
society, even if carried on by political methods only, might well destroy more wealth than could possibly accrue to present vested interests under the generous reorganization plan suggested above. Cave-man methods on the part of capital and labor in a technological civilization indicate a lack of common sense, if not a want of humor, to say nothing of justice and humanity. If the American economic system could be run full blast on principles of efficiency for five years, the surplus alone would probably extinguish half of the capital obligations, especially if coupled with a moderate use of the taxing power.

FARMING

SINCE AMERICAN industries are far advanced along the road of technology and concentration, it is not necessary to attempt here a closer picture of the Syndicate plan proposed above. But something must be said about agriculture, which is still in a primitive state of development in large sections of the country. Agriculture ought to be especially emphasized in connection with national planning, for city dwellers are woefully ignorant of the land and seem to care little for the conditions under which their basic industry is carried on. Yet it is fundamental. If agriculture perishes, as in parts of China, civilization sinks down in ruins. Rome likewise furnishes an example; our scholars well know the intimate relations between the decay of Roman agriculture and the decline of the Empire. There is also another side to the problem. The overgrown urban agglomerations of the United States, with their millions pounding pavements, toiling listlessly in poorly lighted offices and factories, and living in sunless tenements need more of the country, not less. And a rational system of industrial planning will dissolve the absurd and unwholesome slum areas of cities, carry industries out into air and sunlight, and institute a fine balance of rural and urban life.



But is it possible to plan for the individualistic anarchy of American agriculture? There are great difficulties in the way; yet they are not insurmountable to intelligence and will. Governor Roosevelt, of New York, propounded last winter, in a statesmanlike manner, the beginnings of an attack on this problem. Recognizing the fact that immense areas of marginal land are now being tilled, yielding only poverty and distress to the tillers, he proposed a survey of all the agricultural resources of the state, a classification of land according to fertility and uses, and the reforestation of enormous sections now under futile cultivation. Fair compensation would be made to the owners and a recovery of outlay effected in the long run by the production of lumber. Collaterally, a great mileage of back-country roads would be closed, materially reducing the burdensome taxes now imposed on farms for maintenance. The abandonment of dirt roads could be accompanied by the extension of improved highways throughout the fertile regions according to a rational plan, thus providing rapid transportation to market and raising the standards of country life. Along the improved highways high voltage lines could be built for the transmission of electricity, furnishing cheap power and light for farms — power to facilitate production and light so indispensable to civilized living.

Under the Agricultural Syndicate, to be formed under the National Economic Council, plans along the above lines will be worked out for the whole country and carried into execution through federal and state coöperation. This would, of course, be merely a start, important no doubt, but still a preliminary.

With regard to the millions of individual farms and plantations under cultivation, all is not formless and void. Powerful associations in cotton growing, wheat raising, dairying, fruit culture, and other branches are operating to-day in connection with the Federal Farm Board and the Department of Agriculture. Standardization, the introduction of scientific methods, and coöperative marketing are in rapid process of development and, great as are the difficulties ahead, they are by no means baffling.

But this is not enough. A more thoroughgoing rationalization is demanded by the exigencies of our industrial civilization. Efficiency calls for a concentration in certain branches of agriculture as in manufacturing

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and transporting. To proceed on the assumption that wheat can be profitably raised on small farms, costing sometimes $250 an acre, in competition with gigantic enterprises such as T. D. Campbell conducts in Wyoming or Hickman Price in Texas, is to pursue a delusion bound to be ruinous in the end, no matter how much money the Farm Board pours into the bottomless wheat pit. It simply cannot be done and heroic measures will be necessary to meet the situation created by technology in agriculture.

What is the way out? At best it is dimly seen, and only guesses can be made here. Yet one thing is certain: the ruthless conquest and exploitation of peasants by the urban proletariat practiced in Russia is impossible in the United States or, if possible, a violation of every human decency cherished by the American people. There are, however, methods of collective action which are compatible with individual rights and long settled traditions. In the first place, the Syndicate and Corporation idea to be applied in industry is applicable to important branches of agriculture — is, in fact, already applied on some scale. Hence the Syndicate of Agriculture, established under the National Economic Council, will proceed as a public utility to acquire large areas of land which cannot be profitably tilled by historic methods and will work them by machinery under special Corporations. Individual farmers, without surrendering their local interest, can come into a Corporation on specific conditions, just as individual manufacturing plants can be taken into an appropriate industrial Corporation.

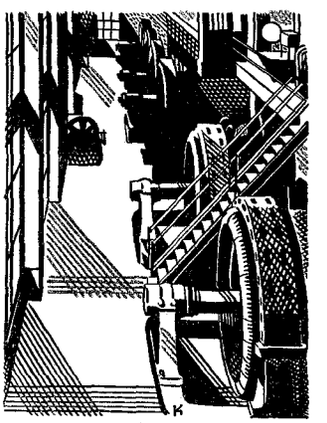
In addition, one large agricultural Corporation in the national Syndicate could undertake large diversified farming. It might acquire by purchase thousands of farms in different parts of the country and tie different branches into one enterprise. For instance, it could operate corn farms in Iowa and dairy farms in Connecticut, shipping its feed by the train load from the West to central depots in the dairy district, employing improved highways in detailed distribution. Agents stationed at central points could supply standardization and efficiency methods and exercise supervision over individual dairymen. Machinery could be used cooperatively in convenient districts; insurance and other services rendered. Farmers owning their land might come under the scheme, keeping individual initiative and yet deriving the benefits of a collective economy.

In conjunction with the industrial Syndicates a distribution of power and minor industries can be made in such a way as to employ farmers during the winter season, supplying local and even national necessities, perhaps wooden articles from neighboring forests. As a further guarantee of efficiency, the system of bonuses for performance, prevailing in industry, will be applied to agricultural Corporations. As far as the system works, agriculture will be brought under the régime of planned economy.

Marketing and Foreign Affairs

On the marketing side immense difficulties will be encountered and it will be the duty of the Marketing Syndicate under the National Economic Council, representing wholesaling and retailing interests, to work out the plan. Chain stores and mail-order houses point one way of development. The establishment of great storage houses and refrigeration plants, with branches, and the integration of those now under federal and state supervision will eliminate wastage in haulage and handling, curtail the sphere and profits of middlemen, and open the direct routes between producers and consumers. Here, too, as in other divisions of planned economy, individual merchants may affiliate themselves with the Marketing Syndicate's Corporations. In the end, however, with respect to all staples, the area of this hazardous occupation will be materially restricted, without closing the doors upon merchants dealing with specialties and objects of æsthetic enjoyment.

Now we come to foreign affairs, which, strictly speaking, is a department of industry and marketing. Since an immense domestic market will be opened under national planning and attention will be directed primarily to the enlargement of this market, the feverish and irrational methods of unloading and



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dumping goods on foreign countries will be reduced to a minimum, if not discontinued entirely. The industrial countries of the world cannot live by taking in each other's washing. Here also is the most fruitful source of international rivalries and wars — the source of most burdens for diplomacy. Once rationalized, foreign exchange could proceed on the basis of reciprocal trade in necessities not well supplied by domestic enterprise.

Under the plan here proposed the foreign commerce of the United States will be carried on by a Syndicate of exporting and importing Corporations organized along the lines now laid down in the Webb Act of 1918 for the export trade. In this field as elsewhere there will be nothing new — merely an extension of principles and practices well established under prevailing legislation. The purpose of the Syndicate, however, will not be to force firearms and trinkets on African savages, but to carry on a rational trade with other countries in such a way as to secure, on fair and favorable terms, the goods needed by the United States. It will not proceed on the assumption that the nation can get rich by dumping goods abroad at less than the cost of production. The Syndicate will also control the issue of foreign securities in the United States. It will stop the reckless habits of financiers in making loans to irresponsible governments to be wasted in unproductive enterprises — a custom ruinous to American investors and a curse to the peoples of the borrowing countries. Naturally the Syndicate will also be a powerful aid to diplomacy, bringing the reason of commodity exchange to bear on the vagaries of ministers plenipotentiary.

As a phase of foreign policy associated with trade, American diplomacy will proceed on the basis of the Kellogg Pact. It will recommend adherence to the World Court. It will frankly coöperate to the fullest extent in the economic conferences and conventions of the League of Nations, as it does now in a furtive manner. It will advise a cancellation of European debts on condition that the armed forces of the world be brought down to a police basis. It will abandon the Coolidge theorem that the army and navy of the United States must be big enough to protect any American citizen who wants to make ten per cent on the bonds of Weissnichtwo or sell corn flakes, shoe horns, and collar buttons to the inhabitants of the world willynilly. For the policy of dominating the world, American diplomacy will substitute that of strict and adequate national defense — defense of the land and people of the United States — by universal military service, if Europe stubbornly refuses to come to terms on disarmament.

America To-morrow

All this, it may be said, is too large, too general, too remote, and offers no help in the present emergency. That complaint may be faced, although it is sometimes better to suffer in an emergency than to do more harm in an effort to get out of it. While the program outlined above is being put into execution, expedients may be devised in line with its provisions.

Let the President summon Congress in a special session to organize immediately two of the Syndicates to be ultimately fitted into the grand scheme — one for Agriculture and the other for Building Materials and Housing. The first of these, with the consent of state legislatures, will begin immediately to carry into execution in each state the plan proposed by Governor Roosevelt of New York, alluded to above, namely buying up marginal land, reforesting, constructing highways, and building electric transmission lines (with or without the coöperation of private companies as circumstances may dictate). In each state the Syndicate will also proceed to organize one or more agricultural Corporations to establish corporate farming as outlined above on a large scale, in that way covering thousands of acres of public and private land with grand model enterprises.

The Building Materials and Housing Syndicate will proceed at once to a survey of the slum and submerged areas of great cities, make regional plans, and prepare a gigantic housing program. It will entrust construction to limited dividend corporations in each locality or, where this is not feasible, form special Corpora-

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tions for the purpose. It will enroll an army of two or three million men to tear down and build cities decent to live in and delightful to the eye, summoning to its aid the best architectural talent in the country. As each housing project will be directed by a special Corporation, matters of management, rentals, and ownership will be left to local circumstances. Until the general system of productive and distributive economy is organized, there will be many difficulties and hazards, but after that consummation housing will be geared into the development of industry. It should then work out smoothly.

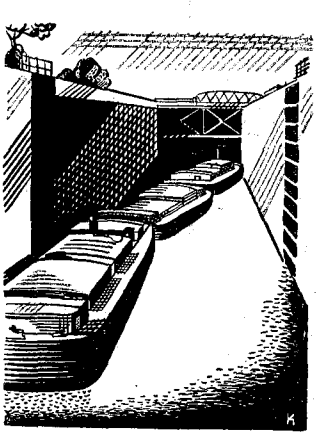
These two undertakings will be financed by Freedom Bonds and sold with the zeal of war issues. And they will sell. If the hysterical governments of Europe should get into another war and the United States were drawn into the conflict, who would protest against the sale of a hundred billion dollars' worth of consols to pay for killing ten million boys? Not a single patriot. Then will it be said that we cannot float one tenth of the sum, if necessary, to save five or six million American citizens from the horrors of unemployment and pauperism — and enrich the country at the same time by adding grand capital works, wealth-creating enterprises? After a war, the people, that is, plain citizens, are poorer than before; after this heroic national effort, all will be richer in goods — and still more important, in patriotic spirit. It ought not to be difficult to arouse enthusiasm for such a cause.

Let the worst be said. Let it be prophesied that these agricultural and housing works will not "pay." Doubtless some money would be lost, but in the end there would be millions of acres of model farms and thousands of houses fit to live in. If the scheme fails, the properties can be sold on better terms than, let us say, unused munition dumps and the boats of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. Should they all fall into ruin, still they would be the noblest monument to human endeavor ever erected since time began, making America at doomsday unique among the civilizations of the earth.

But the project is not utopian; it involves the extension of practices already in effect; and brains and materials are available. If such a program were officially announced, its immediate effect would be to give the people of the United States assurance for the future; they would begin to spend where they now hoard against direful uncertainty; and the outcome would be confidence in the will and power of the nation.

In summary, the scheme here outlined is no foreign concoction or importation. It is a purely native product. Even now it lies partly completed before us. It may be merely American destiny foreshadowed. In any case, it makes no break with American institutions and traditions. On the contrary, it integrates and accelerates processes already unfolding under our very eyes: according to the estimates of Gardiner C. Means, two hundred corporations, managed by fewer than two thousand directors, control between thirty-five and forty-five per cent of the business wealth of the country, and they are growing three times as fast as the small corporations. Are they to be great aggregations of wealth selfishly administered or public service corporations operated on a basis of prudent investment and fair return? That is a fateful question, soon to be asked in tones of thunder, even if planned economy be rejected as chimerical.

But it is not chimerical. It is practical, for America has the intelligence, the organizing capacity, the engineering skill, the material endowment, and above all, men and women willing to make immense sacrifices for their children and their children's children. They have faith in the mission of their country. And in due time America will arise, shake off her lethargy, and put forth powers like those of our ancestors who founded this nation and conquered this continent. If to the aged of little hope, planned economy appears remote and impossible, it must be said that it is not as remote and impossible as the very United States to-day would seem to the little band of men and women who landed under wintry skies at Plymouth three centuries ago. To take counsel and to dare, again and yet again, this is the true American spirit, and out of daring will come achievement far beyond our dim, chill imaginations.



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Without Flame

by **NELIA GARDNER WHITE**

IF YOU ARE a woman not passionately interested in Henry James and you are married to a man who is passionately interested in Henry James, you are apt to be either a shrew or a well of icy stillness. You are either forced into bitter repudiations or you become like a rock made up of that utterly unmalleable material, acceptance.

Drawings by John Alan Maxwell

Julia Fane, who had a small, private sense of humor, sometimes said to herself: "He lifts all his conversations from *Portrait of a Lady* . . . it isn't possible that he thinks that way!" And yet he did think that way, with a kind of dull deviousness that he thought of himself as subtlety. Julia Fane's mind, however, was very different. It went straight to the point, with a thrust rapierlike and sure. In the early days of her marriage she had been in the habit of startling her husband by announcing facts without approach. She liked to do it. She had by now ceased liking that sort of fun. Perhaps because she found herself somewhat alone in calling it funny. Though, before her marriage, she herself had been impressed by Jefferson Fane's impeccable taste, it soon became a source of wonder to her that all his friends also believed thoroughly in that impeccable taste and clung to him because of it; she, because of it, was immeasurably far away from him. He had a library with no one lesser than Edith Wharton in its well-dusted ranks, and his living room was all in perfectly harmonizing tones of gray, russet, and green. He wore a sharp, small beard and carried a cane which was part of his reputation — it having a Florentine hound carved from olive wood as its handle.

Once Julia Fane had brought home a blue bowl. The blue was deep and heavenly, like water at Capri. Julia stopped at Andersen's and bought snapdragons of an unafraid deep pink to put in it. As she arranged the flowers in the bowl, she had a sense of stupendous adventure, though she was angry even at the time that she must find adventure in such a way. She put the flowers on a little table near a high-backed chair. It stood out in the quiet room like a schoolboy's shout in the music of a high Mass. If Jefferson had angrily snatched the flowers away, thrown them out the door, she could have stood it. They had guests; he left the flowers where she had put them. He said: "The new maid must be one of those souls with a passion for primary colors, Julia! . . . Odd, isn't it, how the undisciplined mind leaps to brilliancy in color?" He was like that.

Once, in an unguarded moment, Julia had confessed to someone that she loved amateur theatricals. She was immediately drafted into the Little Theater Players and in due time romped through a jolly comedy called: "All Unmask!" Jefferson let her know what he thought of that. He said very little, but the week after their play closed he took her to New York to see Eva Le Gallienne in *The Would-Be Gentleman*. She made herself go through one more play with the Little Theater group, but it wasn't worth it to go further. It took too much out of you, even if the disapproval was a matter of silence only.

Jefferson was writing a life of James. He had another business, something to do with maritime law, but his real business was this life of Henry James. He read occasional bits of it to his literary satellites, who encouraged him as to its permanent worth. Whenever Julia took in all their worshiping faces and heard the flow of long, involved sentences, she had an

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impulse suddenly to laugh and say: "Really? You are all fools enough to believe that isn't so much tommyrot? Do you think that has any actual connection with living?" But, of course, she had never said it. She saw that there was always plenty of coffee and countless sandwiches. It was odd, she sometimes thought, how much sustenance thin, intellectual people needed.

She had thought more than once that their marriage was utterly impossible, but she was inclined to believe in the value of permanence in marriage, no matter how poorly individuals were suited, and she had never run away from anything, so she went on being Jefferson's wife, typing his parsimonious interlineations, and buying clothes that went well in a gray and russet and green drawing-room.

II

But now something had happened, something so astounding and so out of the rut of their living that it could not, she felt, be ignored. A young man, a secretary to the Polish consul, had come to the house a number of times because he was a devotee of Yeymont and the like and perhaps, too, because he was lonely in a strange land. One afternoon he had come with a book. Julia, expecting no one, had put on an old red dress and was playing Schumann. The young secretary, whose name was Sigmund Orwolski, begged her to go on playing. She did. After that, whenever he came, she was aware that his eyes were often upon her.

Last Sunday he had come at tea time. Jefferson Fane had been out for a walk in the Park. His was a familiar figure there and Julia was wicked enough to smile at this obvious establishment of a legend. Curiously, she almost liked the vanity of the five o'clock walk; it approached evidence of human weakness.

Young Orwolski came in. He was another one very meticulous as to dress but in his dark, lonely glances he did not always use so much care. He had just received word from home of the death of a favorite cousin and he told Julia of this, somewhat brokenly. "He was very poor," he told her, "but he loved everything so. The cranes — the wild geese — the autumn plowing . . . he would make a poem of them all. When I heard Simon was dead . . ." and, at that point, he had suddenly risen, taken her hands as they lay idle in her lap before the piano, pulled her to her feet, and drew her to him roughly, pressed his young face against hers as if to draw comfort and peace for his trouble from her cool wisdom.

Julia Fane was not angry, though she was not one to let her mind dwell on men other than Jefferson, but she was conscious of a most intense pity for this lonely alien and she understood all in a moment that she was only balm for his grief.

"Why, Sigmund!" she said gently, and drew away from him.

He stared at her and said: "Ever since I saw you in the red dress. . . . I'm sorry. . . . I felt so badly. . . ."

She smiled a little and found it good to smile at someone who was looking at her so.

"I know," she said. "I'm sorry, too. We won't talk of it again."

But, instead of being put in his place by that, he had pulled her to him again and kissed her none too gently, saying: "Oh, yes, we will talk of it again!"

And then she saw, over Sigmund's shoulder, her husband, standing in the little hallway, looking at her as coolly as if she were some sort of specimen in a laboratory. She could see the exaggerated lines of the hound neatly crooked over his arm and his precise, silky, sandy beard. She drew away again, sat down at the piano, and began abruptly to play, though she had not played when Jefferson was at home in some four or five years now.

Jefferson came into the room.

"Ah, good evening, Orwolski!" His voice was cool and indifferently pleasant. He held out his hand and Julia wanted to strike the boy's hand away so it would not have to reluctantly meet that other dry, cold palm. But she went on playing softly.

"Won't you sit down?" Jefferson said. "I believe you were right in your estimate of *The Promised Land*. It is a lesser work!"

"I must go soon," the young man said embarrassedly.

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"But you've just now come! Sit down!"

Julia went on playing as long as she could compel herself to do so.

"Quite delightful," Jefferson said. "You do the lighter compositions admirably, Julia! You should play more often!"

She got up and joined them by the fire. She had on a green dress, though she knew green did not become her. But she felt that she was close to beautiful, green dress or no, and she was possessed of a strange exhilaration, caused by Orwolski's kiss but having now nothing to do with it. She joined in the conversation, saying: "No one pays much attention to our Willa Cather — I daresay you've never heard of her, Sigmund — but, in her way, she's as good as Lagerlöf. In two or three books, at any rate. I'll lend them to you!"

That was, though it sounds mild enough, almost as much a disloyalty as the kiss. Jefferson might have, like his idol, expatriated himself for all he cared for or admired Willa Cather. Julia wondered why she had said it, for she had not been in the habit for a long time of flicking her tastes against his. But she was conscious of Sigmund's miserable eyes and they made her think of Emil and of Alexandra's dream and it had seemed to her that that book would comfort the boy for the loss of his cousin. The desire to help him was greater than her fear of Jefferson's scorn.

But finally Orwolski rose and bade them good night.

After he had gone, the exhilaration did not die away. She thought: "He won't ignore this. He can't!" and the thought was like a clean wind blowing into the shut-up places of her life. She sat quietly in her chair by the fire and thought: "I wish I had done something like this years ago!"

Jefferson Fane came back from seeing their guest out. He stood, back to fire, for a moment, saying nothing. He was a thin, erect personage and his cold blue eyes above that silky beard were concerned with nothing at hand. Julia had not even pretended to take a book, so sure was she of the storm which must at last break. One thing she had learned, though she had once been one to glow or droop with any gayety or sadness, was to keep things out of her face. Nevertheless, this new thing was too recent, too close for even that sort of pretending. A thing behind one's back could be ignored, treated with evasion. But this — how could this be treated so?

She looked up, smiled slightly, and said: "Well?"

He took his pipe from his pocket, lighted it slowly, and said: "Didn't *The Living Age* come this week?"

For an instant, had any instrument come to her hand, she would have done some terrible thing to him, so great was the fury that swept over her.

"It's in your room," she said.

He went upstairs and was gone a long time. She sat very still, thinking: "When he comes down — he's just gone to think it out more cruelly."

But when he came back he sat down and read. Without a word. Presently he said: "Did you retype that chapter on *Daisy Miller*, Julia?"

"Yes."

"The Mintners are coming in a little later. They're anxious to hear it. A pity young Orwolski couldn't stay — he's really quite intelligent, isn't he?"

"Yes, quite," she said, evenly enough.

"A country parson's boy, I believe."

"I think he said so."

"Naïve, of course — but he will develop."

She made herself look directly at him, directly and scornfully, as if despising him for his evasion of life, but he was bent to his

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magazine again and did not see the look. She felt again that wave of passionate fury, but her hands on the arms of her chair never fluttered.

She said: "Naïve? I'd hardly call him that."

"No?" He gave her a half-absent smile. "But you are so naïve yourself, Julia!" he said.

She could not answer that and saved herself from going scarlet only by going very white.

The bell rang. The Mintners had come. Felix Mintner was in the Research Library and his wife was an artist of more than local repute, though Julia had never yet met anyone but Jefferson who understood what her pictures represented.

The manuscript was brought out. Jefferson had a voice as smooth and silky in texture as his beard. It was an admirable voice for Jefferson's intricate, obscure sentences. The cook had of course gone to bed. Julia went out to tend to coffee. When she came in they were speaking of Orwolski.

"Charming, isn't he?" Lissa Mintner said. "But sullen."

"A bit on the side of the animal, I should say," Jefferson put in carelessly. "But give him ten years with civilized women!"

"Are there no civilized women in Poland?" Lissa asked, laughing.

"Only a handful."

"Felix, mind if I take Sigmund in hand?"

Julia said: "I don't think he's sullen. If he is, it's only because he's homesick."

They all laughed, politely, and she was silent.

After a good many cups of coffee, the Mintners were gone. It seemed to her that the sentence about homesickness must be the very handle of the door of his wrath, but it did not turn out to be so.

"Is Ella in?" he said as he locked the door.

"No."

Ella was the little maid that Jefferson disliked for her jolly disrespect.

"You delight in fostering these alley courtships, don't you, Julia? I trust you don't expect me to foot any hospital bills?"

She had often wondered why, when his mind was given up to fineness of thinking, he so delighted in remarks of such vulgarity. Instead of accepting his words now, she said: "Alley courtships?"

"Park, perhaps — though it seems a little chill for that!"

"We're not all civilized enough yet to go without loving, Jefferson," she said, as coldly as he had spoken.

She turned and went at once upstairs.

They had never been enough "on the side of the animal" to occupy the same room. She went into her room, closed the door. She did not make ready for bed, but sat down by the window in the chair covered with its pale green chintz. She found she was trembling all over. She heard Jefferson moving about, going down the hall to the bathroom, returning. As he passed her door, it seemed to her he paused and she pulled all her quivering nerves to steel. But he went on into his own room and closed the door. After an hour she got into bed.

III

THEY HAD always been very punctilious about meals together and full dress uniform for each occasion. She came down to breakfast next morning in a dress of white linen with green pipings and buttons. She sat down in her usual place. He came in, a flower in his lapel. She had once thought the flower a nice gesture to the day, but now she knew it was one with his walks in the park, a desire to stamp himself on his world as "the man with the flower," "the man with that odd cane," "the man with the beard," "the man who knows all about Henry James."

"Ah, how fresh and youthful we look this morning!" he said. His blue eyes seemed to go through her and linger on the buttons down the back of her white dress. "Quite rejuvenated, in fact!"

She grew frozen with resentment. He gave a quick glance at her cheek bones, red with a deep and painful crimson.

"What a delightful color! It vies with Ella's!"

He ate leisurely, saying a word now and then, though nothing of yesterday. When he left, he did not bend to kiss her as was his habit, and she began to tingle again with anticipation; but he made no comment on his omission, went out.

After he had gone, she sat still at the table. Ella came in. She was red-cheeked, very pretty. She hesitated.

"I'm through, Ella. You may come!"

Ella began to gather up the dishes.

"Mrs. Fane . . ."

"Yes? . . . I know — you're going to be

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married!" She said it dryly, though not unkindly.

"Well, yes, only not right off. It's only that I've got a chance to go to the same house where my sister is for the summer. She's a great one to sew — and seeing as in the fall . . ."

"I see, Ella. Bird out of a cage."

Ella flushed a little.

"It isn't that you haven't treated me nice, Mrs. Fane. You have that! I know I'm a little cheeky to suit the Mister . . . but I thought as long as. . . ."

"It's all right, Ella. I'm glad you have the chance. Don't worry about us a bit."

"It's nice of you to take it like that, Mrs. Fane!"

"Right off, you want to go?"

"Well, my week's up on a Wednesday!"

Julia gave her a sudden, warm smile, rose, left the table. As she went about her day she said, more than once: "I am not going to let it go. He's got to say something. He's not stone. He's got to say it."

In the afternoon mail was a note from Orwolski.

". . . You don't need to feel sorry for me, as if I were a boy. I've been grown up for some years now. Of course I know it means nothing to you that I love you, and I won't come again — but I cannot see how you bear it, so alone as you are. Sigmund."

She read that some three or four times, then called Ella to her.

"Ella, you know the box of linens on the top shelf of the linen closet? All lavender and rose and yellow? Could you use them, do you think? They're good linen and my mother crocheted the lace in them and did the embroidery."

"Oh, but Mrs. Fane!"

"Do take them! Mother was alone, way out there in Texas, three years. She read and worked and sewed for me. Take them, Ella — use them, too! Don't put them away for best, or because they don't match something!"

She left the envelope on the pile of mail. When Jefferson looked the letters over, he tossed the envelope toward her.

"Yours, I believe," he said, without expression. Her eyes grew very dark and large. All that evening he worked on his book.

The next afternoon, when it was time for him to come in, she was purposely out. Only walking up one street, down another, but out. She said: "I am too small. Have I got to be noticed or cry?" But she knew she was not just to herself. She had never craved attention more than was normal for women. But this thing did have to be noticed, and that sharply, for if it was not, then, after all, the fabric of their marriage was woven out of a rotten warp. It had to be noticed. It had to be talked about.

She did not think once of using Orwolski as an escape. She was tenderly sorry for him, but that was all. But his unexplained embrace — that was of the utmost importance and was in her thoughts all the time. She could not go to Jefferson and say: "I want to explain about that boy." It was quite impossible. She had done all she could to evoke words now, and she could do no more — except such as she had done about the envelope or such as she was now doing by her absence. He had seen. He had to speak. She had given him his direct chance. It was something that could not be ignored if marriage was a relationship that mattered at all. He had to speak.

She came in and he was there.

"Oh, sorry to be late!" she said, too lightly.

"It doesn't matter — there's only the concert to-night and I don't care about that. It really seems a decidedly backward step, this

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fostering the petty talents of blacks!"

"But, Jefferson . . .!"

Then she was still. She had counted on this concert. But she knew too well the uselessness of protests. She had a sudden desire to go alone, or to take the tickets and invite Orwolski to go with her. It would be quite wonderful to hear Roland Hayes with someone who loved music. But she felt weak and knew she could not.

She did not even tell him Ella was leaving.

IV

THE NEXT DAY Ella came to bid her good-by and receive her wages.

"Did you get the linens?"

"I — I looked — but there were so many!"

"That's all right. I have the car out. I'll take you wherever you want to go."

Ella brought the things.

"They're beautiful!" she said. "Just beautiful! I don't see how you can let 'em go, your mother making 'em, too!"

"That's why, Ella."

On Thursday she called the Polish Consulate.

"Is Mr. Orwolski in? . . . It's Mrs. Fane, Sigmund. Jefferson is having Hartley, the English poet, here to-night, with some others. Would you come? . . . No, I'd like you to!"

At the dinner table, Jefferson said: "I think Hartley'll like the Mintners. I've asked Miss Edmondsen, too — and the Stefans. Perhaps Orwolski would have amused him — he's young and enamored of poetry!"

"I've asked him," Julia said.

"Oh!"

That was all. Just a brief, indifferent "Oh!"

She came down that night in the old red dress. Her still head was high and her eyes quite gay.

"Tell Ella . . ." Jefferson began to say to her.

"Ella's left," she said quietly.

"Ah! Alley fruit, eh?"

She turned away to Orwolski, who was watching her with troubled eyes.

It was a successful evening. Once Jefferson took Hartley's book from him and said: "I can do it better!" He did do it better. Hartley laughed and appeared to like it. Then Hartley turned to Julia and said: "Let me hear you read one!" Jefferson said: "I advise against it. Julia was brought up on *The Lady of Shalott!*"

Julia laughed, but her eyes were darker yet. She said to herself: "After they go, I shall say something. It is too much!" When Hartley left he said: "I still feel I should have liked to hear you read!" "It would have been a disappointment," she said gravely.

They were gone. Jefferson threw ashes in the fireplace.

"He's as pernickety as any old maid," Julia thought.

"It was fortunate you thought of Orwolski," he said. "Hartley liked him. He's just the sort of unsophisticated, youthful idealist who bows down to men like Hartley!"

"I didn't think Hartley expected any bowing," Julia said stiffly.

"Don't let your head be turned by a few fulsome compliments, Julia. I really wouldn't have expected an Englishman to be quite so obvious! . . . By the way, where's Ella?"

"She left to be married."

"I daresay it was necessary. Well, as I said, any layette expenses come out of you!" He gave a small, brittle laugh.

She almost said: "Ninety dollars a month doesn't cover too many extras," but she did not. That little money coming from the Texas farm had been some sort of a salvation to her till now. To-night it seemed only a weak straw. She said no more.

In the morning it was so still at the table that for a moment or two it seemed to her the silence meant something. She had felt completely frozen but she made a half attempt. She said: "Jefferson, you're not like yourself this week. What is it?"

He let his cold gaze come across the table to her.

"How am I not like myself?" he said.

In the afternoon Orwolski came.

"I know I shouldn't be here," he said. "But I had to come!"

"I'm glad you came," she said gently. "I'd like you to do something for me. Have you ever been in Texas, Sigmund? No, of course not!"

"Texas? The state that is so big?"

"Yes, so big and so hot and so dusty and so crude. Do you know what sagebrush is? No, of course you don't. . . . I have a farm in Texas

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— a homely little yellow farm, with cottonwoods all about. It's very ugly. My mother died there."

"Ah! Mrs. Fane — what is it?"

"Nothing. You've been good to me, Sigmund. It's been sweet, some, having you think you love me! Could you wait a half hour? To take me to the station?"

"Station? Mrs. Fane — Julia! What are you doing?"

"I'm going home to Texas, Sigmund. . . . Read the book I gave you. You'll see. But you see too much for a boy, anyway!"

Presently she came downstairs with nothing but a small bag. She walked out of the house without one backward look of regret.

Thomas Campbell: *Master Farmer*

The man who taught the Russians how to grow wheat, who broke all records by talking to Stalin for four straight hours, who got two million dollars out of J. P. Morgan in twenty minutes, who farms 95,000 acres of Montana wheat land without a horse or mule — and makes money at it. "I advocate trade with Russia," he says. In this article he tells why.

by EDWARD ANGLY

When Humpty Dumpty fell off the wall, it is reasonable to suppose that in the resultant consternation each of the king's men had a suggestion as to how to put him together again. The politicians probably got in the first words, and, after them, the business men. The horses, I imagine, merely laughed. It is not recorded that His Majesty gave even a moment's thought to going out into the countryside and asking a peasant what he would do in the distressful circumstances.

Since the crash of our modern Humpty Dumpty, who was called Prosperity, we, too, have witnessed a continuous confabulation of politicians and business men. After a year and a half of head-scratching and speech-making, they are still bewildered and Humpty Dumpty remains rather a sad looking mess. Why not fetch a farmer and have him offer a few suggestions? His prescriptions might or might not prove to be worth while, but it wouldn't hurt us to hear them.

Now the biggest farmer in this dell of depression is Thomas D. Campbell, the overlord of 95,000 grain-growing acres in southern Montana. Using gasoline instead of elbow grease, he grows more wheat and more flax than any individual who has busted sod since Adam did the first bit of delving. He has a strong back and an engineering mind. Stirring around in his mind are a number of ideas as to how to start the business ball to rolling merrily again. It shall be the purpose of this article to present the more salient of those ideas as Mr. Campbell expressed them in several recent conversations.

First, let us see what manner of man is this Cincinnatus of the Machine Age. Besides run-

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ning his own 95,000 acre patch in the West, Mr. Campbell serves as chief adviser to the Russian Soviet Government on the operation of its millions of acres of state farms and collectives.

Mr. Campbell is a tall, lanky Westerner with graying hair, blue eyes, and a grammatical tongue that talks with amazing rapidity. He has had the ear of every President from Wilson to Hoover. Born forty-nine years ago on the farm of his Scottish father, near Grand Forks, North Dakota, he witnessed the beginning of the mechanization of agriculture in the grain country. The elder Campbell introduced the first steam plow and steam threshing machine ever seen in that section of the plains. At seventeen, Mr. Campbell took charge of the family's four thousand acres, meanwhile continuing his education at the University of North Dakota, three miles from his home. An A.B. degree in 1903 was followed by a degree in engineering in 1904 and a post-graduate course at Cornell University the following year.

Drawing by Johan Bull

After his marriage in 1906 Mr. Campbell moved to California, becoming operations engineer in charge of all the properties owned by the late J. S. Torrance, than the big shot among the West Coast capitalists. It was the war that pitched Mr. Campbell into national prominence. He went to Washington hopeful of receiving a commission in the engineering corps, but Franklin D. Lane, then Secretary of Agriculture, Herbert Hoover, then Food Commissioner, and André Tardieu, who was the French High Commissioner to the United States, decided his services would be more valuable if he raised wheat, for which the fighting world was just then squawking hungrily and loudly. First it was suggested that the wheat might be grown under Mr. Campbell's direction in Algiers, then it was realized that the job could be more quickly done in this country on government lands. After an inspection trip with Frank A. Thackery, of the Department of Agriculture, Mr. Campbell chose 125,000 acres on four Indian reservations in Montana. It remained to raise the necessary capital to start the enterprise.

"Then, as now," Mr. Campbell remarked recently, "you could get all the money you wanted in Washington for everything except agriculture. Millions were available for cost plus contracts for ships, uniforms, guns, anything that seemed to be needed except farming, and there wasn't one dollar for that."

So Mr. Campbell left Washington and struck out alone to beard the lions of Wall Street. He sent his card in to J. P. Morgan, whom he had never laid eyes on. Twenty minutes later he had a promise of two million dollars. The Montana Farming Corporation was launched. The financiers who backed it included Mr. Morgan, James Stillman, Francis H. Sisson, Charles H. Sabin, and Charles D. Norton, all of whom were on the board of directors. After the war, Mr. Campbell bought them out, changed the name of the company to the Campbell Farming Corporation, re-leased 95,000 acres from the government, and let the others go. For eight years he made money. In 1930, for the first time, he lost money.

The Machine Age Farmer

There isn't a mule on Mr. Campbell's farm and all the horses are saddle horses. The work horses are inside of internal combustion engines. From plowing to the harvesting and the hauling of the thousands of tons of grain to the railhead at Hardin, forty miles away, gasoline supplies the power for every operation. The farm business roars as regularly as a fac-

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tory during eight months of each year, the work going ahead twenty-four hours a day. The tractors, the combines, and the other machines brighten the fields at night with large flood lights. The men, like steel puddlers, work in two twelve-hour shifts. With thirty combines they can harvest and thresh 30,000 bushels of wheat from one dawn to the next. On the Campbell farm each tractor works about 2,800 hours a year. The tractor on the average Iowa farm is busy only 250 hours a year.

Mr. Campbell's tractors take fresh drinks of gasoline without stopping. He has invented devices to improve the efficiency of his agricultural industry. The well-known "Campbell method" of windrow harvesting has enabled two men on tractors and one man on a combine to do a job which used to require twenty-eight men and thirty-two horses.

Like the industrialists, Mr. Campbell pins his faith on large economic units. In agriculture that means fewer and bigger farms, mechanized as much as possible. The biggest of all individual wheat growers, he advocates reducing American wheat production to fit the country's needs, eliminating the present exportable surplus.

"I could take hold of four 160-acre farms in Nebraska, Kansas, or Iowa," he said, "and merge them into one farm and save money. Right away I'd get rid of four superintendents at $1,800 each and hire one superintendent — a college man — at $3,000. Only men with plenty of capital or credits can go into farming and make a success of it. No farm can be based on a three-year program. Farming, as a business, is a ten-year proposition. It takes a ten-year period for rainfall, drought, sunshine, acts of God, and other uncontrollable influences to average up the bad seasons with the good ones."

It isn't the grasshoppers, the hot winds, cold snows, cyclones, and market jugglers that are postponing the farmer's millennium, in Mr. Campbell's judgment, so much as it is the general feeling that farming "jest natchelly" can't succeed with a big S. It is impossible, he says, to interest capital in agriculture. He doubts if there are a dozen big bankers in the whole country to-day who believe that farming can be successfully done. But the time is coming, he thinks, when farms will be properly industrialized and properly financed. In his dreams of the future, he sees a United States Farming Corporation that will be greater than the General Motors Corporation or the U. S. Steel Corporation.

Mr. Campbell has made two visits to Russia and is going there again at the end of this summer. His visits create about as much stir among the Russian populace as do those of the Prince of Wales among the citizens of this Republic. Now and then, when the pressure of the Five-Year Plan gets to hurting and the proletariat seems to need a psychological injection of pep, the Bolshevik newspapers flap their wings and crow over the fact that Russia now has a state farm "ten times as big as Thomas D. Campbell's farm in America."

When the Five-Year Plan was launched, the Soviet Government sent for Mr. Campbell and asked him how best to make the great agriculture dream come true. He was offered one million acres of the Red paradise for his own use and profit if he would consent to stay there and personally operate a farm, just to show the aspiring agriculturists of Russia how he does it.

"I could have cleaned up two million dollars a year if I had accepted that offer," Mr. Campbell said.

But he turned it down and came home after supplying the Kremlin with a thesis that covered agriculture from the Garden of Eden all the way to modern Montana. Since he wouldn't stay in Russia to serve as a model farmer, the Soviet Government sent two hundred of its own sod busters out to his farm to learn his methods. Most of them stayed there about a month.

In Moscow Mr. Campbell pondered over the whole agricultural program which the architects of the Five-Year Plan had arranged. He made corrections here, suggestions there. He talked to Stalin for four straight hours — another world's record. The planning commission had figured that binders and threshers would be good enough for Russia, and they had never even heard of night farming. Mr. Campbell converted Stalin to combines and to plowing and reaping all around the clock.

Starting from scratch on unplowed and endless steppes, the Soviet state farms have now grown to almost fifteen million furrowed acres. The collectives have replaced the individual peasant farmer on forty-two million acres. The largest of the state farms, the so-called Giant Farm, eighty miles from Rostov,

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embraces a million acres. Mr. Campbell visited it last year on his five weeks' tour of inspection inside the U.S.S.R. He arrived there at midnight, heard the roar of a hundred gasoline motors and saw the searchlights of the harvesting machines blinking for miles around.

For that tour of inspection the Russians paid him a handsome retainer and all the expenses of himself and his family on the round trip from Pasadena to the bathing beaches of the Southern Caucasus. His first day on the Giant Farm Mr. Campbell made a correction in the method the Russians had blundered into adopting in the operation of combines. That one change, it was estimated, would save the state farms several thousand dollars a day. So the expense of the long trip was recouped by the Soviet almost immediately.

Despite the growth of Russian wheat production in recent years (the 1913 record was exceeded for the first time in 1930), Mr. Campbell does not think Russia's exportable surplus will increase greatly for several years to come. Russia's production is not yet to the point where the government will permit the baking of white bread.

"They figure," said Mr. Campbell, "that they will need seven bushels per person per year at home. That means more than 1,100,000,000 bushels. Their production last year was not quite a billion bushels. This year they figure it will be a little over a billion. Here in America our consumption of wheat has come down to between four and one-half and five bushels per stomach. We have gone hog-wild over dieting and staying thin. But the Russians haven't heard of the Hollywood diet. It's a safe bet they will keep on needing almost all the grain they grow for a good while yet.

"Excluding Russia and China, the world production of wheat is about four billion bushels, and the exportable surplus about 850,000 bushels. The United States raises about 800,000,000 bushels a year and consumes about 650,000,000, leaving an exportable surplus of between 150,000,000 and 200,000,000 bushels. Eventually we will have to eliminate that surplus and grow only enough wheat to meet our own needs."

The Slump and Russian Trade

As for the depression, Mr. Campbell has some ideas about that, too. "Business with Russia can be effective in getting rid of this depression more promptly than any other possible foreign trade. The American farmer cannot become a consumer of our manufactured goods until next autumn at the earliest. There isn't a chance of his having any spending money until then. Meanwhile Europe as a market for our manufactured goods is going to keep on reducing its purchases. The European countries have learned how to make for themselves the things we used to make for them. South American countries have recently repudiated — after revolutionary changes in government — millions of dollars' worth of contracts for North American goods. Russia remains. She needs the goods and she wants to buy them from us right now. She would rather buy from us than from any other people. I know. I've talked to Stalin and the rest of the leaders. We are their ideal, industrially. Why, from my own trips to Russia I have brought home millions of dollars' worth of orders for farm machinery which were placed with American manufacturers.

"But we have begun to balk at extending credits, and it is only our bigger concerns with surplus fat to go on which are trading with Russia to-day. Meanwhile European governments are backing up their industrialists who obtain Russian contracts. In Germany the government gives the exporter a guaranty that covers seventy-five per cent of the value of his invoice. In Italy sixty per cent is guaranteed by the government on some exported products, and seventy per cent on others. The British guaranty runs to sixty per cent of the contract. Norway has a government guaranty on credits for Soviet orders placed in that country, amounting to seventy-five per cent of the total value of orders up to an aggregate of twenty million kroner.

"You go down to Wall Street and try to show our financiers that there are millions to be made in Soviet business. The first thing they say is that the Russians are a pack of blankety-blank-blanks. Then they tell you the Reds are infidels and they don't believe in doing business with infidels. Next they suggest that the Bolsheviks are unmoral, and begin talking about the Russian divorce laws. (That same morning our newspapers carry a front page story on what is going on in Reno.) Finally they say the Russians are not a safe

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risk, that they repudiated the old debts, and that they are endangering the world business structure by dumping goods.

"Well, now, the Soviet Government has been in existence more than thirteen years. The Soviets haven't repudiated one single dollar of what they have owed in that time. I advocate American business men going there and getting acquainted. They will find that the persons who are running things in Russia are men of fine business integrity. The Russians want to pay their bills promptly, and they take great pride in the fact that the Soviet has met every commitment abroad on scheduled time. If you apply the same credit rules to Russia that the banker applies to an individual client who asks for credit, they are entitled to the credits they ask before placing orders.

"Extending credit to Russia now is just as good an investment as are the twenty-year and thirty-year German bonds with which this country was flooded two years ago. The least able government in Europe to-day is the one in Berlin. Most of the gold in Germany to-day came from American loans and Russian contracts.

"It is an error to say that Russia is dumping her goods on the world. Russia isn't dumping. She sells her goods abroad to meet her obligations — exactly the same reason why I sold my wheat last fall at forty-two cents. I would have liked to have held it, but I had to pay off my notes.

"Two years ago Russia bought almost all of its imported farm machinery from us. The Soviets spent $250,000,000 in this country, largely on tractors, harrows, combines, disks, and other farm machinery. Now they are buying almost nothing in America except what they cannot buy elsewhere.

"The Germans have learned to make good tractors in the American style. England is also making a fine tractor and good disk plows and other farm machines of which America was once the only manufacturer. Some of the European contracts with Russia call for fifty per cent cash, the rest payable over a period of two years. Others call for twenty-five per cent on the barrel head, and the balance in three payments, at the end of six, nine, and twelve months.

"If our banks would support our manufacturers in the extending of similar terms, we'd find that Russia would become our biggest market. These people are where we were a hundred years ago, but they have an area bigger than Canada, the United States, and Mexico combined, and it contains a population of 160,000,000. Their standard of living is going to rise a little every year for a long time. With national education developing new wants, new tastes, among 160,000,000 persons, Russia is sure to be the greatest market in the world for the next fifty years. And right now it is the best market available for immediate purchases.

"I don't advocate recognition of Russia by the government. I advocate trade with Russia. It's too big to be ignored. If you're afraid of Communism, well, I'll tell you this: I don't think Communism will last twelve years longer. They are changing already. General education will prove the end of Communism, I think. Why, there are already more distinctions of class among the Communists in Russia than there are among us democrats in the United States. When I go to Moscow I joke with them about that. I tell them that I am a farmer and that when I visit New York I eat with bankers. They don't understand that. A Russian farmer from the sticks would have a hell of a time trying to get in to see an official of one of the state banks in Moscow. I told them that when I was over there, and they admitted it."

To recapitulate, Mr. Campbell thinks the quickest palliative for America's present economic indigestion is to be found in the encouragement of trade with Russia. The permanent cure for our current misery can come, he considers, only after the farmer has been given a tonic and raised to his feet by the engineer, the banker, and the government. All the farmer wants or deserves, he says, is the same protection which the manufacturer receives through the tariff and which the laborer enjoys through restricted immigration. Once the farmer has more than just enough to take care of himself, he will help take care of the rest of us, Mr. Campbell believes, by buying the products of urban industry. And by the time that dream comes true he thinks Russia will be our best foreign customer. Perhaps that glorious, but distant, dawn will find Humpty Dumpty back on the wall, with a smile of content on his lifted face.

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We'll Stand Anything

by **ELMER DAVIS**

I

ONE SUNDAY last spring an airplane flew over the uptown districts of New York, broadcasting through an amplifier a musical program interspersed with vocal advertisement of a business house. Millions of people heard it — had to hear it, if they lived anywhere along its route, or if in an area of a hundred square miles or so they had chosen to spend a pleasant afternoon out of doors. It seems likely that few of them enjoyed this assault upon their ears, and many of them must have reflected that it was only a feeble foretaste of what life will be like when aërial broadcasting is general.

Drawings by Eldon Kelley

That sort of thing has been stopped — for the moment; it would be reckless to predict that the prohibition will continue if somebody with political influence wants to advertise something. But was it stopped by the spontaneous protesting roar of millions of people? Not at all. Only one man complained — a clergyman who was offended less by the noise than by the desecration of the Sabbath. His complaint was heeded, because the Police Commissioner happened to be a man of intelligence, who realized that if airplane advertising once got a foothold it would become an intolerable nuisance.

You may ask what better could be expected of New Yorkers, who permit their government to dispose of sewage by dumping it into the waters that surround the town, and of garbage by tossing it in the sea just outside the harbor, whence it floats back to carpet the bathing beaches. (This pleasant practice is about to be stopped, but only because the Chambers of Commerce of New Jersey shore resorts had the matter taken into the Federal Courts.) Browbeaten and subdued by the daily degradation of being herded into the subway, New Yorkers have perhaps lost the spirit to resent anything; certainly they remain indifferent to revelations about the government of their city that would have produced quite a commotion fifty or even twenty years ago.

But are inlanders any better? Is there anything that would make the American people of to-day stand up on its hind legs and roar? You can sometimes stir up public indignation in the smaller centers against a man who wants to live differently from the majority for his own satisfaction; but when a man invades the rights of the rest of us for his own profit, it seems to be the general feeling that he is entitled to all he can get away with.

Roadside billboards annoy millions of people, since the whole country goes driving along the roads; yet the war against them meets with very moderate success, and even that success is due less to the efforts of nature-lovers than to the support of the newspapers, jealous of billboard competition. The average citizen may ask why he should take sides in a fight between rival sellers of advertising space, but there is a difference. What makes outdoor advertising, audible or visible, offensive is the fact that it is inescapable. Nobody is compelled to buy a newspaper or a magazine, and if he buys it he is not compelled to read the advertisements. Nobody has to buy a radio; and if he listens to a sponsored program he can easily switch off the advertising talk and switch in again on the music that follows. But the billboard forces itself on the attention of every passer-by; the flying broadcaster compels a whole countryside to hear him.

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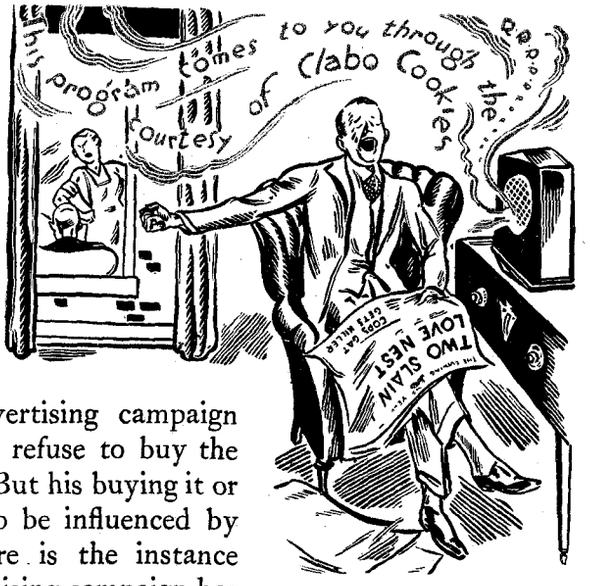
Now they are beginning to advertise in the movies. It could be argued that if you buy a magazine for a story you want to read, without being offended by the advertising in the adjacent column, you can take a movie program in the same spirit. But you can read what you like in the magazine; you read the advertisements only when the advertiser works for his money, produces something that attracts your attention. In the movies you must look at, or at least listen to, the advertising, unless you want to walk out on the rest of the show. Will movie-goers stand for this? Well, they seem to be willing to stand for practically anything.



A man who does not like any particular advertising campaign has his recourse; he can refuse to buy the product it recommends. But his buying it or not buying it is likely to be influenced by many other factors; rare is the instance when an offensive advertising campaign has been checked by public sentiment. Many people are disgusted by faked testimonials, but their use does not seem to be unprofitable. One of the most conspicuously successful of modern advertising campaigns leaps gayly from one unsupported and improbable assertion to another. It happens to recommend a product which many people like and which would sell widely on its merits; I wish I could believe the immense recent sale is due to the merit of the goods rather than the brazen effrontery of the advertising.

I would not seem to be disrespectful to advertising; I know well that my own trade is a mere parasitic mistletoe on that sturdy oak. But it seems a little ominous for the future of this country that so many advertisers should assume that the public is chiefly composed of imbeciles — and get away with it.

II

MOST OF US will listen to anything with which a man who has something to sell sees fit to assail our ears, and look at anything that anybody chooses to thrust before our eyes. You do not have to read advertisements, or look at the movies, or listen to the radio; but you cannot help looking at conspicuous buildings, and it seems to be generally felt that the sort of building a man puts up is his own business. True, the zoning movement has spread; in self-defense the community has decreed that a man may not put up a commercial building in a residence district (unless he has political influence), that he must observe certain minimum requirements as to light and air and fire protection.

But for what his building looks like he is responsible only to his own conscience. So New York, containing some of the world's most beautiful buildings, contains also some of the most hideous, planted on sites where you cannot help seeing them. I have not seen the Paramount Theater in Paris, but I am told that it is a gem. If you want to build a theater in Paris, public opinion requires that it be fit to look at. But when the Paramount people wanted to put up a theater-office building on the busiest square in New York they knew they could put up anything that seemed good to them; and their creation sticks out like a sore thumb.

Mr. Raymond Hood, who has designed some of the most admired and some of the most bitterly criticized buildings in the country, argues that an architect's responsibility, moral as well as legal, is to the man who is paying for the building and the people who are going to occupy it, not to the general public which merely looks at it. But the responsibility to the occupants implies nothing but decent interior planning, which is pretty general. A man's office address is conditioned by rentals, location, the prestige of a new building, rather than its outward appearance. It can be very beautiful without greatly improving its prospect of one hundred per cent rental, or very ugly without much hurting it. But when you put up a building which hundreds of thousands of people cannot help seeing every day, I do not see why those people should be nauseated

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merely because an architect is whimsical, and a speculative builder ignorant or indifferent.

Now and then the public does complain. It is a healthy sign that quite a good deal of criticism has been provoked (with some hope of being effective) by the designs of the new Radio City which is to be built on Fifth Avenue; but that was the fault of the preliminary ballyhoo. We were encouraged to believe that the projectors of Radio City were successors to Augustus and the Medici, preparing to adorn New York with a supernal triumph of American architecture out of mere big-heartedness. Naturally there was a roar when the published designs revealed something that looked like the average radio program translated into steel and concrete. If the builders had not professed to be doing any more than putting up the sort of buildings they thought would pay, few people would have challenged their right to make them as ugly as they chose.

This did not matter so much — nothing mattered so much — in the old days when a man who did not like the way things were going where he lived could move far enough away so that nobody could bother him. The country is not yet filled up, but the parts of it that people want to live in are filling up rapidly; the automobile has abolished isolation, and the airplane threatens to abolish privacy even in the open spaces. We are going to have to learn to live together in closer quarters; and we might profitably be more tolerant of some things and less of others.

It is none of my business if the couple across the court from my apartment are living in sin, but it is my business if they leave their radio turned on all night. (I speak of a theoretical couple; the actual couple across the court are married and noiseless.) But if I complained to the police, even in New York, on the first of these counts, I should stand a better chance of getting something done about it than if I objected to the noise. Almost everywhere in apartment houses, increasingly even in residence districts since the loud speaker was invented, the neighbors' noise is one of the major curses of life. I suspect that noise (and traffic congestion) go about as far to explain the discontent of modern city dwellers as the spiritual factors that are more talked about. But what can be done about noise? In some apartment houses flagrant and repeated offenses lead to the expulsion of the offenders; but more often than not the noise goes on till the noise-makers collapse in an alcoholic stupor. Homicide as such is too popular in this country; but homicide as the only cure for noisy neighbors is astonishingly infrequent — perhaps regrettably so.

Older nations, which had no great open spaces to fill up, got used long ago to living in close quarters, and in varying degree learned the adjustments that make life tolerable. The old Chinese culture, one is told, was especially successful in this. Certainly the pre-war English had pretty well solved the problem; and not as the Germans solved it, by inspiring everybody with awe of the police, but by a slowly matured habit of minding their own business and expecting other people to mind theirs. Twenty years ago you used to see signs in England: "Trespassing Forbidden. By Order." Whose order? Usually you had to guess. I think the reaction of the average American to that cryptic notice would have been to go ahead and trespass — to find out who had given the order and what, if anything, was going to be done about it. Not so the English; they took it for granted that it had been ordered by proper authority.

But try to infringe on what one of those apparently docile Englishmen considered his personal liberties and you would have a fight on your hands; he would stand up for his rights, stand on precedents and guarantees

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running back seven hundred years. The war, of course, changed everything; the English lost most of their rights temporarily and have not yet recovered them all. The post-war Englishman is impoverished and usually dispirited; but he still has a good deal more liberty than we to behave as he likes, so long as he does not annoy his neighbors — and a good deal less liberty to infringe on the rights of others for his own profit.

III

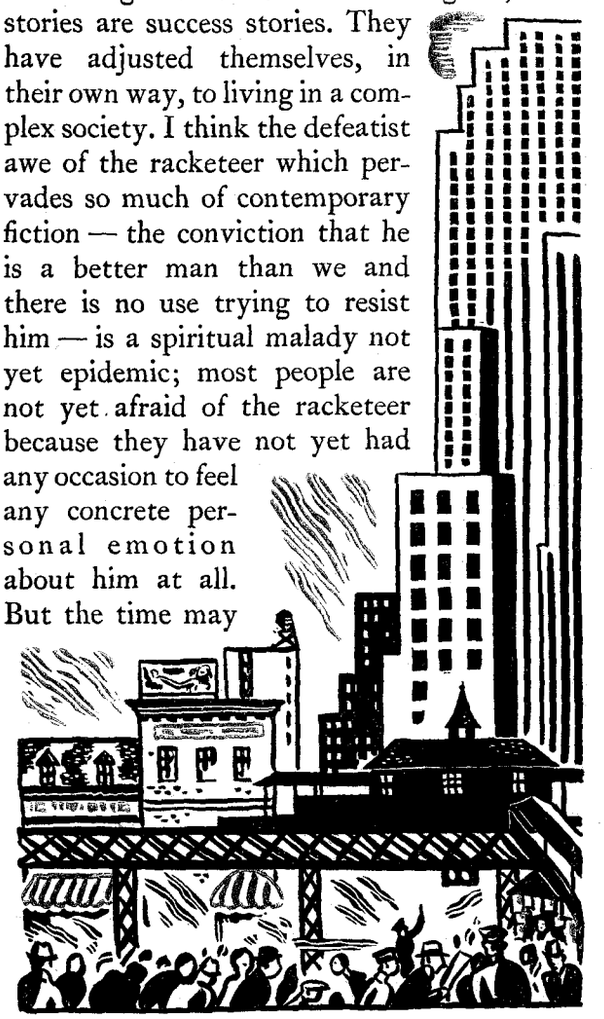
THE FRONTIER has been given credit for most of our national virtues and most of our national faults, so it is with some diffidence that I wonder if this trait too is not the work of the frontier influence. The suggestion is merely tossed up for whatever professional historians may find it worth; but it seems plausible. For this docility has its reverse side; we let other people impose on us with the tacit understanding that when our turn comes they will let us impose on them. The man who has something to gain by it — especially money — has the right of way; the man who stands up and protests against what the majority is willing to tolerate is laughed off as a crank, if he is not suppressed as a nuisance.

In the old days he did not have to undergo that humiliation. If he did not like the way things were done he had his choice of two courses — to stay at home and put up a fight, which would certainly mean inconvenience and would probably cost him money; or to get into a covered wagon and go west till he found some place where he could manage things to his own taste. When he found that place the memory of old quarrels still rankled; he was as inhospitable to dissenters as the majority back home had been to him; anybody who did not like his way of doing things could pack up and go still farther west. We owe much to the adventurous courage of the pioneer, the constructive impulse of the empire builder; we owe as much or more to the love of money which lured men on to places where more money could be made. But besides all that, one large factor in the conquest and settlement of this continent was the fact that it was often easier to move on and build an empire than to stay at home and put up a fight.

And the land was rich — a virgin continent with wealth waiting for the taking; the rush for it was in many places more or less of a free-for-all; but there was room enough for everybody to keep out of the other fellow's way. (Exceptions were plentiful, but as a generalization that statement holds true.) So the tradition grew up that a man who was after the money was at liberty to do pretty much as he saw fit. Now the country is more crowded; he is apt to step on our toes. But we still let him do it.

This may perhaps explain some of the public apathy to governmental corruption. If officials, too often, were working for their own pockets, so were most of us; and if we got ours we have generally been willing to let them get theirs too. It may explain some of the indifference to organized crime, so long as its exactions are levied on somebody else. In the fluid society of the old days, when everybody was on the make, you admired the man who was "making good." The mere phrase implies a general feeling that to make was good in itself; what you made was of less importance.

The big racketeers have made good; their stories are success stories. They have adjusted themselves, in their own way, to living in a complex society. I think the defeatist awe of the racketeer which pervades so much of contemporary fiction — the conviction that he is a better man than we and there is no use trying to resist him — is a spiritual malady not yet epidemic; most people are not yet afraid of the racketeer because they have not yet had any occasion to feel any concrete personal emotion about him at all. But the time may



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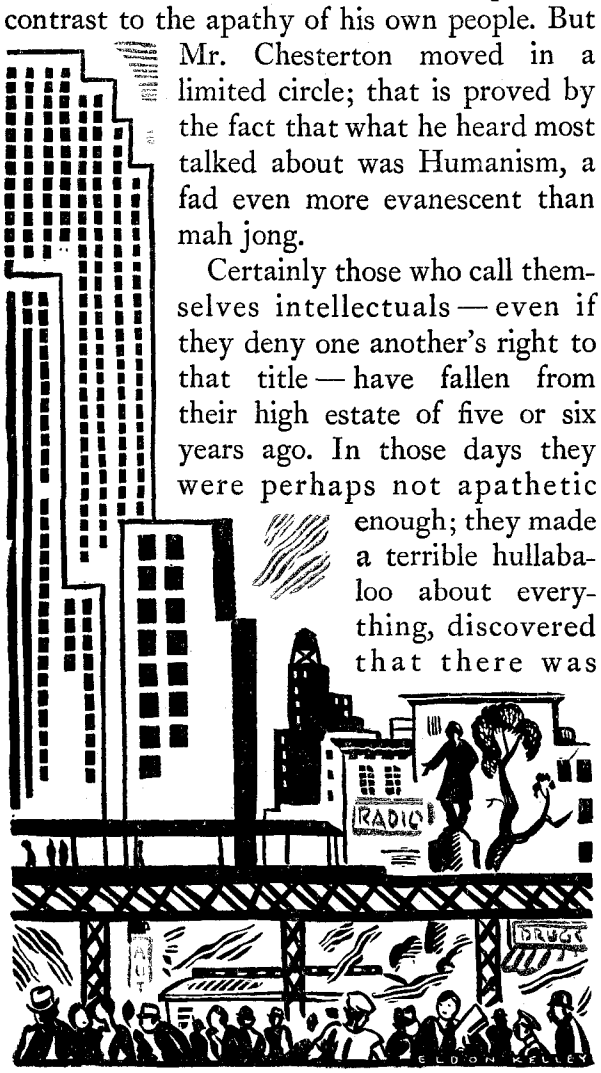
come when all of us shall have to feel about him; and we might have more hope of solving our major problems if we showed a little more spirit in dealing with minor annoyances. A man who can stop the noise across the airshaft is not necessarily capable of cleaning up his city government and breaking the power of criminal gangs; but these feats are not likely to be accomplished by a man who is too meek to try to stop the noise across the airshaft.

IV

A LITTLE APATHY is a good thing, but it can be overdone. There are things that are not worth getting excited about. But in the happy days of Coolidge prosperity most of us decided that nothing was worth getting excited about but the rising stock market, and now that those bright hopes have vanished all the world seems indifferent to less potent stimuli. Mr. Chesterton, finishing a tour in America, lately remarked on the vigor of intellectual discussion he found here, a pleasant contrast to the apathy of his own people. But Mr. Chesterton moved in a limited circle; that is proved by the fact that what he heard most talked about was Humanism, a fad even more evanescent than mah jong.



Certainly those who call themselves intellectuals — even if they deny one another's right to that title — have fallen from their high estate of five or six years ago. In those days they were perhaps not apathetic enough; they made a terrible hullabaloo about everything, discovered that there was nothing much to be done about it — and now, in disillusion, a good many of them are sliding into indifference tempered by admiration for the racketeer who gets away with it when they can't; while others are going over to Catholicism or Communism (usually the latter) which offers a higher authority to do their thinking for them.

That is probably a temporary phase — like the present apathy of the stock market, a reaction from the overstimulation of the past. I cannot guess what will stir the intellectuals up again any more than I can guess what stocks will in the next five years make big money for their purchasers; but it is a safe prediction that there will be a recovery in the idea industry as in all others. More disturbing than the present apathy of the working intellectuals is the continuing docility of those who may be called the passive intellectuals; the people who do not produce ideas, but may be counted on to comprehend them in moderation and put some force behind them. The majority of those people still read the books that it is respectable to read, even though the criteria of respectability have been altered; and people who used to ask the bookseller what was good to read now take what they get from the book club. The book clubs, in general, have given them very much better fare than they would have been likely to select on their own initiative; but it might be a healthier sign for American letters if people read the bad books they picked themselves rather than the good books somebody else picks out for them.

It is the passive intellectuals, in the main, who support the visiting European lecturer; and their toleration of some of these distinguished personalities is one more proof of apathy. Visiting European lecturers have been criticized perhaps more harshly than they deserve. If not all of them have the tact and good manners of such men as Galsworthy or Maurois, they show up about as well as would the average of American authors in a comparable situation. The foreign author regards America, I suspect, very much as the New York author regards Hollywood — a place whose inhabitants have somehow managed to amass more money than they can profitably use. If they want to give up some of their money — little for them but much for the visitor — to an outlander who seems to have

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something they want (however ridiculous their wants may appear to him), he might as well take it. That is a reasonable way to feel, even if good manners suggest that you should not express it too plainly.

But there are visiting lecturers and visiting lecturers; there was, for instance, Count Keyserling. It is true that the formidable schedule of demands which was presented to the people who had to entertain him was an asking price; he insisted on champagne, but if driven to it he would drink what you had. But the fact that he was permitted to get away with it all over the country is proof that despite prohibition and Ku Kluxism we are in some ways a tolerant people. Too tolerant.

Well, does it matter? That question can always be asked of any critic of American ways, and till lately the answer seemed to be "No." With all our faults, we too got away with it. But we are not getting away with it just now; and even when business improves it will be harder than it was two years ago to believe that we can get away with it forever. Public life was probably more corrupt sixty years ago than now; criminal gangs dominate many of our cities and the city has been called the new frontier, but they often dominated the old frontier too. But on the old frontier the gangs were smashed when the country settled up and the law came in; now the country is settled, the law has come in — and gone out again. It may take some effort to bring it back.

Further, we can no longer consider America in itself; we must consider America as a unit in the society of nations — the richest unit and the strongest, in so far as wealth is power. Ten years ago most Europeans were afraid of us because they knew how any European power would behave in our position; a few of them hoped we would save the world because they knew that individual Americans wanted to save the world. Some thought we would behave badly, some thought we would behave well; but hardly anyone expected that, as a nation, we would not behave at all. We are still, potentially, the strongest power in the world; but Europe has ceased to fear much from us, or to hope much either.

There are grave disadvantages in the foreign policy advocated by war-time idealists — the policy which at its extreme would have had us take a mandate for Armenia and defend that much persecuted nation against all comers. It entails tremendous risks for America with no certainty that we should do any good to anybody else; but at least it is — or was in its day — a policy, a consistent policy, defensible on its own premises.

There are equally grave disadvantages of another sort in the policy of which the *Chicago Tribune* is the chief exponent — jingo imperialism, the doctrine that they should take who have the power and they may keep who can. (The *Tribune* does not approve of that policy when Messrs. Capone and Moran apply it to Chicago.) It would be of dubious benefit to anybody else and would certainly work serious moral harm to America — quite possibly serious material harm too. But at least it is a policy, a consistent policy, defensible on its own premises.

Still less attractive is the Borah-Johnson doctrine of pure isolation, but even that is defensible on its own premises; though in the day of radio and transatlantic aviation and planetary economics those premises are painfully antiquated. Even that is better than a total unawareness that we need any foreign policy at all; and this last seems to be the mental state of the majority of the American people.

I don't believe we can go on getting away with it. As an ex-Calvinist I may take things too seriously; but I do not believe a great power can exist in an interdependent world without some consideration of its relation to its neighbors, and some fairly coherent theory by which its international behavior is guided. Nor do I think the average peaceful citizen can go on finding life tolerable unless he is prepared to stand up occasionally for what rights he has left. The frontier is gone; we can't run away from it; we must stay at home and either put up a fight or take it lying down.

And we might as well start at the beginning. When a few dozen people have been shot by neighbors whom their loud speakers had tormented beyond endurance, we can begin to feel that America is on the way up.

Next month, a brilliant article by Jay Franklin on America's most pressing problem — "Where do we go from here?"

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In Defense of the Legion

by **HAMILTON FISH, JR.**

I

THE AMERICAN LEGION has been unjustly charged with dictating all kinds of policies to the Congress of the United States and with utterly ignoring Article II of the Legion Constitution, which reads as follows: "The American Legion shall be absolutely non-political and shall not be used for the dissemination of partisan principles or the promotion of the candidacy of any person seeking public office or preferment." The undercover opponents of the Legion, the draft dodgers, the stay-at-homes, the ultra radicals, the peace-at-any-price women's organizations, the political bosses who always fear the onward march of youth, the war profiteers, and big taxpayers are united in the desire that the American Legion should be deaf, dumb, and blind on all the great issues with which our people and nation are confronted.

The Legion needs no defense against any such flimsy charges as that of Marcus Duffield in the May FORUM that it is a powerful political machine like the old G.A.R., dominating and dictating to the members of Congress and to the President of the United States.

There are many Legionnaires, including myself, who feel that the Legion has failed to live up to the purposes of the organization as set forth in the Preamble, and that it has not taken its proper place in formulating public opinion and shaping the destinies of our country. What the Legion thinks to-day should be welcomed and followed by the American people, as the Legion represents a cross-section of our country, all of its members having served in the armed forces of the United States during the World War. If a nation is to be worth dying for in time of war it must be worth living for in time of peace.

It is the manifest duty of the Legion, the largest veterans' organization in the United States, to take the leadership on most of the non-political and non-partisan issues affecting the interests of the American people, and help in shaping the destinies of our country and making it a better place to live in for oncoming generations. I doubt if anyone will deny that the Legion has far less political influence than the old G.A.R., which had only a fraction of its membership. Within two years after the Civil War fifty per cent of the members of Congress had served in the Union Army, whereas to-day, thirteen years after the Armistice, only ten per cent of the members of Congress are World War veterans.

If I have any complaint or criticism of the Legion it is that far too much time and importance is attached to the selection of a National Commander or a Second Vice Commander and far too little to intelligent consideration and discussion of the important problems of the nation. Until the Legion devotes its capacity and ability toward helping to solve our national problems instead of consuming its energies over the campaigns of the various candidates for Commander it will not assume the position of importance it is entitled to in the affection and good will of the American people.

Very often Legionnaires of limited experience and ability are appointed to important Legion Committees, merely because they were active in the successful campaign of the new Commander, with the result that often abysmal ignorance is shown in the handling of issues submitted to them, to the discredit of the Legion. I have in mind the recent purblind consideration of the recommendations made

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by the House Committee to investigate Communists' activities in the United States, which to my certain knowledge has the practically unanimous approval of the Legionnaires throughout the country. The Chairman, or Acting Chairman, of a Committee to which they were submitted reported back that the Department of Justice had ample authority to deal with these activities, whereas it is admitted by the Department of Justice, and by every individual who has studied the problem at all that since 1925, that Congress has failed to give any authority, power, or funds to the Department of Justice to investigate the revolutionary activities of the Communists in the United States, and consequently its hands are tied and it is utterly powerless to act.

The attitude of the Veterans of Foreign Wars is much more aggressive and militant on non-political issues. It has already assumed the leadership among veterans' organizations in exposing and combating Communism in the United States, and should be highly commended for its patriotic efforts to uphold American ideals and our republican form of government against the revolutionary aims of the Communists to destroy every principle of government handed down to us by our fathers. It is impossible to combat the spread of Communism by avoiding the issue or hiding one's head in the sand, or talking about George Washington's hatchet and the cherry tree. Communism is the most important, vital, and far-reaching issue affecting the civilization of the world and the happiness and liberties of our own people. No veterans' organization can pussyfoot on the issue and expect to retain public confidence.

No Legion Lobby

Much has been written about the American Legion lobby in Washington and its influence over the votes of the members of Congress. After eleven years in the House of Representatives I am prepared to state emphatically that the so-called Legion lobby is a myth and that its influence is infinitesimal. The only important bill it actually jammed through Congress was the Reserve Officers' Retirement Act, and it was so badly drawn up that many who voted for it have been bitterly disappointed ever since. The Legion proposal last July for compensation for the disabled was snowed under by an avalanche of votes when the disability pension was adopted. In the recent consideration of the increased loans on the adjusted service certificates, the American Legion played a rather pathetic part and attemped in every way to side-step the issue, until its hand was forced at the eleventh hour by the resentment of the rank and file. The passage of the adjusted service certificate loan bill was in spite of the tardy indorsement of the principle involved and not because of any aggressive action by the Legion.

The two other veterans' organizations, the Disabled American Veterans and the Veterans of Foreign Wars, made a determined demand upon Congress for passage of legislation increasing loans on the service certificates. The Legion only joined under pressure, but before it took a hand over fifty bills had been introduced by members of Congress.

There has been more misunderstanding and unjustifiable criticism of the Legion and of all veterans on account of the passage of the bill providing for additional loans to war veterans in the closing days of the last session than any other legislation since I have been in Congress. I am glad of this opportunity to defend the Legion and all veterans against the massed editorial attack of most of our metropolitan papers since the increased veterans' loan bill became law. I have no hesitation in saying, without any reservation, that during my service in the House of Representatives I know of no veterans' legislation that has been sounder, saner, or safer as far as the interests of the public and taxpayers are concerned. As far as the veterans are concerned, that is another matter. I am ashamed to go home into my district and tell the World War veterans, not how much, but how little we have done for them.

The people back home, through reading utterly erroneous articles in the metropolitan newspapers, have been led to believe that Congress, by providing for additional loans of from 22½ per cent to 50 per cent on the adjusted service certificates held by the World War veterans, has deliberately organized a raid upon the Treasury which will increase taxes and hamper and retard business. These unfair, untrue, and iniquitous charges have been spread throughout the land by the metropolitan press and are ably supported by numerous magazines and business periodicals. I

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challenge any individual, newspaper, or magazine to explain just how the veterans' loan bill as passed by Congress constitutes a raid on the Treasury, or will increase taxes or retard business.

Under the provisions of the bill the veteran has to pay 4½ per cent at compound interest for any loan he may make on his adjusted service certificate, except in the New York and Boston districts, where he pays 4 per cent, whereas the Treasury Department borrows the money at 3 per cent and makes a profit of from one to one and a half per cent on every loan to a veteran, at his expense.

There is no possible way of figuring out how the financing of these loans to the veterans can cost the taxpayers one red cent. But in spite of that, the taxpayers back home have been deceived into believing that they were footing the bill because of numerous unjustifiable editorials appearing in the daily press asserting that the additional loans to veterans would increase federal taxes. There is in the United States Treasury a fund now in excess of $800,000,000, and added to each year, for the purpose of paying off the adjusted service certificates when they mature in 1945. The Treasury Department can use this money by refunding it if it so desires, or it can sell securities on a 3 per cent basis, which it is doing, and then loan the money to the veterans at 4½ per cent interest.

It is my humble opinion that not more than two-thirds of the veterans will apply for loans, which will then not amount to more than $800,000,000, but if the total number reaches the figures set by General Hines, of 75 per cent and costing a billion dollars, the only difference will be that the government will make a larger profit at the expense of the veterans. The expert economists or Treasury Department statisticians may say that the floating of a billion dollars for veteran loans over the next six months will increase the rate of interest, which would probably be true if the whole billion were issued immediately in one bloc. However, the floating of several hundred millions of government securities at a time is not going to increase the rate of interest more than one-fourth of one per cent, whereas the government will be making an average of a point profit from the veterans. I do not propose to call Uncle Sam a Shylock, but it certainly is a pretty lucrative business operation, which should bring in a net profit of at least ten millions of dollars annually to the Federal Government for the next fifteen years. That does not sound so much like a raid upon the Treasury or increasing Federal taxes.

I have yet to hear of a sound or convincing reason why the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars by veterans in every state of the Union for the needs of their families will affect business adversely. I have talked to many merchants and they agree unanimously that what business needs at the present time is increased buying power in order to keep the wheels of industry turning and help provide employment during the emergency. There are many good reasons to believe that the use of the loans by the veterans will lessen industrial depression and stimulate business. So much for the financial aspects of the veterans' loan legislation.

The Loan Justified

There are a number of misstatements concerning the Legion that have been repeated so often they have almost been accepted as facts by the public. One is that Congress acted in a cowardly manner as a result of demands made by an imaginary soldier bloc, which is untrue and a reflection both upon the membership of Congress and upon the veterans. However, it is effective propaganda in the hands of international bankers, who send a billion dollars of American money to foreign countries each year, but are opposed to any loan to our own veterans in an emergency, as it might affect the bond market for additional foreign loans.

Collier's weekly in a recent issue says editorially: "The billion dollar veterans' loan passed in a mood of political frenzy by the last discredited Congress was a dole for the unemployed." The only truth in this statement is that the members of Congress who voted for the bill knew that there was a large amount of unemployment among the veterans of the World War, some fifty thousand being without jobs in New York City alone. I am informed that in this period of business depression and unemployment there is a great deal of hardship and suffering among the unemployed World War veterans. Although the World War veterans represent only 3 per cent of the popula-

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tion, yet they represent approximately 15 per cent of the unemployed. There are over 500,000 unemployed veterans, or in other words 20 per cent of all World War veterans are unemployed. It must be self-evident that the veterans, being between the ages of thirty and forty, most of whom are married and have families to support, have not been able to set aside any surplus or reserve for emergency purposes, such as unemployment in unexpected periods of business depression.

The World War veterans are merely a cross-section of the American people, good, bad, and indifferent. However, it is safe to say that over 90 per cent of the veterans are using the loans made on their own government certificates to pay rent, buy food and clothes for their children, and pay off debts accumulated through unemployment, including interest on mortgages on their homes and small business enterprises, premiums on fire, disability and life insurance policies, and very often doctors', nurses', and hospital bills. I have heard of a number of cases where these loans have permitted veterans to secure specialists who have saved the lives of their children.

The bill as passed by Congress was in no sense a bonus, which means a gift. It merely permitted additional loans as an emergency measure, up to 50 per cent on a government certificate, the best security in the world, and owned by veterans who have to pay 4½ per cent compound interest. I resent, and I know that millions of veterans and their friends resent, the articles appearing in the press which call attention to the fact that some individual veteran got drunk on his so-called bonus money and was arrested for disorderly conduct. Of course, out of approximately two million veterans who, it is estimated, will apply for and receive loans, these will be the one per cent that will blow in the money. One per cent will amount to twenty thousand, and for the next six months or more the metropolitan press will regale their readers with glowing accounts of the misdeeds of the one per cent of good-for-nothing veterans and forget all about the 99 per cent of ex-service men who have used the loans intelligently and for the benefit of their families in an emergency, and at the same time, in my humble opinion, for the advantage and promotion of business generally in every state in the nation.

Although the increased loan basis on the adjusted service certificates cannot by any stretch of the imagination be held responsible in any degree for the anticipated deficit as of June 30, 1931, of $900,000,000, yet I agree with former Speaker Longworth, who was a warm advocate of the veterans' loan bill, that there should not be any increase in taxes, but that the sinking fund payments for debt reduction should be reduced to meet the expected big Treasury deficit.

The United States' public debt is now about $16,000,000,000, having been reduced from a war peak of $27,000,000,000 in the past twelve years. It is only right, during this business depression, that we should pause for a breathing spell in reducing our national debt. Then as soon as we pass safely out of the existing emergency we should continue the sound policy of liquidating our national debt as rapidly as business conditions will permit.

In conclusion let me point out that the veterans are not asking charity or even a bonus. They were certainly entitled in this emergency to receive additional loans on their own service certificates which will cost the government nothing. As I stated on the floor of the House of Representatives, Secretary Mellon should have given a sumptuous dinner to all those who voted for the adjusted service certificate loan bill in the form in which Congress passed it, as it was the most economical of approximately fifty measures that were introduced, including some for the payment in full of the face value of the certificates in cash, which would have cost $3,409,250,000, of which only $800,000,000 was available in the adjusted service certificate fund in the Treasury.

My only objection to the bill as passed is the high rate of interest — 4½ per cent — imposed upon the veteran, when the government borrows for less and makes a profit out of each loan. In no case should the loan carry more than 4 per cent, and it would have been fairer to the veteran to arrange the interest at the same rate that the government pays on its treasury bills or certificates, or in whatever borrowing operations are necessary to finance the loan.

Next month, bad news for the small farmer—"The Great Dirt Conspiracy," by Walter B. Pitkin

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The Joys of Pessimism

by **ELMER RICE**

I

I AM A pessimist. Not just a panic pessimist, a Hoover pessimist, a Goldman-Sachs pessimist. Not I! I am one of your congenital, dyed-in-the-wool, fair-weather pessimists. You will find me pessimistic in the year when United States Steel is quoted at 310, when South Carolina goes Republican, when Babe Ruth slams out one hundred and eighteen homers, when Lindbergh makes a non-stop flight across the Pacific, when Amos 'n' Andy marry Greta Garbo and Clara Bow in the completed Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

Need I say that there is, in the United States, a prejudice in favor of optimism? Keep smiling. Boost, don't knock. The sky's the limit. Come in without knocking, go out the same way. Watch my smoke. Hail, hail, the gang's all here. For he's a jolly good fellow (which nobody can deny). There's a silver lining, 'neath the dark cloud shining. Pack up your troubles in the old kit-bag and smile, smile, smile! So run the popular slogans and refrains.

And in the popular fancy, the optimist figures as a jovial, tubby fellow, with a bright eye, a merry laugh, and a touch that instantly reduces children and animals to delighted subjection. The pessimist, on the other hand, is a gloomy figure: lean, dyspeptic, saturnine, insomnious; more likely than not a celibate, embittered by unrequited love, who turns his malignant regard upon the laughing multitudes thronging by in the sunlight. The evil eye, that is what he has! A foreigner, probably; a paid emissary of Moscow, if the whole truth were known. The calamity howler! The wet blanket! Gumming the works, is he? Put 'im behind the bars, or run 'im out of the country: that's what they ought to do to 'im — and serve 'im right, too.

I do not feel that I am qualified to discuss the political and social aspects of pessimism. It is quite possible that if all the pessimists were shot to-morrow, things would instantly change for the better. Unemployment and poverty would disappear, along with crime, disease, jealousy, hatred, war, and Sunday. The motor industry might pick up. There might even be an increased demand for copper. I do not know. Of course, being a pessimist, I do not think so. But now I am simply treading a circle! Anyhow, I am glad to say that, as yet, no one (to my knowledge) has suggested shooting us. (You see how little it takes to gladden a pessimist! That is the very point to which I am leading.)

What I want to do is try to clear up one or two popular misconceptions about pessimists. First, let us look into this thing about the gaunt dyspeptic and all that. There is really not much to it when you come to examine the facts. Take me, for example — and, after all, it is about myself that I am writing this piece. Am I dyspeptic? Far from it! I have a magnificent appetite and am altogether free from digestive disturbances. I used to be lean, but as the years have rolled on (and my pessimism has deepened) I have been forced to note a decided tendency to paunchiness. No insomnia, either: I make a point of having my nightly eight hours' sleep — although I prefer nine.

Nor can my state be accurately described as celibate. I have been happily married for more than fifteen years now. (I am *particularly* pessimistic about marriage.) I have a charming wife and two large and, on the whole, rather pleasant children. They do not slink terrified into a corner when my shadow falls across the threshold; they do not even cringe. (I am an enthusiastic advocate of birth-control.)

I do not look sourly at the laughing faces of the passers-by; there is nothing in that, either. I shall tell you why. Nearly all the passers-by have tired, drawn, tense faces. They are all optimists who believe that there is something to be gained by being awfully busy about something, and that if they just keep on trying to get somewhere in a hurry, pretty soon something splendid will happen and everything will turn out beautifully. Now, if they were pessimists (like me) they would no longer believe

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that there is anything in particular to be accomplished, or that there is anywhere in particular to get to; and then maybe they would stop doing things and hurrying places and they would find time to sit down and relax and smile a little, instead of just talking about smiling. (As for perpetual smiling, it is likely to be, in the very young, a symptom of colic; in the very old, a symptom of senile dementia; and in those of intermediate age a device for displaying good, white teeth.)

But there is an even more deeply rooted belief to the effect that the pessimist's life is steeped in gloom and misery, whereas the optimist's life is one grand, sweet song. Anyone who stops for a moment to ponder this hypothesis should become aware of its absurdity. Obviously, the man who believes in "looking only at the bright side" must be wretchedly unhappy when nothing but the dark side presents itself. (On these occasions, there is nothing for him to do, you see; and doing something is the essence of optimism.) While the fellow who is loath to admit that there *is* a bright side receives an agreeable surprise whenever it makes itself manifest.

I shudder when I think what the life of an optimist must be like. To go on, year after year, believing in El Dorado, in something turning up, in the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, in the good times ahead, in what lies just around the corner, in the ship that will come in, in Lady Luck, in the divinity that shapes our ends; and to be assailed, day after day, by the realities of life! — how can any but the most thick-skinned remain an optimist and survive? (I am convinced that all suicides are incorrigible, but thin-skinned, optimists.)

But take your thorough-going pessimist — take me! I do not believe that life has anything to offer, except such pleasure as one may derive from the business of daily living. I am always prepared for the worst. A cloud to me means not a silver lining, but the probability of rain and the possibility of pneumonia. I have no genial faith in the intelligence or the courtesy of motorists: I always wait for the red light and then look both ways and around the corner. When anything pleasant happens, I am astonished and delighted. And since many pleasant things do happen to me, I am constantly deriving from life a kind of spontaneous enjoyment. Each time, I am convinced that this thing will not happen again; and then, after a while, I find myself, once more, agreeably disappointed.

I am no Abou Ben Adhem; my name will head no celestial roll call. Far from loving my fellow men, I regard them with suspicion and considerable distaste. I do not accept people "on faith"; nor do I "look for the good" in them. If there is any good — I mean good from my point of view, of course — I wait for it to evince itself; (there is no hurry!). In this way I avoid expending my energy upon hordes of people who do not interest me; also I escape, almost entirely, that disheartening disillusionment which optimistic lovers of humanity experience so often. I expect little or nothing from my friends and in this I am not too frequently disappointed. Thus, not only does my affection for them remain undiminished, but I never fail to be genuinely touched by the occasional evidences of their loyalty and esteem.

II

By profession, I am a writer: a playwright. I have been at it, now, for more years than I care to think about. At least nine-tenths of the time, I am convinced that I shall never learn to write. (It is a view which is shared by many of the few who are familiar with my work.) So that whenever I succeed in writing anything that seems to me in the least degree good, I am amazed and overjoyed. Years ago I gave up the attempt to write what the public wants; partly because I do not think that anybody knows what the public wants — the public, least of all — but mostly because I am not devoted to the public and not particularly anxious to please it. In consequence, a certain reserve in the jubilation evoked by popular approval is offset by a corresponding amelioration of the despondency induced by popular neglect. And since I have had more failures than successes, it will readily be seen that the balance is on the credit side.

When I finish a play, I expect it to be rejected by the managers to whom I submit it. My instructions to my agent are: "Send it to A, and when he returns it, send it to B." Or, more frequently: "Send it simultaneously to A, B, C, D, E, and F; and when they return it, send it to G, H, I, J, K, and L." If A (or even L) manifests any interest in the play, it is a pleasant shock; if he offers me a contract, I look for

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the twinkle in his eye; if the check for advance royalties appears, I begin, tentatively, to revise my estimate of human nature. I do not, of course, expect that, merely because a contract has been signed, the play will ever get as far as rehearsal. On the infrequent occasions when it does, anticipations of the production, the first-night audience, and the reviews serve to restrain an exuberance which, in my more optimistic colleagues, makes the painful outcome so hard to bear.

Now that I am warming to my argument, I am delighted with its success; the evidence is piling up in a way that far exceeds my pessimistic expectations! It occurs to me, for example, that I almost have time to do the things I want to do. (How many optimists can say as much? All the optimists I know are mortifying themselves now, so that "some day" they will have time to do the things they really want to do.) The reason is not far to seek: I have lots of time because I seldom do things that I do *not* want to do. It sounds simple, and it is simple. Since I do not believe that to-morrow's good (assuming that there will be a to-morrow and that it will be good) is worth to-day's discomfort, I resist, and usually avoid, doing anything that I regard as boring or unpleasant.

Not the least of the optimist's woes is the constant strain which is put upon him by his hysterical compulsion to be cheerful at all costs. He is like a hypochondriac who is forever looking at his own tongue and feeling his own pulse. The moment the optimist begins to feel a little low, he rushes off frantically, in search of something to "cheer him up." He is constantly seeking stimulation, encouragement, food for illusion. I feel no such need. Believing, as I do, that cheerfulness (like love or religious ecstasy) is not a normal but an abnormal state —and enjoyable chiefly for that very reason — I accept it gladly when it comes, without ever attempting to induce it by artificial stimulation. The optimist is conditioned by fear: he spends his life running away from reality. I spend mine seeking to track it down — and finding it, on the whole, less painful than the optimist's fears make it seem.

Who heeds and is stirred by the publishers' blurbs, the radio propaganda, the barker's ballyhoo, the soap ads, the salesman's palaver? Surely, the optimist — poor devil! Pathetically he goes on believing that he can acquire personality by correspondence; that between those covers blooms the romance of romances; that just inside that tent flap are such wonders as mortal eye never before beheld; that behind those forty-foot electric letters will be revealed, upon an eighty-foot screen, the quintessential kiss. No amount of disillusionment can cure him. He may grumble a little, when the curtain falls; but to-morrow finds him as eager as ever to snap at the baited hook.

The pessimist avoids all that futile and wasteful expenditure of time and energy and money. No wonder he is not a popular figure in a land of drummers and come-on men! I do not expect the press agent and the ad writer to love me: I am their bogy man. I am a tough audience, the leader of the anvil chorus, the original make-me-laugh man; I am sales resistance incarnate. How sweet it is to be able to do nothing and to have no sense of guilt about it. The things I refrain from buying! The books I avoid reading! The plays I do not go to see!

And the parties from which I stay away, because I know they will be dull. The public dinners, with the bad food and the solemn messages from important statesmen; and the lady of a certain age, just across the table, who wants to know if you depend upon inspiration, or just how *do* you get your ideas, and there are some things that happened right in her own family that you would scarcely believe and that would make a wonderful play: all that is needed is the master hand. (She is an optimist, always an optimist.)

There is one more point. The optimist thinks he is indestructible. He thinks he can burn himself out and yet last forever, as good as new. Snap out of it, keep going, don't give in to yourself. I have less faith in my own machinery. When I begin to feel tired, when I begin to grow fretful, I take it as a warning. I stop; I go away somewhere. Perhaps it is to a land inhabited by pessimists, where nobody is in a great hurry, because nobody believes in miracles. In such a land it is possible to sit for a long time, at a small, round table, and to observe that the same sun which is warming the twelfth-century tower across the square is making golden lights in your wineglass.

No, it is the optimist who is suffering from indigestion — psychic indigestion. And no wonder! Poor fellow, all his life he has been seeing nothing but doughnuts.

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The Play Is Still the Thing

by **GEORGE JEAN NATHAN**

I

MR. GEORGE Bernard Shaw, in the course of his septuagenarian skittishness, lately projected the dictum that the theater was doomed and that the talking pictures would take its place. The projection occurred just forty-eight hours before his own talking picture fashioned from *How He Lied to Her Husband* proved to be the most dismal fizzle that the screen world had known. Whereupon Mr. Shaw promptly proceeded to begin work on another play for the theater.

It is a critical phenomenon perhaps worthy of notice that every person who has thus far presented himself in the light of a champion of the talking pictures as against the stage has shortly thereafter been found trying to sell something to the pictures and, having sold it and subsequently observed what happened to it, has suddenly metamorphosed himself again into an indignant and excessive apostle of the drama.

Let us contemplate these talking pictures. That they have made inroads upon the theater from a business point of view is readily to be granted. But, we may ask, how long will the inroads last and what will be their scope? Although one man's guess is no better than another's, I privilege myself the belief that, in four or five years at most, the inroads will show a remarkable degree of diminution and that in that time the theater will flourish as it has not in a generation. The reasons are several.

In the first place, the talking pictures, undeniably satisfactory as they are to the pocketbook, will not long remain quite so satisfactory to the public's imagination. The pictures, even as the theater, can prosper only so long as they cater to, stimulate, and gratify that imagination; and because of their essential nature they cannot accomplish that end so successfully as the theater. Coleridge, in one of the best passages known to dramatic criticism, observed that the mental state of a theatrical audience is much like that of a person in a dream. The audience, in its dream, lives an imaginary life as if it were real and yet throughout its dream it has the subconscious knowledge that it is not real. The awareness of dreaming is always vaguely present.

Therefore, he continued, "Stage presentations are to produce a sort of temporary half-faith, which the spectator encourages in himself and supports by a voluntary contribution on his own part, because he knows that it is at all times in his power to see the thing as it really is. Thus, the true stage-illusion as to a forest scene consists not in the mind's judging it to be a forest, but in its remission of the judgment that it is not a forest."

Without this remission of judgment, any theatrical spectacle becomes to the lay audience completely unconvincing, unpersuasive, hollow, and absurd. The theater and its drama, however, make the act of remission relatively easy, whereas the talking pictures interpose a number of added barriers to it. In the theater, one has only to forget that the living actors are actors and visualize them as characters in drama, and to forget, further, that the canvas forest is made of canvas.

But in the talking pictures it is required of the spectator, first, that he imagine the photographs of actors to be real, living actors; secondly, that he then see them not as actors but as the characters in a play; thirdly, that — save in scenes photographed from nature — he forget, as in the theater, that an artificial studio set is artificial; fourthly, that he remit

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his judgment that it is a mechanical contrivance which is imitating the human voices; fifthly, that he remit his judgment that it is often the camera and not his own eye — as in the theater — that is sweeping the scene; sixthly, that he adapt his imagination to the wildly multifarious and wildly sudden shifts of locale; and seventhly, that he become used, after centuries, to an abandonment of the Aristotelian unities and at the same time be persuaded by dramatic effect. Surely, in comparison with the much lesser demands of theatrical drama, this is a pretty stiff dose. And it seems even stiffer when one considers the mentality of the average moving picture customer.

II

WHILE IT IS unquestionably true that the success of the pictures would seem to indicate that a considerable share of the public is apparently able to swallow the stiff dose, the question naturally arises as to how long that public will find in the pictures, because of the imaginative strain, a sufficient recompense for its imaginative outlay. This question becomes all the more pointed when one reflects on the consuming eagerness of even the most devoted picture fans to see their screen favorite in person or, as the movie phrase has it, "in the flesh." The personal appearance of a movie actor is an occasion for rejoicing on the part of the fans, the screen photographs of the actor in question being insufficient fully to satisfy them. And the moment one of these fans rushes to look at and to delight in one of the screen actors in person, that moment is another movie fan on his gradual way to becoming a customer of the theater, where actors are real and not merely shadows.

Drawings by Oscar Cesare

There is still another item. In the old silent pictures, the fans' favorite players, whatever the nature of the pictures they were playing in, remained always the same unchanged, remote, intangible, dreamlike, and alluring personalities. Save perhaps in the case of Lon Chaney, the favorite was then in each instance almost invariably a single, vague existence set into a series of mute scenes that in no wise altered the single initial impression of him. Thus, Mary Pickford was always just Mary Pickford, whether an Italian peasant girl or an English lady of title; John Gilbert was always just John Gilbert, whether with an American background or a Russian; and Norma Talmadge was always just Norma Talmadge, whether a disheveled slavey or a regal grand duchess.

In the talkies, however, with their pseudo-theatrical drama, the former pantomimists are forced to interpret a succession of various articulate characters, each successive character presenting them as more or less positive, different, and distinct individualities. That the fans do not like the new order is proved by the many erstwhile favorites whom they have abandoned and by the constant effort of the moving picture companies to find new faces to woo their fading interest and affection. The old silent picture actors and actresses were endless repetitions of themselves and, as Arthur Brisbane has put it, repetition was reputation. The greatest favorite the screen has known is Charlie Chaplin. He remains a favorite to-day because he has not only stuck to silent pictures but, from the very beginning, has always played and looked exactly the same character. But where are Mary Pickford, John Gilbert, Norma Talmadge, and all the other former pets, with very few exceptions, to-day?

The motion picture admirer, in short, must now look more and more for competent actors and actresses and less and less for mere cigarette-picture idols. The articulate and hence more realistic screen has robbed him, to a considerable degree, of his old sentimental dream figures, of his far-away princesses and princes, and asks him instead to be interested in dramatic characters. With that asking and without its old personal sentimental pull, it is gradually steering his feet in the direction of theater drama, for it is human nature's way seldom to be satisfied long with imitations and second-hand copies of any real thing.

Max Beerbohm, asked about his interest in

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the theater, once replied, "I am not interested in *the* theater, but I am often deeply interested in *a* theater." In the same way, one speaks of the future of the theater as opposed to the future of theaters. The theater has endured through all civilized time and will doubtless continue to do so. Theaters may fail and be converted into garages, delicatessen stores, and flea circuses, but the theater will go on. Overbuilding, bad plays, high prices, and other such things will spell the ruin of certain structures known as theaters, but down the street and up the street there will always be some other theater, at least so long as men remain to write reputable drama and audiences to appreciate it. The current cries of "Wolf!" are simply part of the general chorus of commercial wail. Book publishers are crying as loudly as theatrical managers, but does that indicate that books are on their deathbed?

As a matter of record, for all the crying, the American theater at the present time is in a very healthy economic condition, much more so, indeed, than the book publishing business. Consider this last season. Larger sums of money were made on plays and shows than in several seasons past. Among the profit winners were *Once in a Lifetime*, *Tonight or Never*, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, *Private Lives*, *Five Star Final*, *Grand Hotel*, *Tomorrow and Tomorrow*, *The Vinegar Tree*, *The Greeks Had a Word For It*, *Fine and Dandy*, *Three's a Crowd*, *The Wonder Bar*, *Mrs. Moonlight*, *Girl Crazy*, *The Admirable Crichton*, *Petticoat Influence*, *Art and Mrs. Bottle*, *Dancing Partner*, *Pagan Lady*, *On the Spot*, *The Man in Possession*, *Sweet and Low*, *Oh, Promise Me*, *That's Gratitude*, *As Husbands Go*, *The Silent Witness*, *The Truth Game*, *The Green Pastures*, *As You Desire Me*, *Give Me Yesterday*, and a number of others.

The Theatre Guild's profitable subscription list, both in New York and in other leading cities, was even bigger than the season before. Certain attractions played to full houses in Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and various other cities. The Civic Repertory company in New York played to increasingly large audiences throughout its long season. *Strange Interlude*, the O'Neill gold mine, continued on its money-making course after two years of steady playing by three different companies. Such statistics — and they by no means cover the ground — are overlooked by the howling producers of failures. To them, now as always, the theater is on its last legs.

But these are purely commercial arguments. In another direction, there are arguments even more pleasant. More and more, the American theater is lifting itself out of the cradle of intellectual and emotional childhood in which it had been placidly rocking itself for years and is entering upon an adult course. Once largely a haven for the soft-hearted and soft-headed, it is rapidly converting itself into a source of entertainment for the more intelligent and the more emotionally experienced.

The Charles Kleins, Augustus Thomases, Belascos, George Broadhursts, Owen Davises, and other such juvenile playmakers of twenty years ago have given way to men like O'Neill,

Anderson, Kelly, Green, Connelly, Rice, Richman, Stallings, Kearney, Lawrence, Hecht, McArthur, Kaufman, Gribble, and Behrman — men who, while not always successfully, yet honestly and unafraid write of life devoid of grease paint and who, a number of them, bring to their appraisals a sound and tonic irony, a deft satire, and a very good brand of sympathetic humor. Such playwrights of to-day no longer have both eyes on the box office, as the older fellows had. There is a pride in themselves and in their work, and often a fine and healthy challenge.

In an interview given to the press two decades ago, Augustus Thomas, then hailed as the leading American dramatist, stated as his position: "The first principle of playwriting is to bear in mind the entertainment of the masses." Whereupon he wrote something called *The Earl of Pawtucket*, dealing with the vaudeville antics of a silly-ass Englishman. In a letter written to me a year or so ago, Eugene O'Neill said, "The playwright to-day must dig at the roots of the sickness of to-day as he feels it — the death of the old God and the failure of science and materialism to give any satisfying new One for the surviving primitive

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religious instinct to find a meaning for life in, and to comfort its fears of death with. It seems to me that anyone trying to do big work nowadays must have this big subject behind all the little subjects of his plays or novels, or he is simply scribbling around on the surface of things and has no more real status than a parlor entertainer." The difference between the attitude toward the drama and the theater now and then could not be illustrated more prettily.

III

ONE NEED only look at the leading new American plays in the theater twenty years ago and at those on view to-day to observe the greatly increased dramatic intelligence. Outstanding plays of 1911 were Augustus Thomas's

As a Man Thinks, George Broadhurst's *Bought and Paid For* (then called "the play of the century!"), Edward Locke's *The Case of Becky*, Walter Browne's *Everywoman*, Edward Peple's *The Littlest Rebel*, Charles Klein's *Maggie Pepper*, Harry James Smith's *Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh*, Winchell Smith's *The Only Son*, David Belasco's *The Return of Peter Grimm*, and W. C. De Mille's *The Woman*. Compare these, in the direction named, with such new American plays of the past year as *The Green Pastures*, *The Vinegar Tree*, *Once in a Lifetime*, *A Farewell to Arms*, *Green Grow the Lilacs*, *Elizabeth, the Queen*, *Alison's House*, *Overture*, *Philip Goes Forth*, and so on.

Largely responsible for the improvement in American drama is the improvement in American journalistic dramatic criticism. Twenty years ago, newspaper reviewing, as I have noted in the past, was largely indistinguishable from the paid theatrical advertising on the same page. If it was not dishonest, it was ignorant, and if it was not ignorant it was clearly biased in favor of those producers who wielded a strong influence in the newspaper offices. The worst sort of dramatic rubbish was often touted as drama of high merit; experiment at the hands of younger playwrights and producers was discouraged; and the theater and drama were permitted to remain at what the reviewers regarded as a safe standstill.

To-day, with few exceptions, dramatic rubbish is quickly and finally announced to be just what it is by the newspapers and, as a consequence, there is infinitely less discouragement on the part of the hitherto bamboozled readers and playgoers. Twenty years ago, as a glance at the daily journals of the time will show, such junk as *Right of Happiness*, *The Great Man*, *The Rap*, *A Woman Denied*, and *Heat Wave* would, at the worst, be easily let down by the reviewers. To-day it is promptly hooted out of the theater.

The great commercial success of the Theater Guild in many American cities, the commercial success of the Civic Repertory Theatre in New York, the success of such ventures as the Philadelphia organization's sponsorship of *Lysistrata*, all go to prove the continued existence in America of a drama-hungry public, eager to patronize anything that seems to it to be theatrically worth while. For some years, due to the flood of motion pictures and the corruption of the so-called legitimate road theaters, that public has been starved, but that it is now again slowly beginning to get the dramatic sustenance it craves and to revel in it when it does get it is apparent. It will take time, of course, for the road theaters to rehabilitate themselves. The present still general economic depression will doubtless continue to hold things back for several years.

But the mobs that have been trying to fight their way into *Strange Interlude* in all parts of the country, the steadily increasing number of subscribers to the other Theatre Guild exhibitions on tour, the attendance at little theaters in those smaller towns where professional theaters were abandoned before the onrush of cheap film entertainment, the announced expansion of the Erlanger interests so far as dramatic productions on the Pacific coast are concerned, the increased good business of the legitimate theater in Los Angeles, the very citadel of the movies, the surprising trade done by the legitimate theaters in Chicago during the last Holy Week, for the first time in years during that usual bugaboo period — such phenomena surely indicate which way the wind is beginning to blow.

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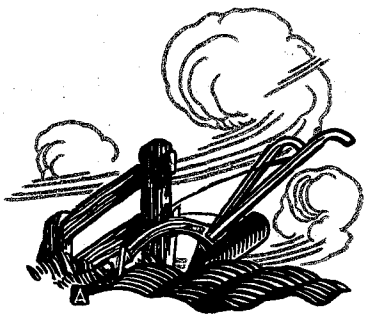
THE LURE of the Provinces



Drawings by LeRoy H. Appleton

by ERNEST L. MEYER

THE MAN who lives of his own choice in New York is a good deal like the man who eats ketchup on his pie; he feels continually called upon to defend his weird taste. Thus Manhattan has bred a race of explainers and apologists who point prideful fingers at their city and try to convince you with a mass of civic lyrics that New Yorkers are not only rational but to be envied. Syndicate column writers pour out daily pæans to the city's vim and variety; magazines take up the refrain with illustrated rhapsodies, and the traveling individual New Yorker in a smoking car is a pouter pigeon of municipal conceit.

Most of the writers begin their argument on about the same note. Each, first of all, attempts to spike your rebuttal by freely admitting the curses of his city. And then he wipes the slate clean by asserting that these very sins become a virtue because they are a part of New York's peculiar merit or Gargantuan fascination. That is, his giant is a bully, a braggart, a rather obscene fellow suffering from strange diseases, but we are urged to clasp this object to our bosoms because nowhere else in the universe is there such a delicious mountain of enormities all rolled into one. New York is unique — *ergo*, it is desirable. A dunghill surmounted by a tower of ten thousand discordant bells and inhabited by a colony of clawing tigers would be unique — therefore we would be oafs indeed if we did not recognize the peculiar merits of the dunghill and plunge headfirst into its beauties.

Stating the case so, I of course do the New Yorker great injustice. Because he lists not only New York's redeeming sins but its inherent virtues. Of these he lays greatest stress on two: first, that in New York, contrary to Heliopolis, Ohio, one does not have to be a joiner or conformer and can live in one's own way and find more of the sort of people one likes; and, second, that in New York one has access to the best art in the country and thus can live a fuller and more enjoyable life.

I should like to examine these postulates.

MANHATTAN AND MADISON

AS AN explanatory prelude I must recite that I am not confined to a certain area from necessity but from choice. My work as a newspaperman can take me and has taken me to most any port of fancy. I have lived in Chicago, Seattle, Denver, Washington, Milwaukee, and nearly a year, heaven help me, in New York City. In none of these places did I feel an urge to take root. But fifteen years ago I came to Madison, Wisconsin, a trifling town of fifty thousand citizens, and here, save for a few brief excursions, have I remained. Enormously content.

The town is orderly. It is decently governed. There are no subways. We do not scatter our sewage into the lakes. It is neither vast nor

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chaotic. It has no Broadway, no night clubs, no Jack Diamonds, no 32,000 speakeasies. Thus its sins are not its peculiar merit, and we do not love it for its rawness or enormities. In rebuttal of the New Yorker's testimony, I must therefore confine myself to the virtues he claims for New York, and set up, if I can, a case for the hinterland.

First, as to the claim that in New York more than anywhere else "all of us, whatever our taste, can find more of the sort of people we like." Granted — potentially. The very bulk of New York's population insures the mathematical correctness of the statement, for among seven million New York people one must certainly find a higher total to one's taste than among the fifty thousand souls of Madison. But the very bulk of New York's population, again, makes this premise only potential and not absolute. These people to one's taste are certainly in New York, scattered hither and yon, but are they easily meetable?

Judging from my own experience, I doubt it. There are circles and inner circles in New York hard to penetrate by the outsider without a passport or prestige. To the man who has "arrived" all gates are open, but what average unknown mortal dares trespass on the time of the elect, even though he feel an inner kinship?

More than this, there is the geographical barrier between a New Yorker and the people to his taste. In New York it is possible to know an infinite variety of good citizens. You may scrape up an acquaintance with show girls, professors of applied therapeutics, novelists, pugilists, poets, Hindu swamis, tabloid reporters, toe dancers, and captains of South American banana boats. You may even become warm friends of a bibliomaniac or a Hoboken bartender. But what good will they do you? If you live in the Bronx, your best friends invariably live in Flatbush, and if you live on City Island, the boon companions you are just dying to see always reside in Jamaica or Jersey City. So that if you are projecting an hour's friendly call, you have to travel on the subways two hours; you are mauled by the theater crowds, and manhandled by the downtown warehouse watchmen going uptown to sleep and the uptown swells going downtown to play. And when you arrive at your friend's house at ten P.M., limp and shopworn, you find, of course, that he has quit waiting for you and has gone to a Roumanian fish house three blocks from your home which you left two hours ago.

Friendship in New York becomes too often a terrific chore. It is far easier to be content with the casual folk you rub against where your business or your thirst takes you. As a rule, therefore, the "people to your taste" are not to your taste in any deeper, spiritual sense, but they simply frequent the same bootleg resort or restaurant you do and are tolerable only because they can speak your jargon of art or business and do not attempt to assault you with beer mugs.

It is different in our town. Here also, especially if you are fortunate enough to live in the University's Latin quarter, your friends are of all complexions and convictions. The difference is that here you actually meet them, and with no effort. Stand at any corner on lower State Street for five minutes and you will be hailed by a professor of Old Norse, a poet, an ex-I.W.W., a specialist in plant lice, a militant behaviorist, a former gob, and a shark at chess or at Chaucer. If you are lonesome, a handful of them are always ready to come up to your diggings, seldom more than five blocks away, without calling a taxi or pondering the problem of a dismal return journey in a draughty Seventh Avenue local smelling of rain-soaked overcoats and pre-Cambrian muck.

Friendship here is an easy adventure, always ready at hand. Though inner circles do exist among the faculty and town élite, the basis of friendship is rarely defined by Dun and Bradstreet's or the Social Register. There is more companionship here than conquest. There is very little exploitation of friendships: it is not a matter of meeting someone and getting ahead, but of meeting someone and getting along. The compactness of our town is itself a perpetuator of friendships. What good are friends in New York if they are buried in the obscurity of Brooklyn? Here, flowers bloom at your doorsteps; in New York the materials for a bouquet are scattered over five boroughs and the blossoms wilt for want of cultivation. In New York it is often your fate to be alone; in our town it is only your choice.

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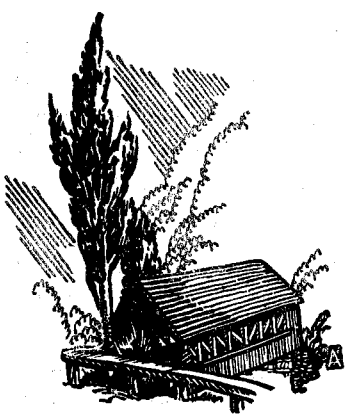
The New Yorker also makes much of the fact that in New York one does not have to be a joiner and can live after one's own fashion as one pleases and not as the neighbors please. The charge of small town conformity cannot be accepted without challenge. That there is intolerance in a small town I shall not deny, nor can one deny that there are active agencies for intolerance in New York. For every Dame Grundy in our town there is a disciple of John Roach Straton in New York or a Watch and Ward Society in Boston. The difference is only in name and not in essence.

My point is that the Stratons of New York can no more change the course of a New Yorker's conduct than the village Grundys can change mine. The weed of individualism is not so easily smothered by the flowers of conformity. If a man hold a conviction or a way of life dear, he will stand in no greater fear of death in our provinces — I except the medieval wastelands of the South — than he will in New York. It may be true that the anonymity one enjoys in a metropolis will make easier the strayings from the narrow path, but no heresy that is vital to one's integrity can be uprooted by the dark looks of one's small town neighbors. I know of one Wisconsin village of nine hundred souls in which there has existed for over half a century a small but highly articulate society of Freethinkers, and this in an area dominated largely by Lutherans. I know of another village of thirty-five hundred where an inspired evangelist has found it impossible (as in Philadelphia) to invoke the Sunday blue laws against the operator of a movie house — simply because the citizens choose to patronize Clara Bow, George O'Brien, and Adolphe Menjou rather than the orthodox trinity.

I have lived for considerable periods of time in communities ranging from three hundred souls to fifty thousand, and in none of them have I had to give way in my convictions or routine of living. I except, of course, the "individualism" that may prompt one to become an assassin, an habitual drunkard, or a seducer of shopgirls. For such the laws of our town prescribe as adequate a penalty as do the laws of New York. But I do include the urge of personal freedom that may prompt a man to stray from the accepted paths of sexual and marital morality, religious conformity, and economic and social acquiescence.



In our town there lives and thrives a young Communist student who was arrested and jailed in tolerant New York for writing a poem about America that was too unsavory for the Manhattan censor. He has retracted not a jot from his original convictions; he still speaks his mind at public meetings and the press duly reports his unholy descantations, but no attempt has been made to muzzle him. Except for the war period, when all America was under the censor's heel, there have been few checks on freedom of discussion here. Eugene Debs, Scott Nearing, Roger Baldwin, Kate Richards O'Hare, Clarence Darrow, and other heretics have said their say from our platforms.

On only one occasion, when Mrs. Bertrand Russell attempted to inveigh against the sexual code, have the barriers been erected. But such an uproar followed the injunction that the authorities who canceled the lecture on the grounds of "good taste," have perceived the better taste, I believe, of not repeating the experiment. And those of you in New York who cite the episode as a sample of provincial intolerance must remember that Manhattan police still raid meetings of the Birth Control League and still clap into jail the actors in so entirely aseptic a play as *The Captive*.

Socially, as intellectually, the non-conformist is not doomed in our town. If he stray from the accepted code; if he, for instance, live with a woman and found a family without benefit of clergy, no scarlet letter will be seared in his breast by anyone save the Grundys, who are universal, and no friend whom he values will call him outcast. Provided he is not braggart about his "freedom"; provided he does not strut his emancipation like a Greenwich Village peacock. I know several such wanderers from the beaten path who are accepted without question in our community, where understanding of such social devices has penetrated along with understanding of mechanical devices. In the small towns there was once distrust of the movies, the autos, and synthetic highballs; with familiarity has come acceptance, and the

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small town's prejudice against religious and social non-conformity is slowly undergoing the same evolution.

The difference is that in New York freedom only too often becomes a cult to which members pay lip service. How many times in New York did I learn that to be considered truly advanced one must speak without restraint of the grossest of sexual digressions. In any gathering of the liberated there seemed to exist a covenant to employ the verbiage and ideas that once were confined to the pages of pathologists like Krafft-Ebing, while a further compact apparently held the members to champion these perversions and to couple them with the lives of New York's eminent writers, actors, and artists. And I have known various members of this cult of freedom to return to their homes after a night of the most advanced conversational heresies and live a life as decorous as the secretary of the Heliopolis Chamber of Commerce.

And in the matter of culture. New Yorkers make a major point of their theaters and art galleries and music. There is a curious contradiction in the writings of these enthusiasts. One day they are eloquent about the rich cultural advantages of the city. The next, they cry with vehemence that art in New York has fallen to the worm; that faddists have corroded painting and poetry and music, and that the legitimate drama is being driven from the boards by the talkies. They will make a seasonal check of the worth-while plays and admit that the number is pitifully small, and grows less with each year.

Leaving this point aside, and granting that despite the kill-joys there is always in New York a parade of excellent drama, music, and expositions of art, there remains the question: how often does the average New York citizen have the time, energy, and money to avail himself of the city's artistic riches? There is the matter of the initial high price of tickets, the matter of scalpers and speculators, and the matter of the exhausting trip from the Bronx to Broadway and back. It may be fair to estimate that the average New Yorker of moderate income does not go to a good play or concert more than once or twice a week, to an exposition of paintings more than once or twice a year, and to a poetry reading or a display in the Museum of the Chinese pagodas or the Chaldean flood tablet more than once or twice in a lifetime.

I exclude, of course, the enthusiasts whose professional interest or artistic passion lies in any of these fields. But box-office statistics will bear me out, I think, in the premise that whereas the New Yorker makes mighty boast of the cultural wealth of his city, in reality he partakes but sparingly of the banquet. Really first-class plays — unless they have the breath of novelty, like *The Green Pastures* and *Strange Interlude*, or the halo of a star's name, like Barrymore's *Hamlet* — have lamentably short runs, while *Abie's Irish Rose* is as undying as the ancient lichen that nestles on its wit.

In our town, except for the matter of symphonic concerts, we are not on starvation rations. New York successes occasionally penetrate to the interior, with passable road companies and sometimes an authentic star. We have, moreover, a vaudeville house and three large talkie palaces, one of which boasts as excellent a type of Spanish-Neanderthal-Bulgarian architecture as any Paramount or Roxy in New York. And ushers, too, resplendent mannikins with manners. Speaking now from the point of view of the average New Yorker and the average provincial, the only essential difference between Broadway and here is that we have to wait three or four weeks longer for such film releases as "Flaming Papas," "Broadway Vamps," or "The Mystery of the Pink Pajamas." But then we have the added joy of anticipating these delights.

The Kibitzer's Paradise

Most of the New York enthusiasts in their relation toward the city are, it seems to me, spectators and not participants. By a spectator I mean one who lives outside of the city and only occasionally is subjected to its routine, or else is a visitor in New York for a week or a month, or else has a profession that will enable him to flee to Europe or Kalamazoo whenever his nerves are rubbed raw by the city's crudities.

For the spectator, I grant, New York is a paradise of delights infinitely varied. For him

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the stone canyons are symbolic of mankind's enormous fecundity and power; for him a ride in a Seventh Avenue express is an adventure in speed, and he poeticizes about the rabble he rubs shoulders with as "the raw material of life." He can even grow incoherent about Chinatown, commercialized and ballyhooed to the limit, or a stinking alley in the ghetto. He has read Walter Winchell, and when his worshipful feet tread Broadway he thinks, exultantly, of ankling at last on the "main stem."

He has read O. Henry, and every bench in City Hall Park, every blowsy flophouse and stew-joint on the Bowery or Bleecker Street carries the seed of romance. He delights in being jostled by a Fifth Avenue mob, or standing on the fringe of the Yahoos on Wall Street, or checking his hat in some fake Bohemian den in the Village. He feels himself surrounded by color, variety, tremendous and creative energy. He appropriates to himself some of this energy, and his ego identifies itself with the towering buildings and the untamable current of life that flows between them. He feels exalted. The village he left seems suddenly sterile, remote, and inconsequent.

And then he gets a job, an average job at an average wage, condemning him to the average routine of labor and play. Gradually his reactions alter. After six months the twice-a-day subway rush is no longer an adventure, but an exhausting ordeal; he no longer stands apart, an amused spectator, but shares in its ruthlessness, shoving and jamming with all the savagery of a Harlem stenographer coming home from her daily grind on Broad Street. He begins to feel the staccato of the traffic, which he once wrote a poem about, impinge on his nerves like blows from a bastinado. He begins to realize the folly of being mulcted by a night club and paying good coin for bad whisky in an indifferent speakeasy. He begins to revise his opinions of Broadway; he finds the same trash, only more gaudily arrayed, that he found in Heliopolis, and he stints himself to take advantage of the few — and expensive — things that Broadway offers.

Sometimes he feels the craving for greenery and the lust for hills and roads. He has heard about Westchester County, Bear Mountain, and the Catskills. He boards his car or his friend's car on a Sunday, and discovers that fifty thousand other New Yorkers have also heard about Westchester County, Bear Mountain, and the Catskills. He waits exactly an hour and a quarter before finding place for his car on a Hudson River ferry, and when he finally crosses he finds that it takes two hours to travel thirty miles to the nearest resort. When he gets there, the free, wide open spaces will be inhabited by six thousand pants-makers and their wives from the Manhattan sweatshop district. And by and by he feels a yearning for the trees and triteness of Heliopolis or Madison, and he comes back joyfully. He has learned the excellent lesson that life, anywhere, is a pattern of routine, and he prefers to do his weaving where the shuttle least bruises his body.

In our town he is not disappointed. In moments of yearning for the bustle of New York, he reflects that it is better to live in Madison and wish you were in New York than to live in New York and wish you were dead. He has his books, his friends, his lakes, and his pine woods. By walking three blocks from the Latin quarter he reaches Mendota. He walks under the willows, curving like a green boomerang on the rim of the bay. He sits on a boulder and looks across the water, purple and amber under the westering sun. And he thinks with compassion of the multitude swarming between the towers of Manhattan. Those topless towers of which every separate stone seems to have been bounced off the head of someone who came with dreams and high emprise to the world's first city.

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The Future of England

by **HAROLD J. LASKI**

I

No one who analyzes the mood of England to-day can fail to note a prevailing temper of depression. The old certitude is gone; the easy confidence in permanent supremacy which distinguished the pre-war period has given place to an atmosphere of mingled alarm and disillusion. Ten years of economic depression have bitten deep into the mind of the nation; and there is a widespread fatalism about the outcome more alarming than a temper of energetic antagonism. Everyone admits that widespread institutional reconstruction is essential; but no one — at least among the acknowledged leaders — seems to possess either the courage or the ardor to embark upon it. Discontent with the present party system goes deep; and there is a growing tendency, especially among the younger generation, to challenge the competence of Parliamentary government to cope with the problems we confront.

It is not easy to be confident about the outcome. England has entered upon one of those periods of transition which are the testing time of nations. Her people are called to a revision of their essential ideas. Still in large part a curious mingling of aristocracy and plutocracy, they meet the challenge of a society seeking a democratic form. Provided with an economic system which, at least in formal outline, satisfies some of the main requirements of an international society, the war has projected them into a world of competing economic nationalisms which impairs the realization of the benefits their predecessors enjoyed from that system.

Having pursued with vigor the ideal of political liberty, they find its reconciliation with the ideal of economic equality a dark and dubious adventure. Having avoided, for at least a century, the problem of defining with clarity the objective of the English state, they now find that piecemeal adjustment is no longer adequate to the scale of the issues before them. Having supported an immense population relative to their resources by the gains registered through predominance in the markets of the world, they find that population menaced by the deprivation of their former supremacy. Only America had surpassed the English standard of life; but no question is so overwhelming in its importance as the question of whether, granted the present numbers, anything like the present standard can over a long period be maintained.

II

To understand the present position certain outstanding characteristics of the nineteenth century must be borne in mind. For the century before the war, England was governed by Whigs and Tories of the upper and middle classes. They did not seriously differ about the essential contours of life; and their authority was not, until at any rate 1906, seriously challenged. In the result they could afford to differ without serious prospect of conflict. Where concessions to the workers were desirable, as in the Factory Acts for example, the price could be paid without undue assault upon their power. For, until the verge of the war, English industrial supremacy was sufficiently secure to leave to the ruling classes the chance of living their wonted life without excessive strain upon their reserves.

Yet a careful observer could have seen in the pre-war period the first signs that the epoch of indubitable success was drawing to a close. The growth of the Labor Party meant the emergence of men who did not accept the philosophy of the older parties; to realize their ideals within the contours of the earlier system

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was an obviously difficult adventure. The new trade-unionism which, in its modern emphatic form, dates from 1900 was no longer content to occupy itself with rates of wages and conditions of labor; it was clearly concerned with the creation of a constitutional system in industry to parallel the formal constitutionalism of politics. To capture the votes of an electorate increasingly proletarian in character the *laissez-faire* state was being transformed into a social service state; and the weapon of taxation was used to alter the balance between classes by offering the essential amenities of life to the poor at the expense of larger incomes. That is the real meaning of the insurance system, of old-age pensions, of wider educational opportunity.

The war merely accelerated a process already well advanced in 1914. It gave it, no doubt, immense impetus, not least by its consequence of universal suffrage; but it quickened the pace rather than changed the direction. What made the war important were the facts that England was definitely impoverished by its costs; that economic change, especially the revival of mercantilism, destroyed her previous access to markets upon which her prosperity had depended, notably in India and China; and that, confronted by a new world, England did not show that power of swift recuperation and adjustment to a new and changing technological situation out of which, alone, revival would have been possible. The war, moreover, made of her dominions virtually independent nations; and her former economic authority in her empire went by the board as a necessary consequence of their adult stature.

By 1924 the philosophy of Labor had become the necessary alternative to the philosophy of a Conservatism which, Free Trade apart, had absorbed the essence of nineteenth-century Liberal purposes. Their differences raised for the first time in modern history the question of the rights of property in an ultimate form. For Labor cannot realize its aims in England without a complete transvaluation of social values; its principle is the principle of equality in every sphere of life. Its method is the socialization of the main sources of economic power. Conservatism, standing by the ancient ways, sees for the first time a direct challenge to the citadel of its authority. Between such ideals, what are the chances of a permanent peace?

III

But England's position is complicated by other than internal issues. As she lives by foreign trade, she is dependent upon peace. Boycott in India, civil war in China may mean for her the difference between prosperity and suffering. A Balkanized Europe, an America grimly entrenched behind its vast tariff walls, new states set on the illusory ideal of economic self-sufficiency, these mean to England either adaptation of her ways to a world she has never known since 1789, or an inability to maintain a population of the present size. Relative to all peoples save America, she is, of course, rich; and any serious effects from her position no one would expect to see in a decade. It is still true, as Adam Smith said, that there is a great deal of ruin in a nation.

Yet anyone who analyzes what England has done since 1919 to meet her problems may well take leave to doubt whether she has seriously confronted their essence. English industry suffers, above all, from three grave evils: antiquity and nepotism in its direction, a Lilliputian individualism in its structural units, a defective salesmanship in the marketing of its goods. In none of these things can it be said that adequate steps have been taken to remedy the defects. The old men and their relations are still the masters of enterprise. Cotton, coal, wool, iron and steel, every inquiry made reveals defects of structure which call urgently for rationalization; but the response to the need is pitifully small. English salesmanship the world over is still permeated by the attitude that foreign peoples should be grateful for the chance to buy English goods; the energy of the American, the patience of the German, the vigorous ingenuity of the Czech, these, curiously, it is unwilling to emulate. Yet without such emulation it cannot hope, after the catastrophic diversion of markets during the war, either to recover lost ground or to win new territory.

And, as in the economic field, so in the political field. A state in which Labor is the alternative government cannot maintain an institutional equilibrium so long as the second chamber is a reservoir of hereditary conservative peers who represent nothing but the interests of Conservatism; yet a reform of that body which the Prime Minister declared in 1911 to

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"brook no delay" still waits its author twenty years later.

For nearly a generation it has been patent that Parliament is so overwhelmed as to have been transformed into a mere organ of registration for the cabinet; yet no one has the courage to embark on adequate institutional reconstruction. For even longer it has been a commonplace that the areas of local government are an indefensible chaos, and their relation to the central authority an intricate muddle rather than a coherent principle; yet vested interest and tradition block serious reform.

Everyone knows that no cabinet minister can hope seriously to deal with the mass of issues he is supposed to resolve; yet, outside the realm of political theorists, no one has indicated the means of remaking the Executive in terms of modern need. Constitution-making for industry, the proper consideration, for example, of the place of trade-unionism in the state, these are as problems met by the politicians with impatience. Yet it is clear enough that social progress is, to adapt a phrase of Sir Henry Maine's, secreted in the interstices of institutional procedure. Principles of life are of little value unless there are the channels through which they can flow to their appointed end. At present, adequate channels are wholly lacking.

And all this must be set in the background of a European atmosphere poisoned by the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. However considerably we assess the achievements of the League, however warmly we agree that it is an urgent necessity, it can give to Europe, as it appears, neither security nor disarmament; it cannot, that is to say, give her protection against the onset of war. And the coming of new war would be fatal to Great Britain, since it would strain her resources beyond the breaking point and, by the ruin of her customers, prevent the maintenance of her export trade. Her whole life depends upon the certainty of peace. Yet whoever thinks of Poland and Russia, of Poland and Germany, of Italy and Jugoslavia, of the temper of France, to take only a few outstanding examples, would be bold indeed if he foretold peace as certain. And of war it can be fitly said that it would make European civilization a legend which men would seek to remember as the dream of a golden day.

IV

An observer concerned with reality would, I believe, have to think of the future of England in terms of some such postulates as these. What, then, would be the deductions he would draw? No one but a Marxian Communist would venture upon certitude; and Marxian Communism is less a prognostic than an incantation. For while it is profoundly right in its insistence that a system of competing capitalist nationalisms leads inevitably to war, the new international structure of capitalism has, especially on its financial side, at least an equal interest in peace; and while that peace may easily fasten a new and grimmer feudalism upon Europe, it is at least doubtful whether the prospect of prolonged class conflict in Western Europe offers to even the proletariat an alternative for whose results it will be anxious.

In this context, the future of Great Britain seems to lie in one of two directions. In the years that lie ahead, there may be long periods of Conservative government, alternating with relatively brief periods of Socialist administration. In that event, the effective lines of policy will be defined by the interests of property. England will become a protectionist state, seeking to protect her home market at the expense of her export trade. Her manufacturers will retain a considerable measure of prosperity for a long period. Her farmers will be subsidized at national expense; and an effective and important change will take place in the present equilibrium between farming and industry.

A tariff will mean a slow but perceptible decline in the English standard of living, unless there is, either through birth control or emigration, a rapid decline in her population. Great transfers of population will be necessary, as from the mining districts and the textile towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire. Some cheapening of domestic production may take place through the development of electric power; but, on the whole, the cost of living will rise rapidly. Internal taxation will have to be low while these drastic internal changes are being made; and this will call a halt in the development of those social services which have characterized English evolution in the last twenty years.

As in all tariff countries, moreover, there will

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be a lowering of the standard of political morality. Parties will fight for the support of interests in terms of the voting power they represent. There will be sporadic but continuous discontent, especially in those industries which have manufactured for export; and drastic curtailment of political liberty will be necessary in order to cope with its expression. In the atmosphere of Conservative predominance during the next thirty or forty years, I should not expect to see the historic English freedoms, of speech, of association, of the press, easily survive the difficulties they will encounter.

Nor do I think this atmosphere will be seriously mitigated by such temporary successes for a Socialist party as the swing of the pendulum may bring. For, in the first place, it is the historic character of a tariff that once it is put on, it is not easily removed in wholesale fashion. Those workers whose particular interests feel its benefit will not, like those of Birmingham to-day, be easily persuaded to its removal. A Socialist party, in these circumstances, is not likely to have a coherent fiscal policy because it will not be able to count upon an integrated body of supporters. Its activities will, therefore, be for the most part confined to attempts at using the weapon of taxation to meet the demands of the workers outside the fiscal sphere.

But here it will find itself gravely handicapped unless drastic institutional change has taken place. For Conservative predominance means an insurance against institutional change, since this endangers the interests of property. No Socialist party can attain its ends so long as there is an effective second chamber, for no effective second chamber can exist in the modern state that is not weighted in the interest of property.

Every big Socialist movement, in fact, will, in such an England, find itself obstructed by the character of the Constitution; and it will be unable to move rapidly forward until it has power enough to insist upon its thoroughgoing reform. To gain this power will not be easy, for it is the nature, once more, of a protectionist country to divide the solidarity of the workers by emphasizing the diversity of their economic interests. In this environment, a Socialism content with the ballot box will find it difficult to attain success on any large scale.

The probable result is easy to foresee. A party which cannot realize its central aims soon loses its power over its supporters. Its authority, like that of the Liberals in the present epoch, depends less on what it affirms than on the historic past of its leaders. Such a Socialist party would soon be confronted by a powerful Communist group which would bear the same relation to it as Labor has born to Liberalism in the first two decades of this century. It could promise more. It could offer to ardent spirits prospects which had not to meet the challenge of responsibility. There would be a rapid shift in the temper of Left opinion in England from constitutionalism to revolution. This, in its turn, would be met by suppression; and the outcome of repression would, sooner or later, be class conflict on a serious scale.

And this evolution must, further, be read in the context of the European incidence of a Protectionist England. The abandonment by her of free trade at a time when a world market makes national tariff boundaries a world danger, would intensify that neo-mercantilism of the post-war world in which there so clearly lie the seeds of future wars. It would go further than any other single event since 1919 to multiply the danger that capitalism would reassume its nationalist form and thus lead again to the catastrophe of 1914.

That is, as Lenin saw, the one great chance of Communism in Western Europe. For, in such a war, there would almost certainly be revolution in the defeated nations. During the period of their economic recuperation, the condition of trade in even the victorious countries would, as we have seen since 1919, be only less evil than in the vanquished. To expect social peace in such an atmosphere is impossible. Nothing is so likely to achieve the condition in which, as Marx foresaw, capitalism would become its own gravedigger. But its catastrophic burial would leave little standing in which those who care for the heritage of England might hope to find comfort.

V

THERE IS, however, an obvious alternative. It is not unlikely that within the next six months Mr. MacDonald will be defeated. A Conservative victory at the polls is a tolerable certainty; and Mr. Baldwin would then take office for the normal period of five years.

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Prediction of the line he would follow is simple. A tariff system, the restriction of the social services, a much more nationalistic foreign policy, a greater emphasis upon England's naval needs, these have already been indicated to us as the corner stones of his philosophy. It is pretty clear that, in the present temper of England, such a policy would lead to the return to power of a Labor government with a majority at the ensuing general election. It is upon the effort then made that the future of England most largely depends.

There are two possibilities. Such a government would either follow a Socialistic policy or it would not. In the second event, the rapid disintegration of the Labor Party would follow. Its period of office would be the Kerensky period of the British Socialistic party. It would split into fragments; and the bolder and more energetic spirits would move over to the Communist Party. For them it would be demonstrated that within the ambit of Parliamentary government it is impossible to carry out a Socialist program. It would be clear that parliamentarism involves a progress so slow, a compromise so half-hearted, that men of stout temper could not endure its hesitations. Evolutionary Socialism, in that atmosphere, would perish in much the same way that liberalism has perished in our time. It would be made obvious to all men that no sharp cleavage of principle divided Socialism from Conservatism. There would develop a disgust with Parliamentary government in all who were dissatisfied with the historic social system of England. In the end, the depth of the division would lead to a revolutionary situation of which the occasion and the outcome are alike unpredictable.

But let us assume that a Socialist government with a majority embarks upon bold measures. It insists upon the socialization of the coal mines, the banks, and insurance. It deliberately uses the weapon of taxation to widen and deepen educational opportunity; and it raises, by the same means, the general level of the social services. By compulsory action, it insists upon the nationalization of those private industries of major import which are now cursed by the excessive individualism of their proprietors. It begins to tackle the whole business of constitutional reform. What would be the outcome for England of such an effort?

The more pessimistic deny its hope of success. Such a policy, they say, is asking the governing class of England to acquiesce in its own annihilation; there is no real instance in history of such acquiescence being peacefully accomplished. A Socialist effort of this kind would meet with such opposition from the House of Lords that its program would be wrecked; or, alternatively, the forces of capitalism would turn to Fascist methods and seek the overthrow of such a government. In that event, it is urged, civil war is certain; and the real task of a Socialist government is to prepare for what Trotsky has called the "heavy civil war" which is the inevitable result of such a program.

A variation of this view is widely held. The success of this policy, it is said, depends upon its completion with the good will of capitalism. England attained political democracy by spreading the change over a century; it was then easy to persuade her rulers of the inevitability of each step. So must it be with the progress to industrial democracy. If the stages are not crossed too rapidly, the evolution can be accomplished without conflict. But conditions of its success are, first, the maintenance of English exports, and, second, the ability to reduce the population of England within limits that can be supported at the present standard of living. This, in turn, depends upon a united and not a divided national effort. It means, therefore, fragmentary and not wholesale change. Granted this, the possibility of transforming England into a Socialist state can be confronted with some equanimity.

It is obvious enough that, at the moment, this latter view is the most widely held among contemporary English Socialists. They are impressed by the orderly habits of the average Englishman. They feel that to hasten slowly not only suits his character, but, also, persuades him to accept positions as natural which, at first sight, he tends to reject as the definition of wickedness. The history of most English reforms, it is said, has been the history of successful persuasion of this kind. Deliberately to court conflict by advancing on a wide front is, in England, simply to throw away the battle before it is fought. The forces of capitalism can be weakened only by attrition. Change on the Russian model is unsuited to the native tradition of the English people.

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There is stout common sense in this view. Revolution is an art, and the conditions of its success are, as Lenin emphasized, singular and special. The machinery of government must have broken down. The cabinet must be unable to rely upon the loyalty of the armed forces of the Crown. There must be a strong revolutionary party ready to take advantage of the tactical moment; and there must be the inspired leader who can urge on that party to its goal.

Obviously enough, conditions such as these mainly arise in the aftermath of unsuccessful war; they are rarely the product of the piping times of peace. A Socialist government, moreover, which was compelled to fight the House of Lords on a bold program could be fairly certain of success. It would gain the support of the indifferent elector who is allied to neither side by the very character of the struggle. No government could hope for decisive victory whose effort was greatly in advance of public opinion; and it is therefore essential to Socialist success not to advance so rapidly that it loses sight of the public it is seeking to serve.

Broadly, at least, I agree with the substance of this interpretation. I doubt whether it emphasizes sufficiently the difficulties that will be encountered in winning the good will of the existing rulers. There is, I think, a vital difference between asking men to share political, as distinct from sharing economic power, as the history of the United States makes plainly manifest.

I think also that this view underestimates the difficulties to be encountered on the side of maintaining British foreign trade and, as a result, coping with the problem of population. The one involves drastic internal changes which must be rapidly made by the very nature of the problem, at least if the English standard of life is to be maintained; and much of the problem turns upon decisions made by foreign countries which England is not in a position vitally to affect. It could be done fairly simply if Europe or America went free trade; it will be vastly difficult if anything like the present tariff barriers continue.

And the solution of the population question, even granted, as we may now grant, government recognition of the principle of birth control, cannot be done quickly while the present barriers against emigration persist in the new countries. English readjustment in these matters depends upon international arrangements which go much further than the modern nation-state is prepared to go. In the gamble with time, no one can be overhopeful that England will win.

VI

In the next thirty years, therefore, one of two things will happen. If there is a European war, the present British system is unlikely to survive. Grant her victory, she yet could not maintain her present standard of life; that would mean revolutionary discontent, of which, as I think, the outcome would be a capitalist dictatorship. Of that, in its turn, the result would be a strong Communist party, and a social conflict with varying fortune spread over a generation. Grant her defeat, and there would, I think, be revolution with a development of the kind, and at the price of, the Russian model. Either involves the contemplation of tragedy, for in either, also, the hypothesis means the disappearance of the temper and quality of life which have been responsible for the peculiar English legacy to civilization.

Let us assume, however, the prospect of peace in Europe. In that event it is, I believe, fairly certain that England will become a Socialist state. Her aristocracy will disappear. There will be a much greater degree of social equality. In the vital industries, private initiative will be replaced by collective enterprise. There will be few great fortunes; and the stimulus to effort will rarely be found in the profit-making motive. Men will be valued less for the property they represent than for the social function they are able to perform.

The ambit of the state will be far wider than now, and, on the material side, the individual will, at least for a considerable period, have less freedom of choice than he now possesses. For a considerable time, also, I believe it will be a poorer England; for many able men will find it difficult to adjust themselves to the motives of such an order, and it will be difficult to obtain their coöperation. But, in the end, I believe it will be an England happier and more creative, because the toil of its citizens will be sweetened by a profounder sense of justice in their gain.

Starting next month, a series of portraits of the leading Presidential candidates

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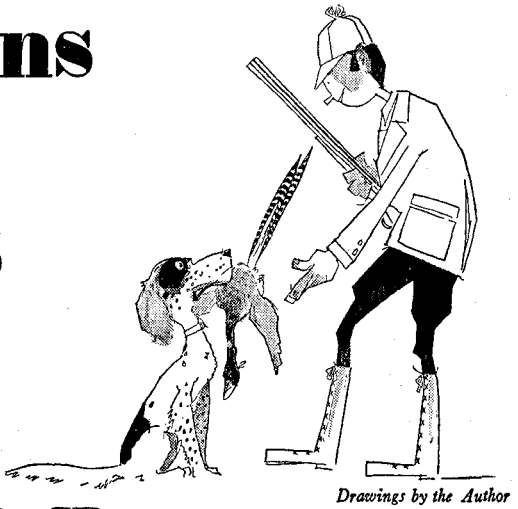
Fashions in Dogs

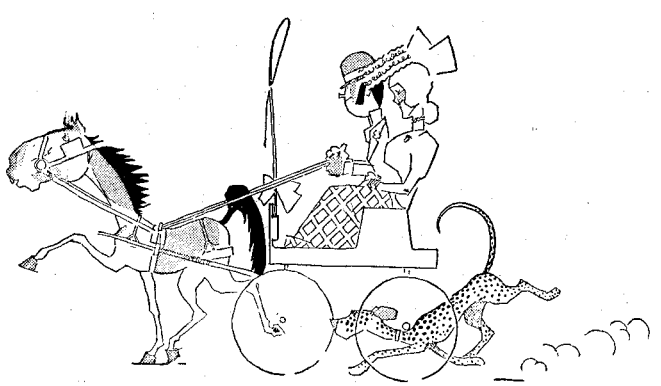


Drawings by the Author

by **JOHN HELD, JR.**

I THINK I ought to explain right at the start that this wasn't my idea — this business of writing on fashions in dogs. The Editor gave me the title and said he'd like to have a humorous paper and five drawings. Well, it seemed a good lead to me, so I began to work. The first few paragraphs, as I saw it, would be a sort of dogs-down-through-the-ages sketch, opening with the cave man, going on to Beowulf, and then touching several high lights in history. I'd been saving a fanciful bit about Cerberus for just such an occasion. After that there would be a brief summary — the dogs-of-all-nations theme — in which I would trace the evolution of the American dog. It looked like a cinch to me, and in a little while I had written this.

"The dog has been fashionable with *homo sapiens* since the days of the walk-up-cold-water-wave. I venture to say that not only did the cave sportsman have his hunting dog, but the cave home-girl had her small dog for coddling. It is a far reach from the day of the ancient dawn of mandom and dogkind to the present-day cave dweller in our penthouse era. As man has changed himself, so has he changed the dog, and has kept on and will keep on changing the dog to suit his fancy."



Then I stopped. After all, what did I — what does anyone — know about stone age mutts? There probably weren't any dogs then, or if there were they called them dinosaurs. So I decided to eliminate the cosmic element and to write about something with which I was familiar. What follows, then, may not have historical perspective, but at least I know what I'm talking about.

The dog has been changed within the span of my, and your, memory. Breeds have become popular, only to disappear as the years went on. Why, I can't say — any more than I can say why high shoes and whalebone aren't worn nowadays. The fact remains that dogs which were popular in the dim, rosy past are now rare and scarce, good for a laugh but not in much demand as steady company. The pug dog, the Dalmatian or coach dog, the Newfoundland, the water spaniel, the English bulldog, the different kinds of poodles, the smooth-coated fox terrier, the dachshund — all these have been supplanted in popular fancy. In their places you see the cocker spaniel, several varieties of small terriers, the Scotty, the Sealingham, and the Cairn, the wire-haired fox terrier, the Pekingese, the griffon, the Pomeranian, the Schnauzer-pinscher, the chow, the Kerry blue, the police dog, the airedale, the Boston bull terrier. Every dog has his day, and this is theirs.

Take the Dalmatian, for instance — that is, take one if

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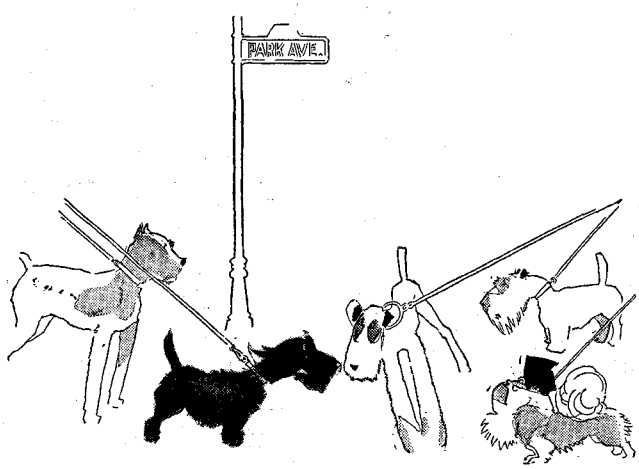
you can find it. This spectacular hound used to serve as a sort of transmission for carriages; no stylish rig was complete without a Dalmatian running along underneath. What happened to him? The same thing that happened to a lot of other gay-nineties accessories when the Model T Ford came along. He went out, and he never came back. There are still a few Dalmatians around the firehouses, but they no longer run to the fire with the galloping horses. They ride in state with the driver; which is probably less tiring but not so much fun.

Then there is, or there was, the dachshund, one of the most intelligent of breeds and a patient companion. The late war did for him. Nobody, including this stream-lined canine, could have German blood in him and still walk with decent people. A dachshund at your heels stamped you as an enemy within the gates, and the lovers of this gentle animal were lucky if they got to a detention camp without being stoned by our patriotic citizens. Dachshunds are slowly coming back into favor now that the war is all over except for the installment payments. For one thing, they fit under our modern low furniture (I made a drawing for this — I hope it lands somewhere near this page) and are perfectly at home going through tunnels. But I don't believe they've forgotten those years during which they were in Coventry: they have a reproachful, almost a bitter, look.



Most of the sporting dogs have held their own. The setter, the pointer, and the retriever — these are utility breeds and they never have and never will be affected by fashion. This goes for the fox hound, too, and the beagle. They are working dogs and they are always popular. It's the play dog, the intimate companion, that has his good and bad seasons. He must fit the background, the general setting. Thus Flash, that doleful mop of silky brown-and-white which steals a scene nightly from Katharine Cornell in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, is perfectly in keeping with the room in which he lives. He's part of it, just as are the anti-macassars and the swooning heroine. But can you imagine him fitting into the ultra-modern tone of, say, *Private Lives?* No — he belongs with crinolines, port, and Elizabeth Barrett, not with pajamas, cocktails, and Noël Coward.

(Incidentally, and irrelevantly, there is one dog problem which I have never been able to solve. That is, where do the dogs which join parades come from? I have never seen a line of marching men that hasn't had its attendant dogs. I suppose if a regiment of soldiers landed on a barren island in the middle of the ocean and started to march around the shore, they would be trailed by two or three interested pups before they'd gone a mile. There may be no answer to this one, but if there is I'd like to hear it.)

There is a theory that people choose dogs that resemble them. In fact, whenever cartoonists are hard-pressed for an idea, which is quite frequently, they usually resort to the bearded notion that dog owners look exactly like their dogs: the tough mug in the checkered cap who owns the undershot English bulldog; the pug-nosed dowager with her Pekingese; the long, thin, scrawny woman with a Borzoi; the man of weak, drooping mustaches with a wire-haired fox terrier. The parallel sounds far-fetched, and is.

It is all very true that people remind us of dogs and that different breeds of dogs remind us of certain of our friends and many of our enemies. A scientist has just published a book explaining this. It seems that the resemblance is due to some sort of gland secretion (probably the same old gland that is responsible for everything else nowadays). This may be so, but isn't it possible that a man may look like an English sheep dog for the simple reason that he needs a hair cut? You can't condemn a Skye terrier just because he looks like Joe-Joe the Dog-faced Boy.

No, I do not think that physical resemblance has anything to do with the choice of dogs; and "the choice of dogs" brings us back — I am

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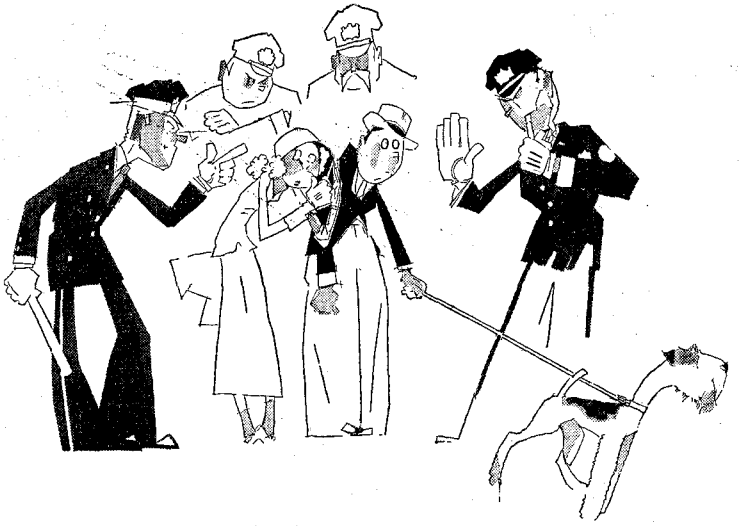


happy to say — to my subject, fashions in dogs.

Dogs are "in" or "out" because people choose to own or disown some particular breed in preference to some other. That sounds like saying you are fond of omelets because they have eggs in them, but it really isn't so simple as that. There is, as you may have guessed already, a deep psychological root to it all. People select the kind of dog which will give them something that they themselves lack; what you haven't got, Rover gives you.

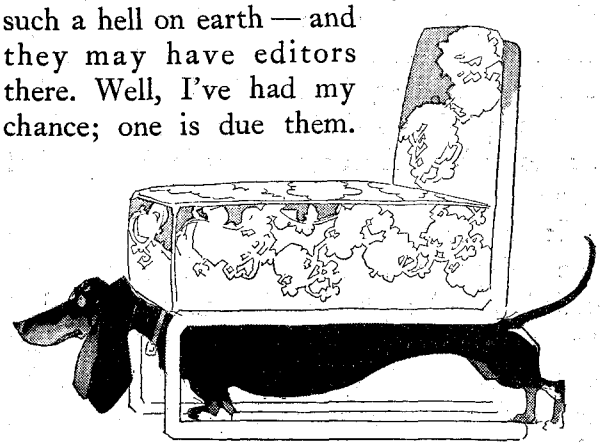
For example, there is the present popularity of the wire-haired fox terrier. This breed has something that moderns need, and that is courage. We have little opportunity to exhibit courage to-day. We move when the policeman tells us to; we stand in line at the movies, are pushed and herded in street cars and subways, are taken up in elevators when the starter clicks his clicker, buy what the advertisements tell us to buy. We lack courage, or if we possess it we don't use it. This is where the wire-haired foxie comes in. His bristles are our bristles, and his nerve our nerve.

Similarly the Scottish terrier is now in fashion because he is a symbol for stubbornness. The small lap dog with the superior airs owned by the woman of leisure gives her the aristocracy for which she yearns. The man who has a large police dog needs something to give himself a front, the man who owns an English bulldog wants to be considered tough (and is often fooled, because I have found that the most ferocious-looking English bulls are the biggest babies and the gentlest of all dogs). The spaniel fancier is a sentimentalist who dares not show his sentiment. Your dog is your Judas.

Now some of these ingenious little parallels may not be sound, and if your local Caspar Milquetoast is trailed by a gentle, timid collie don't write to tell me that I'm all wrong. There are exceptions to every rule. But there is one fundamental rule which I am pretty certain is correct. Dog lovers are people with inferiority complexes. They make themselves important by owning dogs and having them as companions. Everyone has to be important to something, and it's a simple matter to be important to a dog. He is at your command; he depends on you for his food and shelter; he never complains or argues — hardly ever, at least. To him you are God. The dog is your friend after the unfeeling world has passed you by. . . . But, hold on a minute — I was asked to do a humorous piece on dog fashions and here I am smiling through my tears.

Anyway, I have propounded a theory — beware the dog, he's a psychic betrayal. It's a theory that has resulted from years and years of "belonging" to nearly every breed of dog. I've studied dogs and their characteristics and I've written a lot of dog stories. In fact, I've shot off my trap about dogs at every opportunity.

It's a rotten break for them, of course, because they can't answer back. They may have studied me just as much as I've studied them, but they can't write down their observations and sell them to an editor who has asked for a humorous article about John Held to be accompanied by five drawings. But somewhere there is a heaven for dogs — there has to be, it seems to me, since so many of them have such a hell on earth — and they may have editors there. Well, I've had my chance; one is due them.



[*Here's your Dachshund, Mr. Held. We tried awfully hard to get him up there near that funny one about fitting under furniture, but what with one thing and another it just wouldn't work. Maybe Dachshunds aren't so handy after all.* —ED.]

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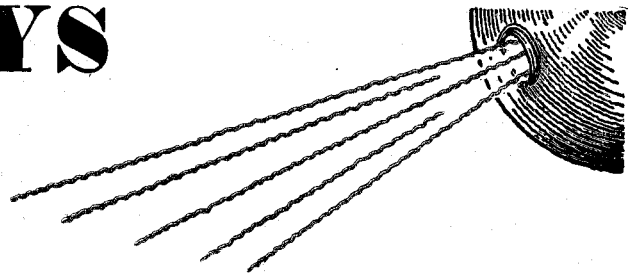
MAGIC RAYS



by **E. E. FREE**

ONE SINGLE issue of a national magazine recently contained eleven advertisements based on alleged benefits derived from the use of ultra-violet rays in the manufacture of the products exploited. These or other rays are used, we are stentoriously informed, to improve shoe leather, slum babies, ice cream, soft drinks, tobacco, wet wash from the laundry, grandfather's rheumatism, and for objects far more fanciful. This article is an attempt to muster the facts in contrast to the fancies. However much the disgusted reader of present puffery may feel like doubting it, the ultra-violet ray is not all hokum; it is capable of working certain benefits which should be recognized in spite of the extravagant claims put forward for it.

The vast majority of the rays, new or old, with which publicists now work verbal magic belong to what is called the ether wave series. Modern physicists are not quite sure, it is true, whether there is such a thing as the ether or whether the doubtful semblance of this ether is troubled with waves. Nevertheless, it is convenient to describe a long series of phenomena like the facts of human sight or photography or radio reception as though these phenomena were caused by wave-like somethings flying through the imagined ether at the speed of 186,284 miles a second which Professor Michelson assured us is the speed of light.

It is convenient, too, to describe these somethings as though they had the property called wave-length. Imagine an angel with a yardstick flying just over the ocean. The front end of the yardstick might be even with the crest of one wave, a certain point on the rule above the crest of the following one. The distance marked would be the wave-length. Angels with yardsticks are not yet even imaginary properties of physics, but the idea is the same.

The longest known waves are the radio waves, some of which are as long as 100,000 meters, or about sixty miles. Others are as short as a millimeter or two — less than an eighth of an inch. Next shorter than these are the so-called heat waves, or infra-red rays, the two terms being synonymous. Following these are the waves of visible light. Shorter still are the ultra-violet rays now so much talked about. After these come the X-rays, the so-called gamma rays of radium, and the still newer cosmic rays associated with the name of Dr. Millikan, these last being the shortest known.

Unfortunately for the imaginings of would-be magic workers, this long series of rays now contains no gaps. Radio waves may exist longer than any now produced. Somewhere in the universe there may be cosmic rays shorter than those now known. The series, that is, may have extensions at either end. But there is no place to insert unknown rays in its middle. All of these rays are produced in essentially the same way — by movements of electricity.

Radio waves, so far as anyone now knows, have no effects on living matter unless the waves are intense enough to produce substantial electric currents in the body, which, in turn, produce heat. The heat rays, or infra-red rays, shorter than the radio waves and longer than the light ones, convert themselves directly into heat, so that infra-red rays sometimes are used by physicians to produce heat and a half inch or so inside the tissues of the body for such purposes as the easing of an inflamed nerve.

Light rays have one very remarkable biological effect — their power of affecting the tiny rods and cones in the human eye so that we see. There seems no physical reason why this should be confined to the narrow band of rays comprising the visible colors. It merely happens to be so. Human eyes might equally

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well have been constructed to see heat rays, in which case every household radiator would blow like a fire, or to see ultra-violet rays, in which case the sun would go out altogether every winter when the ultra-violet rays cease to penetrate our atmosphere.

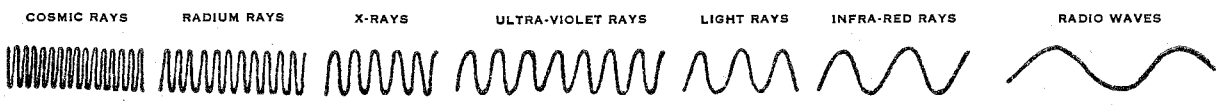
The shortest of the ether waves, the X-rays, the gamma rays, and the cosmic rays begin to show more dangerous reactions on living matter. All of these rays can kill bacteria. All have profound effects on the animal germ plasm and therefore on heredity. All of them can kill ordinary living cells, as is evidenced, for example, by the effects of X-rays in burning overexposed human tissues. Public interest centers, however, in the supposed biological effects of the ultra-violet rays.

These rays have at least three-unquestionable effects. One of them is to cure the child's disease called rickets, characterized by weakness of the bones. This disease is believed to be caused by a deficiency in the diet of one of the vitamines, the so-called vitamine D. The ultra-violet rays apparently create this vitamine in the skin of the exposed child, the necessary raw materials being certain oily chemicals present in the skin. Other oily substances like olive oil or cod liver oil may be exposed to ultra-violet rays and will acquire increased quantities of this vitamine D. This is the basis of medical administration to children suffering from rickets of such "radiated" oils. How much practical value there may be in the use by well people of ordinary foods radiated with ultra-violet rays for the purpose of creating this vitamine D is still extremely uncertain.

The second effect of the ultra-violet rays on things important to humanity is a chemical one — a facilitation of oxidation. When powerful beams of ultra-violet rays pass through ordinary air many of the oxygen molecules in the air are disrupted, forming three-atom ozone or one-atom oxygen instead of some of the ordinary oxygen molecules which have two atoms each. These alternative forms of oxygen are extremely active chemically. They combine with anything that is handy; for example, with constituents of the oily varnish used on patent leather. That is why ultra-violet rays hasten the surface oxidation which is a part of the curing of such leather. Similar oxidations are responsible, it is believed, for the effect of ultra-violet rays on tobacco, which makes the finished cigars or cigarettes milder. In such materials there is no creation of vitamine D involved.

The third effect of the violet rays is less helpful. These rays, too, have power to kill. The most familiar example is sunburn, for this painful reddening of the skin is caused by the killing of cells just underneath by the ultra-violet rays in sunlight. Ultra-violet rays can kill germs or animalcules and these effects may be of use in sterilizing water or in treating skin diseases.

Many students of the effects of ultra-violet rays believe in a fourth effect on the human body, an alleged power of the rays to improve general health and to decrease one's susceptibility to colds or other infections. Unfortunately the scientific evidence for these benefits is still not clear. Some investigators believe that they have found clear evidence of benefits. Others cannot be convinced. Additional investigations are necessary for a decision either way. If the author may be permitted a brief expression of personal opinion, the probability is that ultra-violet radiation is good for some people and bad for others, and that the individuals for whom it is respectively good or bad must be selected by expert medical examination.



Some day soon, we may hope, these uncertainties will be resolved by discovered facts. It is probable, too, that very small doses of ultra-violet radiation will prove to be always harmless and often beneficial. Devices intended to add small doses of ultra-violet rays to ordinary artificial light are now under active development.

At the moment, however, it seems to the writer that there is but one safe rule for the application of ultra-violet rays to human beings. This is to consult a physician first and to find out what good or harm, if either, the rays are likely to do.

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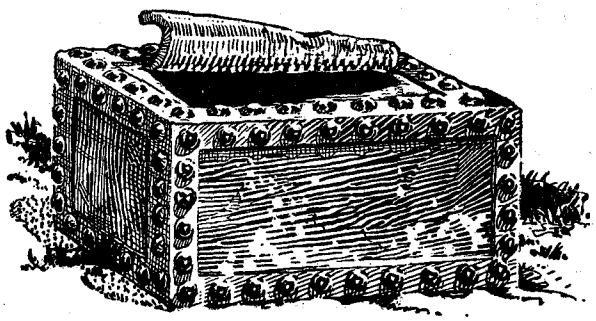
CAPTAIN KIDD and the Astor Fortune



A short time ago one of the editors of The Forum heard rumors of what he was convinced, on the strength of the evidence, was the most extraordinary lawsuit in the history of American jurisprudence. The daily press had apparently either overlooked it or feared to publish the story because of the great wealth and influence of the persons involved. By diligent inquiry, however, he was able to secure from a well-known legal firm in New York a summary of the whole affair. Since it is by no means a prosaic legal matter, but rather the very stuff of romance and high adventure, this document is here reproduced in full. What will come of it all remains to be seen.

A Remarkable Lawsuit

Summarized by FRANKLIN H. HEAD

THE SUIT commenced some three years since by Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted against the various members of the Astor family, in the New York Superior Court, attracted considerable attention at the time, both from the prominence of the parties to the litigation and the large amount claimed by Mr. Olmsted, something over $5,000,000. As the case has not yet come to a hearing, owing to the delays in the proceedings at law, the matter has, in a measure, passed from notice, scarcely anything connected with it having appeared in the public prints.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Olmsted, I spent several days as a guest at his summer residence on Deer Isle, which lies in Penobscot Bay off the mouth of the Penobscot River, on the coast of Maine; and, having heard quite in detail the history of the cause of action, which seemed to me a most forcible illustration of the maxim that truth is stranger than fiction, I take pleasure in giving the story as told me by Mr. Olmsted and the members of his family.

An ancestor of Mr. Olmsted, seven generations back, whose name was Cotton Mather Olmsted, was an Indian trader and spent a part of each year, from 1696 to 1705, in what is now the State of Maine. His treatment of the Indians was always fair and honorable, whereby he won their confidence and esteem. Winnepesaukee, then the head sachem of the Penobscot tribe, was at one time severely wounded by a bear, and Mr. Olmsted having cared for him, dressed his wounds, and aided greatly in his recovery, the chief, as a token of gratitude, presented to him the Deer Isle before named, a portion of which has ever since remained in the possession of his descendants, and is now the property and summer home of Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted. The original deed of gift, written on a piece of birch bark, and bearing date January 24, 1699, is still in the possession of Mr. Olmsted. After the independence of the United States was acknowledged, the validity of the transfer was recognized and affirmed, and a formal patent issued by the Secretary of the Treasury during the second term of President Washington's administration.

Upon the rocky shore near the residence of Mr. Olmsted, and at the extreme south end of the island, is a cave the opening of which is upon the sea. The cave is about ten feet wide and high, of irregular shape, and extends back into the rock formation some twenty-five feet. It has evidently been excavated by the ceaseless action of the waves upon a portion of the

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rock somewhat softer than its surroundings. At high tide the entire cave is under water, but at low tide it can be entered dry-shod, being entirely above the sea level. The bottom of the cave is covered with coarse sand, five or six inches deep, below which is a compact bed of hard blue clay. At low tide the cave is often visited by the family of Mr. Olmsted and the other residents of the island. On one such visit Mr. Olmsted observed upon the rock at the inner end of the cave some marks or indentations, something in the form of a rude cross, which seemed to him possibly of artificial origin. If so, it was of ancient date, as its edges were not well defined — were rounded and worn, as by the action of the waves and ice. Still, it appeared more regular in form than the other markings upon the walls of the cave, and Mr. Olmsted one day suggested to his family, when in the cave, that as stories of Captain Kidd's buried treasures had sometimes located such treasures upon the Maine coast, they should dig at the place below the cross for such hidden wealth.

Purely as a matter of sport, the excavation was commenced: the sand was cleared away, and, to their surprise, a rectangular hole in the clay was discovered, about fifteen by thirty inches on the surface and about fifteen inches deep. This was filled with sand, and upon the sand's being carefully removed, there was plainly to be seen upon the bottom of the hole the marks of a row of bolt heads some three or four inches apart, and extending around the bottom about one inch from its edge. The appearance was precisely as if an iron box heavily bolted at its joints had been buried in the compact clay for a period long enough to have left a perfect impress of itself in the clay, and after its removal, the excavation having been filled with sand, the impression had been permanently preserved. After a perfect facsimile of the bottom of the hole had been taken in plaster of Paris, the excavation was again filled with sand. The clay was so hard that the taking of the cast did not in the least mar its surface. As there were various legends relative to the presence of Captain Kidd upon the Maine coast, the discovery of the excavation was sufficient to awaken eager interest in the question of the iron box and the person who had carried it away.

About the year 1801, a French-Canadian named Jacques Cartier, who was one of the employees of John Jacob Astor in his fur trade, and who had for several winters traded with the Indians and hunters along the upper waters of the Penobscot River, returned from New York, where he had been to deliver the season's collection of furs, and expressed a desire to purchase from Oliver Cromwell Olmsted, who was then the owner, by inheritance, of Deer Isle, either the whole island or the south end, where the cave before described was located. Mr. Olmsted refused both requests, but finally sold him a few acres near the center of the island, where he built a log house and lived for many years with an Indian wife, hunting and fishing occasionally as a diversion, but giving up entirely his former method of gaining a livelihood. This trader had for several years previous to 1801 camped upon the south end of Deer Isle when collecting his furs, passing up the Penobscot River and its tributaries in a small canoe, and storing his furs in a hut at his camping place until the end of his season, when he sailed with his little cargo for New York.

He had always seemed extremely poor, having but a meager salary from Mr. Astor; but when he purchased a portion of the island, he seemed to have an abundance of money, sufficient in fact to meet his wants for many years. Occasionally, when under the influence of whisky, he would speak vaguely of some sudden good fortune which had befallen him; but when sober he always denied even having made the statement, and seemed much disturbed when asked about the source of his wealth, which led to various suspicions among the few inhabitants of the island as to the honesty of his methods in acquiring it. These suspicions ultimately became so pointed that he suddenly disappeared from the island and never returned. On searching his cabin, some fragments of papers were found, torn and partially burned, so that no connected meaning could be determined from them. On one fragment was the signature of John Jacob Astor, and on another, in the same handwriting, the words: "absolute secrecy must be observed because . . ."

These fragments were preserved, however, and are now in the possession of Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted. From the story of the trader and from the fragmentary papers, Mr. Olmsted fancied that there might be some connection

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between the mysterious box and the newly acquired wealth of the trader, and that the secret, if one there was, was shared by Mr. Astor. As the trader for many years previous to his sudden good fortune had camped upon the end of the island immediately adjoining the cave, it might readily be conceived that a heavy storm had washed the sand away so as to make the top of the box visible, and that he had found it and taken it with him to New York to Mr. Astor, with his boatload of furs. His desire to purchase this particular location in the island harmonized with this suggestion.

Various questions presented themselves regarding this theory. Had the box contained the long-lost treasures of Captain Kidd? If so, to whom did the box and its contents belong? Mr. William M. Evarts, to whom Mr. Olmsted applied for an opinion as to the legal phase of this question, after careful examination of the evidence, gave his views, in substance, as follows:

1. That Captain Kidd, in the year 1700, had acquired by pillage vast treasures of gold and gems which he had somewhere concealed prior to his execution in 1701.

2. That if such treasure was concealed upon Deer Isle, that island was the absolute property, at that time, of Cotton Mather Olmsted; for while the record title to the island bore date in President Washington's administration in 1794, yet this, as appeared by its tenor, was in affirmation of the title made in 1699, when the island was given to Cotton Mather Olmsted by the Indian chief, Winnepesaukee, and established the ownership of the island in Mr. Olmsted when the box, if concealed by Captain Kidd, was buried; and that Frederick Law Olmsted, by inheritance and purchase, had acquired all the rights originally held by his ancestor in that part of the island where the treasure was concealed.

3. That, as owner of such real estate, the treasure would belong to him, as affixed to the land, as against the whole world, except possibly the lineal descendants of Captain Kidd, if any there were.

Mr. Olmsted learned that, in his early life, Mr. Astor kept for many years his first and only bank account with the Manhattan Bank, and as the books of the bank are all preserved, he was enabled, by a plausible pretext, to secure an examination of Mr. Astor's financial transactions from the beginning. His idea in this search was to learn if Mr. Astor's fortune had increased at the same time as that of the French-Canadian.

The business of both Mr. Astor and the bank was small in those early days, and the entries of the customers' accounts were much more in detail than in our time, when, as a rule, only amounts are recorded. The account commenced in 1798, being one of the first accounts opened after the picturesque organization of the bank by Aaron Burr, and for several years the total deposits for an entire year did not exceed $4,000. He shipped some of his furs abroad, and others were sold to dealers and manufacturers, and whenever he drew on a customer with the bill of lading, the books of the bank showed virtually the whole transaction. Entries like the following are of frequent occurrence:

Cr. J. J. Astor $33, proceeds draft for sale of 40 Muskrat, 4 Bear, 3 Deer, and 12 Mink Skins.

Credit John J. Astor $49.50, proceeds of draft for sale of 400 Skunk Skins.

Cr. John Jacob Astor $131, proceeds of draft on London for £26 10s for sale of 87 Otter Skins, 46 Mink, and 30 Beaver Pelts.

Each year showed a modest increase in the volume of business of the thrifty furrier, but the aggregates were only moderate until the year 1801, being the same year the Canadian trader bought of Mr. Olmsted a portion of Deer Isle, when the volume of bank transactions reached, for the time, enormous dimensions, springing from an aggregate for the year 1799 of $4,011 to over $500,000 for the year 1801. Among the entries in the latter year are two of the same date for cheques to Jacques Cartier, the French-Canadian: one for $133.40, drawn "In settlement fur account," and one for $5,000, "In settlement to date." In as much as in each previous year the aggregate fur transactions with Mr. Cartier had never exceeded $500, the entry of $5,000 seemed inexplicable on any ordinary grounds.

The enormous growth of Mr. Astor's own transactions also seemed equally mysterious. Mr. Astor had evidently visited England in the year 1801, as the bank entries are filled with credits to him of drafts remitted by him from Roderick Streeter, varying from £10,000 to £40,000, and aggregating during the year nearly $495,000. Credits of the same Streeter drafts are also made during the two following years to the amount of over $800,000 more, or a

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total of over $1,300,000, when the Streeter remittances abruptly cease.

Edwin W. Streeter of London is at the present time one of the largest dealers in precious stones in the world; and as in England the same business is often continued in a family for many generations, it occurred to Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, who, from the facts already given, had become greatly interested in following the matter to a conclusion, that the Streeter who had made the vast remittances to Mr. Astor might be an ancestor of the present London merchant. An inquiry by mail developed the fact that the present Mr. Streeter is a great-grandson of Roderick Streeter, and that the business has been continued in the family for five generations. Mr. Olmsted sent a confidential agent to London, who succeeded in getting access to the books of the Streeter firm for the years 1798 to 1803 inclusive. Here was found a detailed statement of the transactions with Mr. Astor.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR. Drawn from a portrait by an unknown artist, painted at Astoria, Oregon, in 1813, and now in the Trustees' Room of the Astor Library, New York.

The first item was for £40,000, entered as "Advances on ancient French and Spanish gold coins" deposited by Mr. Astor, and later another of £4,213 8s for "Balance due for French and Spanish gold coins." All other entries were for the sale of precious stones, mostly diamonds, rubies, and pearls, which, in all, with the sums paid for the French and Spanish gold, reached the enormous aggregate heretofore given. Certain of the gems were purchased outright by Mr. Streeter, and others were sold by him, as a broker, for account of Mr. Astor, and the proceeds duly remitted during the year 1801–02. The whole account corresponded exactly, item for item, with the various entries of Streeter remittances shown on the books of the Manhattan Bank.

The facts gathered thus far enabled Mr. Olmsted to formulate a theory in substance as follows: That Jacques Cartier had found the box containing the buried treasures of Captain Kidd; that he had taken it to New York and delivered it to Mr. Astor; that Mr. Astor had bought the contents of the box, or his interest in them, for the cheque of $5,000; that he had taken the contents to England, and had, from their sale, realized the vast sums paid him by Mr. Streeter.

Many links in the chain of evidence, however, were still missing, and a great point would be gained if the mysterious box could be traced to the custody of Mr. Astor. It seemed reasonable that this box, if ever in the possession of Mr. Astor, and if its contents were of such great value, would be retained by him with scrupulous care, and that, if he had imparted the secret to his children, it would still be in their possession. If not, it might have been sold and lost sight of, as a piece of worthless scrap-iron, after the death of the first Mr. Astor. Mr. Olmsted learned that the last house in which the original John Jacob Astor had lived had been torn down in the year 1893, to be replaced by a superb modern building, and that the old building had been sold to a well-known house-wrecking firm for an insignificant sum, as the material was worth but little above the cost of tearing down and removal. In the hope that the rusty box had been sold with other rubbish about the premises, Mr. Olmsted inserted the following advertisement in the New York *Tribune:*

> A rusty iron box, strongly made and bolted, was by mistake sold in 1893 to a dealer in junk, supposedly in New York or Brooklyn. The dimensions were 15 x 30 x 15 inches. A person, for sentimental reasons, wishes to reclaim this box, and will pay to its present owner for the same several times its value as scrap-iron. Address F. L., Box 74, New York *Tribune.*

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Within a few days Mr. Olmsted received a letter from Mr. Bronson B. Tuttle of Naugatuck, Connecticut, an iron manufacturer, stating that, in a car of scrap-iron bought by him from Melchisedec Jacobs of Brooklyn, was an iron box answering the description given in the *Tribune;* that if it was of any value to the advertiser, it would be forwarded on receipt of eighty cents, which was its cost to him at $11 per ton, the price paid for the carload of scrap.

Mr. Olmsted at once procured the box and shipped it to Deer Isle, where the bolts upon its bottom, and the box itself, were found to fit perfectly the print in the clay bottom of the cave. The plaster cast of the bottom of the cavity, taken when it was first discovered, matched the bottom of the box as perfectly as ever a casting fitted the mold in which it was made. Every peculiarity in the shape of a bolt-head, every hammer mark made in riveting the bolts, as shown in the clay, was reproduced in the iron box. There was no possible question that the box was the identical one which had been long before buried in the cave. On the top of the box, too, was distinguishable, despite the heavy coating of rust, in rude and irregularly formed characters, as if made by strokes of a cold-chisel or some similar tool, the letters "W.K." — the initials of the veritable and eminent pirate, Captain William Kidd.

Further inquiry developed the fact that Melchisedec Jacobs, the Brooklyn junk dealer, had purchased the box in a large dray-load of scrap-iron, mostly made up of cooking range, sash weights, gas, steam, and water pipes, *etc.*, from the wrecking firm of Jones & Company; and that Jones & Company had taken such material from the family mansion occupied by the original John Jacob Astor at the time of his death, when tearing it down to make room for the new buildings. The indications thickened that the mysterious box contained the long-lost and widely sought treasures of Captain Kidd. One peculiarity of the box was that there had apparently been no way to open it except by cutting it apart. The top had been firmly riveted in its place, and this fact possibly indicated the reason of its purchase by Mr. Astor at the moderate price of $5,000, since the trader who found it had been unable to open it before his arrival in New York. However, as we have no information of the contract between Mr. Astor and Jacques Cartier, the amount named, $5,000, may have been precisely the percentage agreed upon, which he received upon the profits of his season's business in addition to a salary.

Mr. Olmsted had an accurate copy made of all entries in the books of the Manhattan Bank as to the transactions of Mr. Astor shown by such books, from 1798 to 1803, and his English agent had similar copies made of all entries in the books of Roderick Streeter for the same period, also copies of many letters passing between the parties. The agent also looked up and reported everything available relative to the career of Captain Kidd, the substance of which was as follows:

Captain Kidd had won an enviable reputation in the English and American merchant marine as a brave and intelligent officer. For many years the English merchant vessels had been preyed upon by pirates, numerous vessels were captured and destroyed, and others robbed of all their treasure. These depredations were largely along the coast of Madagascar and Mozambique, on the route of the English vessels in the India trade, and off the coasts of South America, where the Spanish galleons bore great treasure from the Peruvian gold fields. The depredations of the pirates became so great that the English merchants finally bought and equipped a stanch war vessel, placed the same under the command of Captain Kidd, and sent him out expressly to chastise and destroy the pirates. As these pirates were known to have secured vast amounts of gold and gems, it was expected that Captain Kidd might not only clear the infested seas of the piratical craft, but capture from them enough treasure to make the operation a profitable one.

After reaching the coast of East Africa, news was received of the destruction by him of sundry piratical vessels containing much treasure, but the capture of this treasure seemed to excite his own cupidity, and he decided to engage himself in the occupation of being a malefactor. For some two years thereafter he was literally the scourge of the seas. He plundered alike other pirates and the merchant vessels of every nation. Finally, after a cruise along the eastern coast of the United States, as far north as the port of Halifax, he, for some reason, decided boldly to make an entry at the port of Boston as an English merchant vessel, under the papers originally furnished him in England. Before entering Boston Harbor, he put

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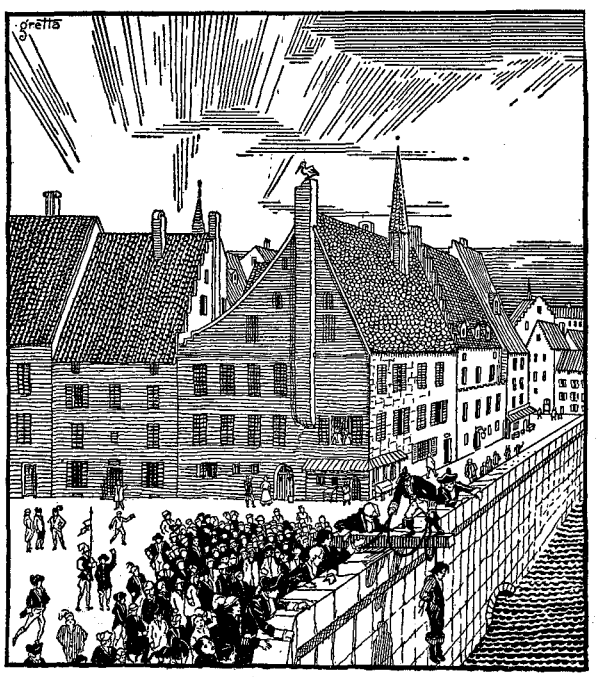
ashore and concealed on Gardiner's Island a considerable quantity of merchandise, consisting largely of bales of valuable silks and velvets, with a small amount of gold and silver and precious stones. These articles were afterwards discovered and reclaimed by the owners of the vessel, and sold for some £14,000.

From the great number of vessels which he had destroyed and plundered, with their ascertained cargoes, it was known that the treasure thus discovered was but an insignificant fraction of what he had captured — it was known that gold and gems of vast value were somewhere concealed — and thence came the endless searches from Key West and Jekyl Island to Halifax for the treasure, which had thus far seemingly escaped human vision and utterly disappeared. In fact, from the little care taken by Captain Kidd as to the plunder hidden on Gardiner's Island, the owners of his ship concluded that to be merely a blind to divert their attention from the vastly greater wealth he had appropriated.

A short time after his arrival in Boston he was arrested and sent to England, and at once put on trial for piracy. In two days he was tried, convicted, and hanged. This illustrates the great progress in civilization since that benighted age, for now the most red-handed and popular murderers are allowed months for preparation and trial, are fêted,



THE EXECUTION OF CAPTAIN KIDD. From a contemporary wood-cut, after a drawing by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

garlanded, and made the heroes of the day, and assigned with all priestly assurance to the mansions of the blest. His wife was not allowed to see him, except for a half hour after the death sentence had been pronounced. They had a whispered conference, and at its close he was seen to hand her a card, upon which he had written the figures, 44106818. This card was taken from her by the guards and never restored, and every effort was made to induce her to tell the meaning of the figures, but she utterly refused, and even claimed not herself to know. The paper was preserved among the proceedings of the trial, and a photographed copy was secured by Mr. Olmsted.

From the records of the trial, it appeared that Captain Kidd was the only child of his parents; that he had been married for several years; that two children had been born to him, a daughter who died while yet a child and before the trial, and a son, who survived both his father and his mother. It also appeared that this son, ten years after his father's execution, enlisted as a private soldier in the English army, and was killed in the battle near Sterling in 1715. The records of the English War Office showed that the widow of this son applied for a pension under the then existing law, and her affidavit and marriage certificate showed her to have been married to the son of Captain Kidd, and that no child had been born to them, and the usual pension was awarded to her and paid until her death in 1744. These facts settled the question as to any claim upon the treasure by descendants of Captain Kidd.

The records of the trial also contained a report by experts upon the card given by Kidd to his wife, to the effect that they had applied to the figures upon it the usual tests for the reading of cipher-writings, without avail, and that if the figures ever had a meaning, it was undiscoverable. The same conclusion was reached by several people to whom Mr. Olmsted showed the copy of the card. Shortly afterwards, when Professor David P. Todd, the astronomer of Amherst College, was visiting the family of Mr. Olmsted at Deer Isle, he one day amused himself by calculating the latitude and longitude of the home, near the cave, and gave the results to Miss Marion Olmsted. As she was entering these results in her journal, she was struck by the fact that the figures for the latitude, 44° 10′, were the same as the

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LADY DUNMORE. From the portrait by Lawrence, now in the collection of Mr. R. Hall McCormick of Chicago.

first four figures on the card, 4410, and that the other four figures, 6818, were almost the exact longitude west from Greenwich, which was 68° 17′, a difference easily accounted for by a moderate variation in Captain Kidd's chronometer. The latitude, taken by observation of the pole star, was absolutely accurate. It appeared as though Captain Kidd had told his wife in this manner where to find the hidden treasure, but that, in as much as the government authorities had seized the card, she preferred silence toward those who had pursued her husband to his death, and the total loss to everyone of the treasure, rather than, by a confession, to give it into the hands of his enemies. The very simplicity of the supposed cipher-writing had been its safeguard, since all the experts had sought for some abstruse and occult meaning in the combination of figures.

By the happy thought of Miss Olmsted, another link was thus added to the chain of evidence. With the facts given, the only point seemingly needed to show that the Kidd treasure had come into the possession of Mr. Astor was to show that some of the money or gems sold by him had been actually seized by Captain Kidd. Even this, by a happy chance, became possible through the correspondence secured from Mr. Streeter in London.

It appeared that, in the year 1700, Lord and Lady Dunmore were returning to England from India, when the vessel upon which they had taken passage was fired upon and captured by Captain Kidd. His first order was that every person on board should walk the plank into the sea, but several ladies who were passengers pleaded so earnestly for their lives that Kidd finally decided to plunder the cargo and passengers and let the vessel proceed on her voyage. The ladies were compelled, on peril of their lives, to surrender all their jewelry, and among the articles taken from Lady Dunmore was a pair of superb pearl bracelets, the pearls being set in a somewhat peculiar fashion. Another pair, an exact duplicate of those possessed by Lady Dunmore, had been purchased by Lord Dunmore as a wedding present to his sister, and the story of the two pairs of bracelets and the loss of Lady Dunmore's pearls, which were of great value, and of her pleading for her life to Captain Kidd, is a matter of history, as well as one of the cherished family traditions.

In 1801, Roderick Streeter writes to Mr. Astor that the then Lady Dunmore, in looking over some gems which he was offering her, had seen a pair of exquisite pearl bracelets which were a part of the Astor consignment, and had at once recognized them as the identical pair taken by Kidd nearly one hundred years before. She returned the following day with the family solicitor, bringing the duplicate bracelets; told and verified the story of the loss of one pair by Lady Dunmore; compared the two pairs, showing their almost perfect identity, showing certain private marks upon each, and demonstrating beyond question that the pearls offered by Mr. Streeter were the identical gems seized by Captain Kidd. The solicitor demanded their surrender to Lady Dunmore on the ground that, having been stolen, no property in them could pass even to an innocent purchaser.

Mr. Streeter then stated that he had asked for delay until he could communicate with the owner of the gems, and asked Mr. Astor for instructions. Mr. Astor replied, authorizing the delivery of the bracelets to Lady Dunmore, and asking Mr. Streeter to assure her that the supposed owner was guiltless of wrong in the matter and was an entirely innocent holder.

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He repeated the caution, given also in sundry other letters, that to no one was the ownership of the gems sold by Mr. Streeter to be revealed. They were to be sold as the property of Streeter, acquired in the regular course of business. Lady Dunmore afterward sat to Sir Thomas Lawrence for her portrait, and was painted wearing upon her arms the pearl bracelets thus curiously reclaimed. This portrait is considered one of the masterpieces of Lawrence.

By the discovery of the hole in a cave in Maine, after a lapse of two hundred years, was thus curiously brought to light the apparent origin of the colossal Astor fortune. Prior to the acquisition of the Kidd treasures by the first American Astor, he was simply a modest trader, earning each year, by frugality and thrift, two or three hundred dollars above his living expenses, with a fair prospect of accumulating, by an industrious life, a fortune of twenty or thirty thousand dollars. When he became possessed of the Kidd plunder, he handled it with the skill of a great general. He expanded his fur trade until it embraced the continent. The record of his cheques given during the three years when he received the $1,300,000 shows that he expended over $700,000 of the amount in the purchase of real estate in the city of New York. The entries of the various cheques are recorded as "Payment for the Wall Street property," the "Bond Street land," the "Broadway corner," *etc.*, the descriptions being sufficiently accurate, when verified by comparison with the titles of record, to locate at this date every parcel of land bought, all of which is still in the possession of the Astor family. Some twenty different tracts of land in what is now the very heart of the business and residence portion of New York were thus purchased, each one of which is now probably of more value than the price originally paid for the whole.

In obtaining a knowledge of the various details already given, over two years had been spent by Mr. Olmsted and his agents. The results seemingly reached may be summarized as follows:

1. Captain Kidd had sailed along the Maine coast shortly before his arrest, and an iron box marked with his initials was afterward taken from the cave into Mr. Astor's possession.

2. Jacques Cartier had camped for many years, while employed by Mr. Astor, immediately adjoining the cave where the box was concealed, and his rapid increase in wealth and that of Mr. Astor were simultaneous.

3. Mr. Astor's great wealth came from the sale, through Mr. Streeter, of ancient Spanish and French gold, and of gems, some of which were proved to have been a part of the spoils of Captain Kidd, which made it reasonable presumption that all of such property was of the same character.

4. Captain Kidd was known to have captured and somewhere concealed gold and gems of vast value, and the card given his wife before his execution indicated, by a plausible reading, the cave upon Mr. Olmsted's land as the place of concealment.

5. The family of Captain Kidd had long been extinct, and no one could successfully contest with Mr. Olmsted the ownership of the property concealed upon his land.

Having his evidence thus formulated, Mr. Olmsted called upon the descendants of Mr. Astor, accompanied by his attorney, Mr. William M. Evarts, and demanded of them: 1. A payment by them to him of the sum of

IRVINK OCEAN, THE EXECUTIONER OF CAPTAIN KIDD. Drawn from an engraving originally published by A. C. M'Clurg in "Quaint and Eccentric Characters of Newgate Prison, Compiled from the Newgate Calendar."

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$1,300,000, the amount received of Mr. Streeter, with interest from the date of its receipt. The total amount, computed according to the laws of New York in force since 1796, was $5,112,234.80; and Mr. Olmsted offered, on condition of immediate cash payment, to deduct the item of $34.80. This demand was refused. 2. Mr. Olmsted then demanded that the Astor family should convey to him all the real estate in New York City purchased by their ancestor with the money received from Mr. Streeter, with the accrued rents and profits from the date of its purchase, and this demand was likewise refused.

These refusals left to Mr. Olmsted no alternative except to resort to the courts for the establishment of his rights, and an action was accordingly commenced. The declaration filed by his attorneys, Joseph H. Choate, Stewart L. Woodford, and Frederick W. Holls, sets out in full the history of the claim from the beginning, as has been detailed herein, and petitions the court for alternative relief; either that the descendants of John Jacob Astor pay to Mr. Olmsted the sum of $1,300,000 with interest from the time of its receipt by Mr. Astor; or, failing in this, that Mr. Astor be adjudged a trustee for the rightful owner of the money thus received, and that the property purchased with such funds be ordered conveyed to Mr. Olmsted.

To this declaration the Astor family, by their solicitors, Elihu Root and Edward S. Isham, answered, denying all liability, upon the ground that the cause of action, if ever valid, was barred by the statute of limitations. To this answer the plaintiffs demurred, alleging for grounds thereof that it appeared clearly from the pleadings that Mr. Olmsted had been vigilant in the assertion of his claim as soon as reasonable proof of its existence came to his knowledge, and further, that the statute of limitations did not run as against a trust. The demurrer was sustained by the court upon both grounds, the court intimating, however, that when the case came to a hearing the plaintiff must select and rest his case on one or the other form of relief demanded, and could not, in the same action, secure the alternative relief sought. After this decision the defendants filed a general denial of all the claims of Mr. Olmsted.

This is the present status of the litigation, and it is expected that the case will be brought to a final trial during the present year.

Should the judgment upon the trial be in favor of Mr. Olmsted, or even against him upon some technical ground, it would, in either event, be a great boon to the people along our Atlantic seaboard, in that it will reveal the actual fate of the Kidd treasures. The publicity upon this point will stop the ceaseless and fruitless expenditure of money in digging for such hidden wealth, as well as the exactions of clairvoyants, Indian spiritual mediums, rappers, professional ghosts, and witch-hazel experts, who have yearly preyed on the credulity of their victims in locating the Kidd deposits.

From the dramatic character of the claim, from the eminent ability of the counsel for each contestant, and from the large amount involved, it is needless to add that the trial will be watched with intense interest, and that it will stand as the *cause célèbre* of our century.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: — Not content with turning up the startling document printed above, the editor continued his research and was rewarded by bringing to light a second paper bearing upon the case. Since it clears up one vital point which was not explicitly dealt with in Mr. Head's summary, it also is here reproduced in full.]

Commentary upon "A Notable Lawsuit"

by FREDERICK L. OLMSTED

Prepared in this circular form and in self-defense because of an apparently endless chain of inquiries from friends, acquaintances, and total strangers.

THIS INTERESTING and amusing yarn has been in private circulation and has appeared from time to time in the newspapers in garbled form since 1894. In that year it was written for the amusement of the author, Mr. Franklin H. Head, and Miss Olmsted, and was subsequently read before a small literary club in Chicago of which the author was a member. Intended as a burlesque hoax, it was so written to carry a pervading atmosphere of serious verisimilitude, interwoven with enough of the preposterous to let the reader gradually catch on to the joke. It is a delightful example of this type of yarn.

Unfortunately, in passing from hand to hand, and especially from mouth to mouth, it has often lost its delightful humorous quality and become a bald hoax-story, arousing various degrees either of credulity or of speculation as to what possible basis in fact it could have had. Its nearest approach to a basis in fact was a dinner conversation between the author and Miss Olmsted, in Chicago, during which they talked about legends of Captain Kidd, about Penobscot Bay and the land which her father had then recently purchased there, and about a sort of hollow in the rocks on the shore of that land *almost* big enough to call a cave and *almost* fit to weave some kind of romantic legend about. Miss Olmsted may even have said that a chest of buried treasure would be indispensable for the proper sort of legend, and may have indicated her willingness to stretch the size of the cave as much as might be necessary to make room for a chest of suitable dimensions.

The seed was planted, and in the fertile soil of the author's imagination soon produced the full-grown story, bristling with apparent facts. It is hardly surpassed by his pseudo-scientific monograph, in the manner of the higher criticism, "Shakespeare's Insomnia."

It has been pleasing and amusing to explain all this to my many friends, but it is getting to be something of a bore to explain it individually to unnumbered eager inquirers. Hence this impersonal circular.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: — The whole story, then, is a hoax — and one of the most successful hoaxes ever perpetrated, for it has been in private circulation thirty-seven years and has given rise to countless rumors, some of which have found their way into the newspapers. So well did Mr. Head spin his yarn and with such evident exactitude for all the points of law involved that many who read the tale only to learn that it is pure fiction will still wonder if there isn't some grain of truth at the bottom of it. To lay this ghost for all time, therefore, we must be explicit in stating that the yarn has no foundation in fact whatsoever.

One further detail completes the extraordinary history of this extraordinary yarn. Several legal firms, having secured copies both of Mr. Head's summary and Mr. Olmsted's disclaimer, are wont to lay the case of Captain Kidd *vs.* the Astors before young law-school graduates who are just beginning their apprenticeship at the bar. If the youngsters show signs of skepticism after reading the first document, their alertness is rewarded with a glimpse of the second. If, however, they are "taken in," as most of them are, their disillusionment is left to time and circumstance in the hope that the shock of the discovery will teach them a valuable lesson. For in a profession where meticulous accuracy and the utmost circumspection are prime requisites for success, it is highly desirable that the initiate should arrive early at the point of suspecting that the truth which is stranger than fiction *is* fiction.]

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These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article that has appeared in The Forum or any topic of contemporary interest. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part. An award of twenty dollars will be given each month to the correspondent who, in the opinion of the Editor, has contributed the best letter.

The Voice of the People

To the Editor:

Marcus Duffield certainly has a vivid, uncontrolled imagination. The only correct statements in his article are those concerning the results achieved. His theory as to the methods used is wild and woolly.

He says, "The Legion national convention in Boston took no stand on the retirement of the adjusted compensation certificates. The matter was debated, but the Legionnaires decided not to ask the nation for more money. . . . Then late in January the Legion Executive Committee decided that the Legion wanted the money, after all, and said so. This announcement unleashed the tremendous energies of the Legion's lobby in Washington, and within one month the bonus bill was law."

The Legion national convention decidedly and emphatically took a stand. When Congressman Connery's resolution for 80 per cent cash payment of the face amount of the bonus certificates came up for a vote, the convention tabled it. Early in January, 1931, National Commander O'Neill in a public statement said that he had asked the National Judge Advocate of the Legion what was to be considered the effect of this action, and he had been informed that it was to be construed as being opposed to any payment of the certificate before maturity.

But what was going on in the meantime all over the country? The depression had started and was flourishing during the entire last session of Congress, the Congress that passed the bonus bill over the President's veto. What did Congress do? It did what every legislative body in our Republic does when it hears the unmistakable voice of the people. If Mr. Duffield had taken the slightest bit of trouble to investigate the strong demand for some form of payment of the bonus certificates, he could have easily learned that it was not any Legion lobby or even the national organization of the Legion that was responsible for the passage of the bonus bill. In fact the national officers of the Legion were way behind the rank and file on the bonus payment legislation, and the statement issued by the Legion Executive Committee was based upon mature reconsideration of the entire matter and the overwhelming desire of Legion members and their families. Even then the Committee indorsed the legislation only in principle. . . .

Your writer is certainly off on the wrong track about Legion lobbies. The bonus law is the result of the demands of all veterans, their families, and friends, who make a complete cross section of our country and must in the aggregate amount to thirty million of our people. Furthermore, does anyone oppose taking care of wounded, sick, and disabled veterans or their dependents? Well, this represents the greatest part of the government's expenditures. . . .

I think the Duffield article is a part of a propaganda plan, having partly for its purpose the instilling into the minds of the masses of the American people a distrust of the veteran, to whom they should really look for courageous leadership, and partly the old, selfish, grasping motives that have in the past prompted the big interests who think they will control this country. What an awakening is coming to them and their ilk!

WM. A. FOX

Buffalo, N. Y.

The Voice of a Clique

To the Editor:

Marcus Duffield's article exposing the selfishness of the clique that rules the American Legion is the most important contribution to a solution of the modernized "pork barrel" legislation yet printed. I wish we had the N. Y. *World* to investigate the Legion as it did the Ku Klux Klan. We are like China — run and overrun by paid soldiers.

J. S. HAMILTON

Baton Rouge, La.

Pigmy into Giant

To the Editor:

"The American Legion in Politics" is the most concise statement of facts concerning that organization yet to appear in a widely circulated periodical. It is indeed a pleasure to see such criticism directed against one of the most powerful and malignant influences at work to-day in the United States. The pigmy of a few years ago has become a most formidable giant, threatening not only the peace of the nation but the security of the people it purports to represent.

The Legion national conventions by super-advertising sold the Legion to the people. In similar manner, advertising the activities of that body in full may bring about a revulsion of feeling on the part of the people, resulting in the Legion's eventual dissolution.

BRICE O. TAYLOR

Washington, D. C.

A Legionnaire Objects

To the Editor:

. . . Why so much condemnation of the Legion's organization? Don't you think that there is organization among those groups opposing the veterans' legislation? Are not a lot of these people the same war-supporting individuals who after the war demanded and received a settlement on contracts and railroad losses? Did *they* take twenty year bonds? No, they took the cash. . . .

The ex-service man took on a responsibility in the war that not only usually represented a financial loss, but he also underwent hardships and risk of life. Now the group for whom Duffield seems to be a spokesman set up a loud protest when justice is asked. I wonder how many of this group left a leg, an arm, or a destitute family behind, or even risked these things. Through his organization, the American Legion, the ex-service man seeks justice and fair play for his comrades and their dependents. He recalls things said in 1917–18 and wonders at the changes. He works to prevent another war and believes that an adequate Army and Navy is the form of insurance with which to do it.

I should think your magazine could find a more worthy controversial subject.

RAY MORGAN, *Adjutant,*
Beverly Hills Post 253

Beverly Hills, Calif.

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Our Rostrum

"Damnably Unfair"

To the Editor:

The Duffield article on the Legion is bad enough, although not entirely incorrect, but your editorial presentation is damnably unfair. The sneering frontispiece, the dirty little drawings that illumine the pages of your "intellectual" magazine — this sort of sly, pusillanimous innuendo is apparently your idea of "a fair and friendly hearing on both sides." It is not mine.

When Duffield prophesies that in the near future, after the adjusted compensation policies are paid off in full, "then the Legion will lead the fight for pensions," he is relying on his imagination, not on facts. The Legion is on record as binding itself not to do that very thing.

He says that only 700,000 of the 5,000,000 men who served in America's armies in the World War are members in good standing of the American Legion. This is not true, not fair. The paid-up-in-full membership on December 31, 1930, was 887,754 — nearly one-third more than Duffield's figures. . . .

Another instance of Mr. Duffield's ignorance on the subject is his reference to "The American Legion Weekly" when, as we all know, it has been for some years *The American Legion Monthly;* one of the half-dozen or dozen most widely circulated magazines in America, and a periodical of no mean literary and professional standards.

I have tried to refrain from personalities, but I cannot repress a smile at Mr. Duffield's biography as printed in your Toasts. It stamps him as having blazed the way, back in 1917 and 1918, for the "Treasury raids" which he says we ex-soldiers, in the Legion, have been making since the war. When the inaccurate Mr. Duffield was doing his bit to make the world safe for democracy by writing essays persuading other folks to buy Liberty Bonds, and being given one by a grateful government as a result, we were in uniform. . . .

EDWIN J. TIPPETT, JR., *Editor of* The American Legion Councillor; *official publication of the American Legion of Ohio*

Toledo, O.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: — *Mr. Duffield was too young to have been eligible for service in the World War.*]

"Information of Real Value"

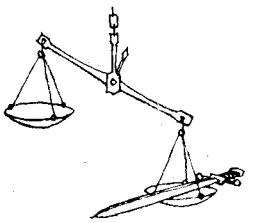
To the Editor:

Mr. Duffield has given to readers of THE FORUM information of real value. He has thrust aside the veil of mystery which concealed the controlling power behind the bonus bill and disclosed how the bill was repassed over the President's veto. There was no demand from the public for the passage of the bill, and many citizens have wondered what it was all about.

The Legion has forfeited the confidence which it formerly inspired by acting directly contrary to its own constitutional pledge to be a non-political and patriotic society. No argument can justify the maintenance of an expensive and powerful lobby in Washington to promote its selfish purposes: vigorous action is urgently needed.

CECIL FREDERICK COLTON

New York, N. Y.



Duffield's Hand Grenade

To the Editor:

Marcus Duffield invited a heavy barrage of over-ripe eggs when he threw his hand grenade filled with inside incidents of the bonus into the American Legion trench. I hope and believe that he will get distinct recognition. Some of us are old enough to have seen how the pension system for the survivors of the Civil War ate away the proud patriotism of many of the defenders of the Union until men who were well able to care for their homes and themselves and who had no disability whatsoever took all they could get, warmly defended the system, and — most of them — wished for a larger helping.

No real American but wants justice done and even generosity offered to the veterans of all our wars, but the unseemly haste and the almost unanimous insistence for such steps by the veterans themselves, together with the hell-bent alacrity with which Congressmen ko-tow to their every request, are ominous facts.

D. D. WAGNER

Meridale, N. Y.

The Old Tradition

To the Editor:

The American Legion article reveals a political situation tremendously important to the public interests; it delves into some stern and ugly facts with which the citizenry should be acquainted but are not. Such disclosures ought to be published in every newspaper in America, but will not be, mainly for fear of offending some person or group whose selfish interests are involved.

In the days of Horace Greeley and Henry Watterson and their fellow editors, we had sentinels who dispatched warnings of every danger that threatened the government. Then lobbyists and legislatures were compelled to be more or less circumspect in their actions. For some unaccountable reason these watchdogs have become extinct, and lobbyists rove unbridled. Hence the importance I attach to the publication of the Duffield piece. To my mind it shines out brilliantly.

W. L. MARLEY

Bentonville, Ark.

Query

To the Editor:

Much as I abhor anonymity, I must for business reasons preserve it. The enclosed advertising letter came to my office. I note that it claims an average income for Legionnaires of $3412. This being so, why should the Legion work so ardently for the bonus?

ANONYMOUS

Washington, D. C.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The letter mentioned points out reasons for advertising in* The American Legion Monthly. *Aside from recording the average annual income of "nearly a million coming-on-in-the-world Americans," it states that "four out of five of them own motor cars" and that "nine out of every twenty of them own their own homes."*]

The Bonus — "A Paltry Provision"

To the Editor:

Much truth adheres to what Mr. Duffield says about the American Legion. However, why must he select the veteran in his crusade against "Treasury raids"? Surely there is no greater economic crime and fallacy than the tariff, that great Republican god which annually raids not only the Treasury but the general public. Also, I hope that Mr. Duffield has not forgotten the $600,000,000 that the Treasury handed the railroads after the war. True, the railroads were in hellish condition — due to conspiracy and negligence on the part of railroad officials, who naturally discredited government operation of their lines — but if they were right in asking compensation for the wear and tear on engines, rails, and coaches, surely some compensation might be awarded for wear and tear on one's health and physique. I feel that the miserable, paltry provision that Congress has made in adjusted compensation is entirely inadequate. A country that cannot fully and generously care for its veterans isn't worth the powder to blow it to hell — and with it patrioteers, profiteers, and wind-jamming calamity howlers *à la* Duffield.

ROBERT G. BREHMER, JR.

Madison, Wis.

Reform and "Middletown"

To the Editor:

Muncie, Indiana, is *Middletown*, whose chapter on "The Machinery of Govern

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Our Rostrum

nent" rather buttresses the contentions of Norman Thomas, in the June FORUM, that all attempts at municipal reform will be futile until we have a new social order. This typical middle class municipality has its enduring likeness presented true to life in the above book's pages; some of its best citizens do not like the portrait — but what to do? Its administration has been and is in the hands of those who want the spoils of office. Its weighty and really competent citizens are so busy with their own financial and philanthropic interests, the gossipy sharpshooting at all public officials is so much in vogue, that genuinely sizable characters shun public office.

American civic character in municipal bodies politic is overwhelmingly decadent and hopeless. No cure is on the horizon in any direction, save the immeasurably slow and practically chimerical one of spiritual regeneration. The same types of people make up small cities and large; the problems vary only in size.

E. F. DAUGHERTY, D.D.
Muncie, Ind.

War Debts

To the Editor:

Contrary to James Truslow Adams ("The War Debts," April FORUM), I hold that there should be a drastic reduction of the war debts; and this for two reasons, one moral and one practical.

First, the Allies saved us men and money by fighting our war for a year and three months after we had entered it. During that time we were not sending men to the front in any appreciable quantity. The Allies feel, and rightly, that we gave money during that period of dereliction while they gave lives and suffered wounds, and that even if they never repaid us a cent of the loans, we should still come out ahead on the transaction.

The other reason is that we have most of the gold and therefore the Allies must pay us in goods. We have erected such a high tariff barrier that they cannot pay us in goods except at a loss.

It behooves us for both reasons to reopen the question of war debts, and to reduce them to almost nothing or to wipe them out.

OSWALD CHEW
Radnor, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*The Forum's monthly Rostrum prize of twenty dollars has been awarded to Mr. Chew for his concise reply to James Truslow Adams.*]

From a Banker

To the Editor:

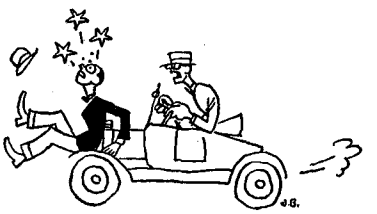
I want to offer views concerning the subject of war debts that I have not seen elsewhere expressed.

The debts of England, France, and so forth were direct loans to those countries. Our government got this money by the sale of Liberty Bonds to our people. England and France put the money into their general treasuries. It was not earmarked as "war funds," and only a fraction of it may have been thus used. Much of it went for civil purposes — for French prestige in Poland, to acquire Mesopotamian oil fields, and for the far-flung needs of the British Empire. It is hardly reasonable to ask the American people to pay for such expenses, yet cancellation of war debts to England would mean that very thing.

England spent some of this money to build ships with which she transported American troops. She sent us a bill for their passage that was about $150 per man, though at our strenuous objection it was reduced to about $80 per man. We paid that large bill in cash. Cancellation would mean that we would pay twice for the transportation of our troops. The same thing applies to the English and French shells and cannon supplies which we used. They were partially bought with our money, yet we paid cash for them. Cancellation is thus not a question of generosity but of idiocy. . . .

Let us now demand payment of every cent left in the war debts; even then we will be getting only a portion of what is due us. Our country is the only one which got no spoils from the war. The war debts are in no sense spoils; they are merely a moderate return to us for the cash loaned to England and France for their general treasury needs, from which only a portion went to actually fighting the war. There is a Liberty Bond outstanding for every dollar that was borrowed to create those war debts.

SYLVESTER LABROT
Annapolis, Md.



The Juggernaut

To the Editor:

At last a voice of protest is heard in our gas-saturated wilderness! At last the steel and rubber tyrant, that yearly snuffs out thousands of human lives and maims millions, is called to account!

Mr. Gilbert is to be congratulated for his courage in presenting the facts. If any objection may be made to his article, it is on the side of understatement. In the presence of twenty-five million automobile drivers steeped in the propaganda of the motor interests, it lays one open to the charge of "old fogeyism" to question the claims of "healthy recreation," "more fresh air," "steadier nerves," and other conventional fallacies; yet it is doubtful if the automobile, with all its admitted advantages, compensates for the appalling damage it has done.

H. S. TILLOTSON
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Craze for Cars

To the Editor:

Mr. Rodney Gilbert's article, "Motormania," in the May issue of THE FORUM is as sound as the Ten Commandments. Motormania is economic suicide. As district attorney of Portland, Oregon, I have observed that much crime can be traced to motormania. Motormania results in poverty; poverty breeds crime. If the press would promulgate the facts set forth in Mr. Gilbert's article, I submit it would be a substantial contribution to our economic welfare, and have the effect of lessening crime.

LOTUS L. LANGLEY, *Dist. Atty.*
Portland, Ore.

Substantiating Mr. Gilbert

To the Editor:

I most heartily agree with Rodney Gilbert's sentiments expressed in his article, "Motormania." My only objection to the article is that he has not mentioned half the ill effects brought on by this "keeping up with Lizzie" mania. In our town of 600 inhabitants, we have 18 business concerns, including groceries, general stores, restaurants, a clothing store, and a hardware store. All these stores did a thriving business at one time, but, of the eighteen, only two now keep any hired help; all the others depend upon the women of the family to help. This is due to the fact that everyone has a car and goes elsewhere to trade. If the lady of the house wants a spool of thread, it is much better, in her estimation, to jump into the family car and motor to the county seat twelve miles distant than to patronize her local merchant — that is if she has the price of the thread; otherwise she will ask her merchant to charge it, and he can wait for his nickel till some sweet time when she has a nickel she does not need for gas. My husband has been in business for twenty-six years, and I might add that we do not own a car, but we sent our boy through college.

MRS. CHARLES H. LAWSHE
Swayzee, Ind.

Drivers' License

To the Editor:

"Motormania" brings to mind the quip which defines a pessimist as one who has lived with an optimist, and we wonder with what Republican Mr. Gilbert has been living. To assert that that pet town of his, with its alarmingly perverted economic sensibilities, represents the

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So the *head chef* cooked her meal *himself*

POOR little lady. The doctor had said, "Your food must be cooked just a certain way." And here she was in a big hotel. She called the manager and told him. He sent for the head chef and the head chef cooked her food himself.

Just a little extra service, perhaps not worth telling. But it's one of the things that bring people back again to United Hotels. Of course our rooms are bigger . . . our closets larger . . . our cafeterias low priced. All that counts. But it's that extra effort to please that really sets people talking. Try us . . . then you'll understand.

Extra service at these 25

UNITED HOTELS

NEW YORK CITY'S *only United* . . . . The Roosevelt
PHILADELPHIA, PA. . . . . The Benjamin Franklin
SEATTLE, WASH. . . . . The Olympic
WORCESTER, MASS. . . . . The Bancroft
NEWARK, N. J. . . . . The Robert Treat
PATERSON, N. J. . . . . The Alexander Hamilton
TRENTON, N. J. . . . . The Stacy-Trent
HARRISBURG, PA. . . . . The Penn-Harris
ALBANY, N. Y. . . . . The Ten Eyck
SYRACUSE, N. Y. . . . . The Onondaga
ROCHESTER, N. Y. . . . . The Seneca
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y. . . . . The Niagara
ERIE, PA. . . . . The Lawrence
AKRON, OHIO . . . . . The Portage
FLINT, MICH. . . . . The Durant
KANSAS CITY, MO. . . . . The President
TUCSON, ARIZ. . . . . El Conquistador
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. . . . . The St. Francis
SHREVEPORT, LA. . . . . The Washington-Youree
NEW ORLEANS, LA. . . . . The Roosevelt
NEW ORLEANS, LA. . . . . The Bienville
TORONTO, ONT. . . . . The King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. . . . . The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT. . . . . The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I. . The Constant Spring

UNITED HOTELS

Our Rostrum

average American town, is one of the most absurd statements ever presented anywhere. There are isolated cases wherein a family owns cars and in consequence is deprived of the necessities or comforts of life, but such cases are so rare as to be inconsequential. True, many families have cars who are having a hard struggle, to which the car adds a potent weight, but these cases, practically without exception, belong in that class which Mr. Gilbert so graciously exempted from his accusations, namely, the class in which the family income and the family car are interdependent. And let it be known to Mr. Gilbert that the people in this class compose a veritable army.

ROBERT A. POTTER

Elsinore, Calif.

Objection Sustained

To the Editor:

It is true that contemporary automotive atrocities are of arresting gravity and that their number is legion, but certainly the motorist's preference for paved roads cannot be so classed, as Mr. Gilbert intimates in "Motormania."

A passion for wrestling with mud-holes for the sake of adventure can hardly be expected to grip the popular imagination, and even among the "comfortably poor" there would occasionally be found one who would be influenced against such a course by the desire to conserve his car.

Mr. Gilbert is unprejudiced, and his observations sound, but it is a question whether even the most rabid devotees of the pioneering spirit will ever make a business of plunging into avoidable bogs for the thrill of it.

HOWARD E. FULLER

Loxley, Ala.

Municipal Reform

In the June FORUM *Norman Thomas discussed municipal reform, and concluded that all efforts toward it will be futile until we have a new social order. Since the whole question of civic corruption is so much in the public eye at this time, the views of our readers — who received Mr. Thomas' opinions in varying fashion — are here presented.*

Among those who agreed with Mr. Thomas that mere opposition to the reigning political parties would not improve conditions, but did not necessarily assent to his theory of municipal Socialism, were R. M. Atwater, Jr., Edward C. Carrington, Thomas M. Chalmers, all of New York, N. Y.; Harriet Boyd Hawes, Cambridge, Mass. (who "is quite ready to go all the way with Mr. Thomas and embrace municipal Socialism"); R. H. Holliday, Millersburg, Ky.; Richard Bartholdt, St. Louis, Mo.; George F. Chandler, Kingston, N. Y.; Joseph K. Hart, Nashville, Tenn.; and Dr. J. U. Giesy, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Several readers offered suggestions as to means by which the tide of corruption might be stemmed. Thus Frederick J. Haskin, Washington, D. C., believes that reform must "proceed on the principle that the right to vote carries with it the obligation to vote." Walter Irving Clarke, Philadelphia, Pa., is "convinced that the best practical solution available to-day is the city manager form of government so wisely administered at Cincinnati." Gustav Hirsch, Columbus, O., says that "when taxation instead of being indirect, becomes direct, so that the average man realizes what government costs him, then we shall have clean politics, and not before." Both Benjamin H. Hibbard, Madison, Wis., and C. E. Evans, San Marcos, Texas, uphold the commission form of government as distinct from the city council. Frank Gaylord Cook, Boston, Mass., and Silas Evans, president of Ripon College, urge the reorganization of city governments on business lines.

Barclay Acheson, New York, N. Y., points to the fact that "it is almost impossible to hold together and direct the busy and preoccupied citizens who want clean government." Blake-More Godwin, Toledo, O., says "we do not need municipal reform but human nature reform," a sentiment shared by John A. Hornsby, Charlottesville, Va., who writes that "we have got to begin with an attitude of respect for law, and only then can we make corruption offensive and destroy it." W. T. Laprade, Durham, N. C., writes in similar vein.

Norman Thomas' theory of "municipal Socialism" found little favor with the well-known novelist, Gertrude Atherton, who declares that she "would prefer almost any other alternative" and that under James Rolph, Jr. her home city, San Francisco, has had "a very fortunate" government. Nor did S. Herbert Golden, New York, N. Y., and Karl F. Geiser, Oberlin, O., think that the Socialist group could manage cities better than those parties now in power. F. W. Green, St. Louis, Mo., is "inclined to the view that municipal Socialism would accentuate present evils."

That the problem of graft does not trouble the smaller communities is indicated by the letters of the following readers, who see no urgent need for reform in their home towns: Julius Boraas, Northfield, Minn.; R. H. Dabney, Charlottesville, Va.; Floyd L. Darrow, Asheville, N. Y.; O. B. Gorin, Decatur, Ill.; and G. W. Frasier, Greeley, Col., and J. E. Harry, Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y. Yet the following citizens, residents of large cities, held a similar opinion: Dr. C. L. Bonifield, Cincinnati, O.; Charles Denby, Washington, D. C.; and Charles K. Bolton, Boston, Mass.

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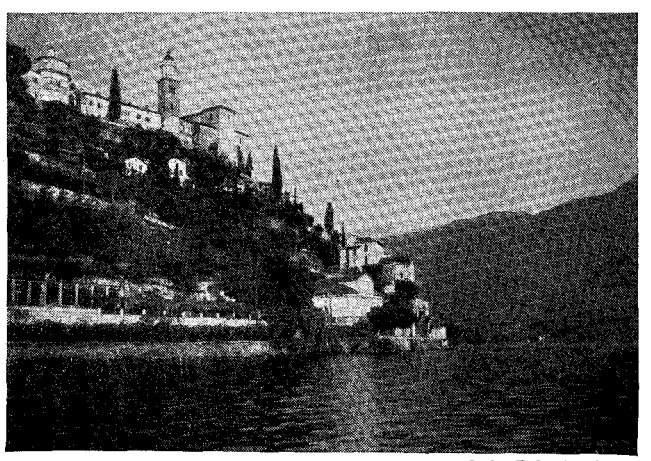
TRAVEL

Under the Spell of Lugano

by **MARIE WIDMER**

They call it the Pearl on Lake Ceresio, which is the original poetic name for the lake of Lugano, and the beauty of its setting filled us with visions of Paradise. Before us stretched the duplicate of the much-sung bay of Naples, infinitely blue, spacious, and graceful, sublimely peaceful, yet vibrating with music and the joy of living. A park promenade several miles long framed this bay, and verdure-clad, shapely mountains provided a finishing touch to one of nature's most perfect panoramas. Yet this picture of pictures would not have been complete without the irresistible vista afforded by the town itself, its old quarters with houses so gray from age, its venerable campaniles, and its numerous hostelries, both small and large, holding out a friendly welcome everywhere.



Swiss Federal Railways

Morcate, Suburb of Lugano

Having arrived on a Monday afternoon, we had the good fortune to enjoy glimpses of native life in Old Lugano the very next morning, for Tuesday is the big market day. The narrow arcaded streets and cobblestoned alleys were alive with the sound of the *zoccoli* (the wooden sandals worn by women and children) and the chatter of many voices. Little gray donkeys laden with vegetables and other farm products made their entry into town via the zigzag short cuts of the adjacent Monte Bré, and peasant women, with heavily laden crates on their backs, arrived in ever increasing number. The lake was dotted with the characteristic awning-colored barques of the South, each and every one market-bound. And presently, here and there in streets and certain public squares, the age-old transactions of selling and buying began, with the early birds usually emerging as winners.

Here, in the brilliant sun of the canton of Ticino, were golden opportunities for the study of native life and coloring. Women in picturesque garb, with some gayly hued kerchief never missing; masses of fragrant blossoms — and flowers of some variety bloom at Lugano throughout the year; tempting vegetables and luscious fruits; pottery and trinkets of rainbow splendor, and dry goods articles of manifold description. We were told that the Lugano market presents this colorful aspect throughout the year, for oranges, lemons, olives, and chestnuts thrive luxuriantly in Switzerland's southland, and palms and other sub-tropical plants are in evidence everywhere.

We happened to sojourn at Lugano in mid-summer and soon discovered that the climate in this Edenlike place is indeed ideal. Refreshing breezes from the surrounding mountains tempered the summer's heat and the evenings were always refreshingly cool.

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Travel

Lugano Lido! The name itself held out a golden promise and as a gayly beflagged motor boat took us to this new bathing beach our enthusiasm knew no bounds. This latest of Lugano's many attractions is close to the City Park, and very near to Monte Bré. We found it to be one of the most spacious and best equipped beaches in the whole country, with marvelous opportunities for swimming, boating, and a variety of thrilling water sports. Shower basins of monumental design are an artistic feature; brightly hued umbrellas and chairs provide lounging opportunities for bathers, and a diminutive canal constantly fed with fresh water and running directly in front of the crescent row of cabins is another worth-while convenience. A terrace restaurant is equally patronized by bathers and mere spectators, and a spacious lawn playground with gymnastic apparatus is also a merry meeting place of the diversion-seeking bathing contingent during the day.

Tennis, golf, fishing, automobiling, hiking, and climbing are of course all available in this land of beauty, but being incurable addicts of sight-seeing, we shortly embarked on walks and trips which somehow brought us still nearer to the lovable people of Ticino.

Up to Lugano's hillside we first strolled, past the many little bazaars which tempt one to become a souvenir collector, and past a friendly team of oxen which, to mere tourists, were so unusual a sight to behold in a narrow city street that the driver was simply besieged with requests to "please stop just for a moment." Then up on a terrace, affording an enchanting view, we paused before the Cathedral of San Lorenzo, mentioned already in a ninth-century document. Its white marble façade, sculptured by Tomaso Rodari, is a magnificent example of the decorative art of the earlier Renaissance and connoisseurs are said to have declared that it is the finest church front in the country and one of the foremost specimens of its kind in Europe.

In the vicinity of the lake promenade we found a humbler-looking church, but soon discovered that it is one of Switzerland's most precious shrines of art. Santa Maria degli Angioli is the name of this place of worship, and it is decorated by one of the best creations of Bernardino Luini, a fresco in three sections of "The Passion," "The Last Supper," and "The Madonna," dating from 1529–30. Art critics say that this master never painted anything more exquisite and refined in its beauty, more lovely in expression, more tender in sympathy, yet at that time Luini was paid twenty-nine gold talers for his labor of two years! This church had lately undergone a very costly interior and exterior restoration and new frescoes by the same artist came to light during this work.

And how romantic and gay we found evenings at Lugano! Endless garlands of lamps illuminated the lake promenade and giant strings of lights, like Jacob's ladders, marked the steep incline of the gallant funiculars which make ascents of the San Salvatore and the Monte Bré both convenient and exciting. Farther away and much higher than its companions towered the popular Monte Generoso, also beautifully lighted, and across the lake appeared some of the engaging suburbs in veritable Venetian festival array. Natives and visitors strolled along the quay, pausing here and there to listen to the strains of orchestras established on the sidewalk, where cafés, quite in Parisian fashion, do a lucrative business.

Lugano with a population of fifteen thousand is, of course, not a large city, but every day during our sojourn we made some new discoveries in its surroundings. Quaint Gandria, the artists' happy hunting ground, set us in raptures and to lovely Morcote we went both by boat and by automobile. When we approached this ancient village by way of the lake we were immediately impressed by the gorgeous scenic setting of its church, which is the principal point of interest. Tall cypress trees of magnificent form and straight like giant candles add indescribable beauty to the luxuriant shrubs and trees growing on the hillside.

Morcote, like Gandria, is built on a steep hill, with narrow paved passages winding between the closely adjoining houses. We did not avail ourselves of any of these paths, but rather chose to mount the four hundred steps which lead to the so-called Madonna del Sasso. Halfway up we were greeted by a little old woman, bent and shriveled, offering post cards for sale, and after a small purchase had brought a light of happiness into her face, we resumed our arduous climb. But our efforts were amply rewarded, for the scenic outlook was one of far-sweeping magnificence as we gained the lofty terrace occupied by the church.

Entering the adjoining justly famous cemetery, we were especially impressed by several handsome memorials, and when we commented on this rather unusual feature, we were informed that they commemorate citizens of Morcote who, after acquiring a fortune in foreign lands — especially in the United States — had come home to spend the remainder of their days in their native village. While they returned more or less to the simple way of living of their neighbors, these retired men rejoiced in doing things for their community and particularly their house of God, and their last desire centered mostly upon a beautiful mausoleum in the home cemetery. The four hundred steps forming such an impressive approach to the church were a donation of this kind.

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Travel

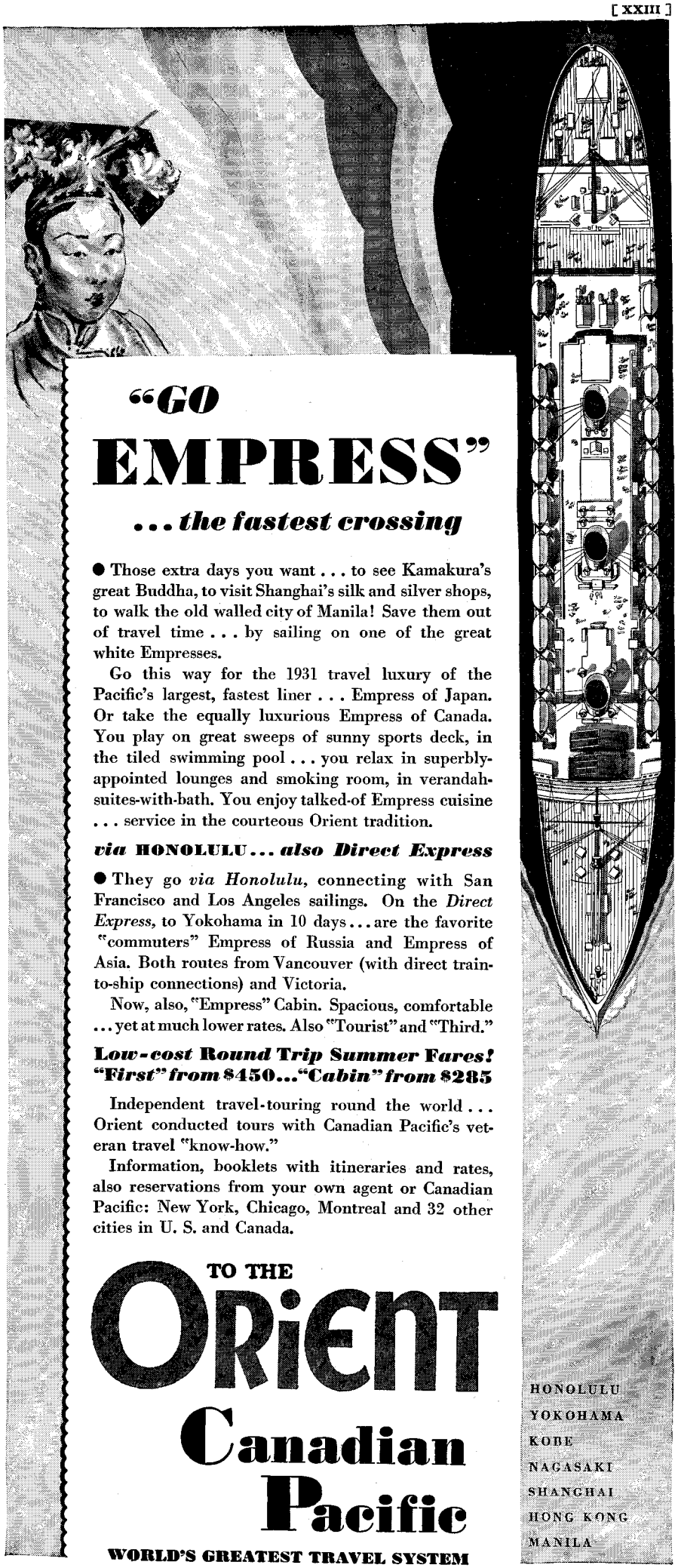
Morcote's history is fascinating. In he Middle Ages when feudal tenure xisted this village was an exception to the ule, having been recognized as an inde- endent, and though under Swiss control t was practically free from taxes, duties, nd other restrictions. It even had its wn court with only criminal cases coming nder Swiss jurisdiction.

Another happy outing took us to Lig- rnetto, also a time-honored village in his district, which in the world of art ccupies a distinguished rank. Here, sur- ounded by a lovely garden, we found the Museum Vela, housing the works of Vincenzo Vela, one of Switzerland's most gifted sculptors. Some minor sculptures nd a great many paintings by Spartaco Vela, his son, are also on exhibition. The Museum is national property and the caretaker emphasized with no undue pride hat as a little boy he used to run errands or the great master.

After our visit to this artistic shrine we drove high up the mountainside, past he marble quarries where Vela had worked as a mere boy, to Serpiano, a delightful woodland resort which is cher- shing hopes for an aërial railway. Many quaint villages greeted us along the road leading back to Lugano-Paradiso, our chosen quarter, and since it happened to be a Sunday the numerous grottoes and inns built into the mountainside for more convenient storage of the home-grown wine were thronged with natives young and old, all in holiday mood.

A last memorable excursion took us via the mountain resort of Cademario into a wonderland known as the Malcantone district. One of the most fascinating communities passed on this drive was Astano. Entirely cobblestoned lanes are the thoroughfares in this place, which dates back to the Roman era. Many dwellings still show arched ceilings reminiscent of those days, while vestibules and upper verandas are supported by typical Ticinese columns. Here and there in quaint enclosures were public fountains where the housewives attended to their laundry work, and we were told that in these Ticino villages three things are necessary to the happiness of the people: a fountain, a day home for little children, and a band. In these country districts running water within the dwellings is still an unknown luxury; fountains are therefore essential. Day nurseries are needed because the women have to attend to their little patches of land while the men go to work elsewhere. Music is the only distraction of these people, first at church and secondly also by means of organized village bands.

The first evening shadows began to fall when we finally left this beauteous mountain land. Once more we returned to the joyous shores of Lugano, but our hearts were filled with immeasurable regret.



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Travel News

LA FIESTA

ONE HUNDRED and fifty years ago come next September 4, one Felipe De Neve raised the flag of Spain over a plot of ground near the River Porciuncula and called it *El Pueblo de Neustra Senora La Reina de Los Angeles*. Time has shortened that name to the succinct "L. A." and has brought over a million people to the surrounding territory. They intend to commemorate the event this fall with a nine-day celebration, term it "La Fiesta," and invite the world to come and marvel at what has been going on in Southern California in the last century and a half. Since Los Angeles has never exactly hidden her light under a bushel, we can safely assume that this birthday party will be something worth seeing. Certainly her founders gave her something to remember them by, for few localities can boast as glamorous a past as that which surrounds the ancient Spanish landowners. Different from old Spain yet like it, the Californian Mission period is one of the proudest pages in American history.

EUROPE IN A FORTNIGHT

WHAT SOUNDS like a good bet are the series of fourteen sixteen-day tours of Europe which the Cunard Line is offering this summer. You don't get much time over there — four days in England or France or two days in each — but then you couldn't very well expect it; and the rates — from $270 to $298, including a round-trip tourist-third passage on the *Mauretania*, the cost of hotel and meals during the land portion of the tour, railroad fares, and sight-seeing — are within many people's vacation budget. These excursions will be operated in connection with the following eastward sailings of the *Mauretania* — July 22, August 12, and September 2. Each sailing will carry several tours with differing itineraries. In both London and Paris one complete day will be devoted to a motor trip to all the more notable sights. The Cunard Company also calls attention to the fact that the present tourist-third accommodations, which will be used by members of these tours, were until only a month or so ago second cabins.

CIRCLING THE PACIFIC

ONCE MORE the time for announcing the annual "Around the Pacific" cruise of the *Malolo* rolls round. This year, the third in which the tour has been scheduled, the ship sails from San Francisco on September 19, calls at Los Angeles the next day, and then heads westward to call at fourteen countries before it returns through the Golden Gate in mid-December. This cruise is, as its sponsors declare, an institution in the travel world and is one of the pleasantest of all ways in which to see the Pacific isles and Far East. Twenty-four thousand miles are covered and ports are visited which most travelers seldom see. The rates begin at fifteen hundred dollars.

SPORTING LIFE

THERE ARE, as London's Savoy Hotel reminds us, a lot of famous sporting events to be seen in England during the summer. Some of them — the Derby among others — will have taken plac before this appears, and others, such a the race meeting at Ascot, are just end ing, but more will hold the spotlight unti September. The Goodwood races — "no quite so devastingly smart as Ascot, bu said to be the race meeting which th King and Queen enjoy most" — will b run from July 28 to 31, the Internationa Horse Show opens June 19 to last a week and the Henley Regatta and Water Carni val is held during the first four days o July. On July 10 the famous Eton anc Harrow cricket match will be played a Lord's. On August 4 the Cowes Regatt opens, continuing until August 7, anc likewise the Dublin Horse Show.

KOREA

KOREA, once the "Hermit Kingdom," is now stepping out boldly into th modern world. The railway networl throughout the Peninsula already tap most of the outstanding places of interest Matsushima on the southeast coast i becoming famous for its sea bathing, a are also Jinsen and Shoteiri. Hotels anc tourist accommodations are springing u round the hot springs which abound al through Chosen, many of which are wel patronized all the year round.

PETRIFIED FOREST

PASSENGERS on the Santa Fé's Grand Canyon Limited are afforded a pleasant break in their journey when the train stops at Holbrook, Arizona. They are met by Harveycoaches in which they ride to Winslow, seventy miles westward, where they rejoin the train. The detour takes them through the heart of the Rainbow Petrified Forest. Also they may, if they wish, stop over for twenty-four hours at Winslow and see not only the Rainbow Forest but Meteor Mountain. These are only two of the Indian Detours which are available through the Santa Fé service. Whenever overnight stops are made or meals are taken, the arrangements are made by the famous Harvey management. A staff of couriers attends the tourists.

MOTORING IN ITALY

A CIRCULAR motor bus tour around Lake Garda, starting and ending at Verona, has been inaugurated recently and will be continued until October 15, running every Sunday and all holidays. The tour starts at nine in the morning and ends at seven that evening. A similar service, operating bi-weekly, has been begun between Pisa and Siena, via Pontedera Volterra and San Gimignano. It will be in effect until September twelfth.

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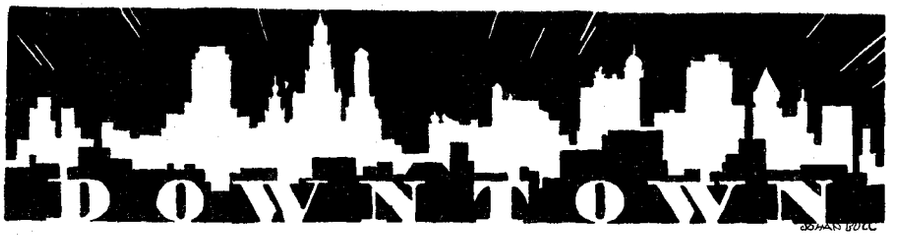

Depression and the Railroads

by **DONALD REA HANSON**

WHEN SUFFICIENT time has elapsed so that the bear market of the past two years can be viewed in retrospect, the chances are that we will find that the railroad stocks were the first of any of the great groups of stocks in the New York market to complete their deflation. The liquidation in the railroad list was particularly severe during the last half of 1930, but the secondary decline in the early months of this year, which followed a reduction in the New York Central dividend and the reduction or the passing of several other railroad dividends, carried stocks to new lows for the movement.

As it happens, the records of the last major decline in the security markets show that the railroad stocks hit bottom before the rest of the market ceased declining. In the downward phase of the cycle from 1919 to 1921 the industrial stocks established their lows for the movement on August 24, 1921, but the rails were at their lowest point on June 20, or more than two months in advance of the rest of the market.

On the basis of investment return the yields available from railroad stocks have averaged somewhat higher at the low prices of this year than those for comparable high grade investment common stocks in the industrial or public utility list. Few of the choicest industrial common stocks have declined to points where the investment return on current dividend rates has been more than 5 or 5½ per cent. At the low levels of the break in the market last spring General Electric was yielding a little over 4 per cent, Allied Chemical less than 6 per cent, and returns from Woolworth, Borden & Co., American Can, American Tobacco, and others were well short of the 6 per cent level which many investors felt before the 1929 boom ought to be returned from a common stock investment.

United States Steel fell to a point where a considerably larger return was available on the basis of its present $7 annual dividend rate, but as its earnings statements so clearly indicated that the dividend was not being earned, the high yield was due largely to doubts over the continuity of the present rate. That was also the situation with many other industrial common stocks which fell to points where yields of 7 to 10 per cent were offered on the then current dividend rate, but so often were declines in such issues followed by reductions in the dividend rate that there is little point in such comparisons. Returns from high grade public utility stocks have not been particularly high at any stage of the bear market. Consolidated Gas of New York never declined to a point where the yield was 5 per cent; American Telephone's yield at the lows was but little over 5½ per cent; Pacific Gas & Electric returned about 4½ per cent, and Commonwealth & Southern's relatively high yield was soon modified by a reduction in the dividend rate.

INFLATED LEVELS

IN CONTRAST with these comparatively low yields the very choicest railroad common stocks all sold at one time or another at prices where the yield was more than 6 per cent, and even if we admit the possibility that dividends on some of these issues may be reduced during the depression, it is found that average yields at the low prices were pretty close to 6 per cent.

During the bull market railroad stocks were pushed up to price levels almost as ridiculous as those of the industrials and public utilities. It was not at all unusual at that time for good railroad common stocks to sell on a 3½ per cent basis. At the peak of the boom in 1929 Atchison, Topeka, & Santa Fé sold to net but 3.35 per cent on its $10 dividend rate; Chesapeake & Ohio 3.57 per cent, New York Central 3.12 per cent, Pennsylvania 3.63 per cent, and Union Pacific 3.36 per cent.

At the lows of the decline last spring Atchison was returning 6.85 per cent, Chesapeake & Ohio 7.25 per cent; New York Central 7.32 per cent after the dividend had been reduced from $8 per annum to $6; Pennsylvania at 9 per cent, which reflected some doubt as to whether the current $4 dividend rate would be paid, but no doubt whatever that the traditional rate of $3 was assured; and Union Pacific was returning 6.73 per cent. The prices of these stocks at the highs of 1929 and the lows of this year are indicated herewith:

	1929	1931
Atchison	298⅝	146⅛
Ches. & Ohio	*69⅞	34½
N. Y. Central	256½	81⅞
Pennsylvania	110	44½
Union Pacific	297⅝	148⅝

These five stocks ranked among the most popular railroad stocks with investment trusts in 1930, as indicated by published reports. An investment of $10,325 in ten shares each of these stocks in 1929 had shrunk to $4556 in 1931 and the dividends from $345 to $325. The average yield on stock purchased at the high point was 3.34 per cent and for stock bought at the lows would have averaged 7.2 per cent.

That the investment railroad stocks have been pretty thoroughly liquidated is obvious. As for shares of the weaker systems the assumption is not necessarily so safe. Prices of securities whose dividend payments are reasonably assured through thick and thin fluctuate more in line with general market conditions. Those of secondary issues are dictated by special considerations. In the past decade the low prices for such issues as New Haven; Chicago, Milwaukee, & St. Paul, Boston & Maine, Erie and others were established at times other than during the general liquidation in the security markets of 1921. If the present business depression fails to show signs of lifting by the autumn of this year, it may happen that even investment railroad issues may go lower; but present indications are that the worst of the depression has been seen, that railroad traffic volume has slumped about as much as it is going to, and from the stock market standpoint, the terrific liquidation in brokers' loans in the past two years is sufficient assurance that forced liquidation has spent itself.

INCREASED RAIL EFFICIENCY

IN LAST month's issue of THE FORUM I endeavored to show that under almost any basis of comparison between railroad operating conditions in 1931 and those in 1921 the situation is definitely stronger to-day. The impression so widely prevalent at one time or another lately that the railroads are going to lose traffic to other forms of common carriers was discounted in that article and nothing has occurred since to alter that opinion. The railroads still carry more than 90 per cent of the nation's freight traffic and with the normal increase in population and growth in industrial and commercial activity the prospect is that the carriers will continue to hold their own in the competition for business.

Factors that are now worth bearing in mind in considering the investment prospects of the carrier are 1, that the efficiency of management has greatly in-

*On basis of present shares after 4 for 1 split-up.

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creased and is increasing; 2, that freight car loadings and other comparisons of traffic volume are likely to compare more favorably with 1930 from now on; 3, that the cost of operating a railroad is more likely to decline than advance in the immediate future; 4, that any tendency in the direction of lower wages should enable the carriers to retain their earning power; 5, that the attitude of the government toward the carriers has been distinctly more friendly in recent years than it was prior to the war; and 6, that the background of investment conditions in general is likely to be more favorable to railroad common stocks, a great deal of the risk of loss having already been eliminated.

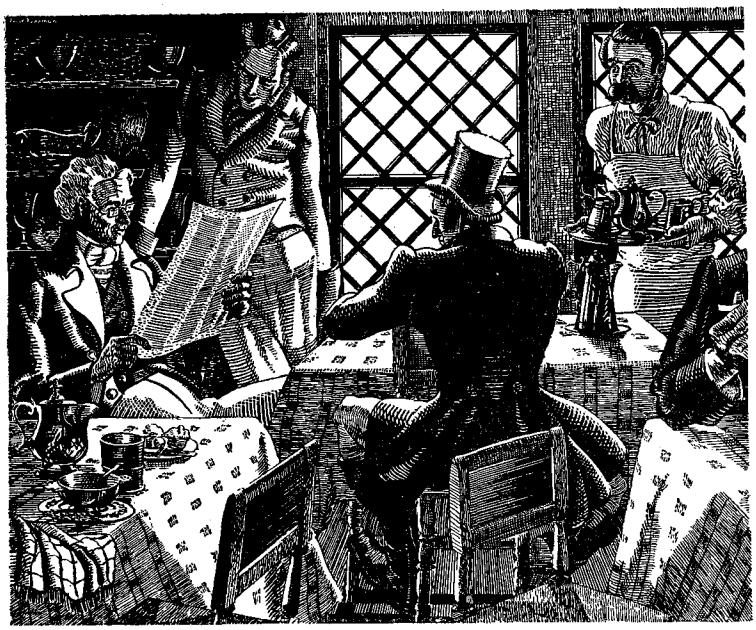
Dr. Julius H. Parmelee, director of the Bureau of Railway Economics has compiled an index of railroad efficiency which sums up such measures of comparative operations as freight car miles per day, tons of freight carried per train, the average speed of trains, the number of miles the average locomotive is operated per day, the percentage of serviceable freight cars and locomotives, and fuel consumption per mile. This index of efficiency is based upon the period from 1920 to 1924 as 100 and runs by years as follows:

Index of Efficiency

1930	118.2
1929	121.0
1928	118.0
1927	115.2
1926	113.5
1925	109.4
1924	104.8
1923	103.4
1922	96.5

The year 1922 is taken as a starting point, since that is the year just prior to the inauguration by the railroads of an extensive program of increased efficiency. While it shows a slight decline in 1930 this decrease was due largely to the smaller amount of traffic offered, which prevented the carriers from increasing their train loads, but principally because a large number of locomotives and cars were idle, which reduced the daily performance of these equipment groups. Were the index carried back to the period of government control of the railroads, the improvement would doubtless be more striking. Judging by the congestion of transportation conditions then and the widespread complaints from the public, operating efficiency must have been very low. Only a fear of possibly exaggerating the situation somewhat restrains us from hazarding the guess that it must have been pretty close to zero.

Traffic in the final half of this year will depend upon general business conditions. While the wheat crop seems likely to be fairly large, the value of all crops is bound



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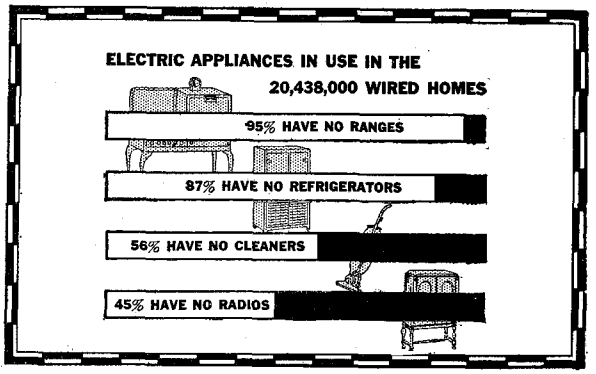
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to be subnormal this year and it is what the farmer buys, rather than what he sells that helps freight traffic most. As for industrial production it seems almost inconceivable that it could be less in the last half of this year than it was in 1930, and if business shows any pick up at all freight traffic should reflect it in favorable comparisons. Expenses should be less in the final half of 1931 than last year. The price of coal, petroleum, steel, and other materials used by the carriers is much lower. The wage item is the largest factor in railroad expense and at least it is significant that no consideration is being given the subject of wage increases.

RAIL RATES AND WAGES

IN ALL probability this question of wages will depend directly upon the trend of railroad freight and passenger rates. At a recent meeting of the Association of Railway Executives in Chicago a resolution was adopted calling for an immediate study of freight rates with a view to revisions. To the detached observer advances in freight rates, at a time such as the present, when commodity prices are low and every effort is being made by industry to reduce costs, may seem absurd.

The facts are, however, that railroad rates took a great deal of their liquidation before general business did. In 1921 the carriers were given a general upward revision of about 25 per cent in freight rates. Although this was ordered during a depression, the advance merely put into effect rate schedules that should have been effected several years previous. Since then the rate structure has been gradually chipped away by decision after decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Early in the year a great deal of optimism was expressed over the railroad situation in general following the news that the executives of the four major eastern railroad systems had agreed upon a plan of voluntary consolidation, known as the Four-Party Plan. Parties to this agreement included the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Baltimore & Ohio, the Chesapeake & Ohio-Nickel Plate, and the New York Central Systems. The agreement did mean that an acrimonious dispute had been substantially settled.

In financial circles this was hailed as a great forward step, since it terminated some old feuds in Wall Street that had rankled for thirty years. Not so much has been heard about this agreement lately, but the executives of the carriers are quietly working to bring it to completion. Sentiment is largely in favor of railroad consolidations, which are believed to be necessary to the ulitmate solution of the transportation problem, and not the least important result will be a strengthening of railroad credit and confidence on the part of the public in railroad securities.

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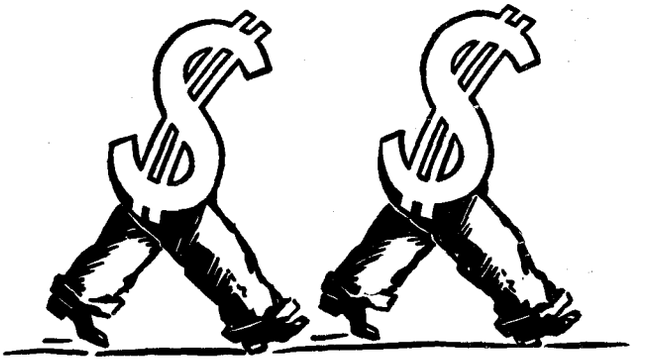

Dollars Wear Overalls Today —So Do Executives

Every dollar has to *work* its way these days, penny for penny.

Overalls have taken the place of swivel-chairs—thinking caps have replaced silk-hats.

There are three letters in the word DEPRESSION that ought to come out — d-, e-, and i-. Shuffle them up a bit and you have "die." What's left reads "PRESS ON."

Business has come down to bedrock. FACTS instead of FOOLISHNESS. INFORMATION instead of SPECULATION. ACTION instead of OPTIMISM. These are the 1931 requirements.

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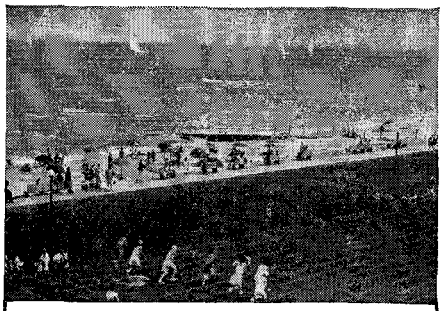

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Investment Literature

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems. Copies of these booklets will be furnished free upon request.

UNITED FOUNDERS CORPORATION REPORT FOR YEAR ENDED NOV. 30, 1930, showing a complete list of portfolio holdings together with earnings statement, may be obtained from Allied General Corporation, 49 Wall Street, New York City.

INVESTING IN OPPORTUNITY. A description of the electric system owned by the American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc. Copy upon request. American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc., 50 Broad St., New York City.

A CHAIN OF SERVICE. A booklet describing and illustrating the history and development of the Associated Gas and Electric System. Copy upon request. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

THE LIFE INSURANCE TRUST. An outline of the program to be followed in arranging for the administration of your estate, with particular reference to insurance trusts and the benefits to be derived from such a plan. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

A PORTFOLIO OF INDUSTRIES. The history and earnings of some of the representative companies in basic industries in which Continental Shares is a substantial stockholder; also complete classified list of securities owned by Continental Shares. Copy upon request. Continental Shares, Inc., Cuyahoga Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

CITIES SERVICE COMMON AS A PERMANENT INVESTMENT. This booklet describes the activities of Cities Service Company and its subsidiaries; also discusses common stock for investment, with special reference to the past history and future possibilities of Cities Service Common stock. Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York City.

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL FOODS. A description of the widespread variety of products manufactured and sold by the General Foods Corporation and the history of the various companies combined in this group. Booklet upon request. General Foods Corporation, 250 Park Ave., New York City.

THE CARE OF YOUR SECURITIES. A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York City.

THE STRENGTH OF THE UTILITIES. Full of facts about the utility industry, its importance, and fundamental character; also sets forth the security of public utility bonds and tells how to choose them wisely. Copy upon request. Halsey, Stuart & Co., 201 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

THE JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

UTILITY PREFERRED STOCKS. An informative and interesting analysis of the advantages offered by Preferred Stocks in general and Utility Preferred Stocks in particular, showing present high yields and other advantages. G. L. Ohrstrom & Company, Inc., 36 Wall Street, New York City.

HOW TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT. A booklet which outlines how life insurance can be used to advantage in any investment program and describes the uses and purposes of various policies, particularly retirement income policies and others for special needs. Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company, 493 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

23 YEARS OF SUCCESS. A booklet telling about the financial condition of the company; its method of doing business without agents; its diversified investments, and the wide distribution of its benefits. Postal Life Insurance Co., 511 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

HOW TO PLAN YOUR FINANCIAL FUTURE. Twelve true stories of men and women in various walks of life — their problems and how they faced them successfully with the aid of sound investment counsel. Copy upon request. S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed or

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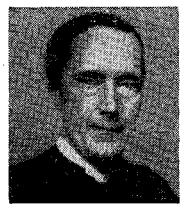

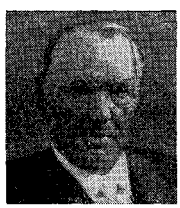

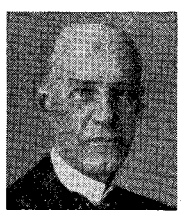

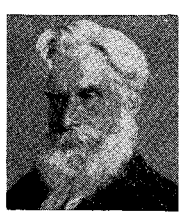

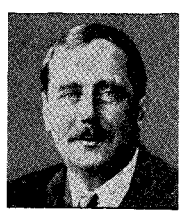

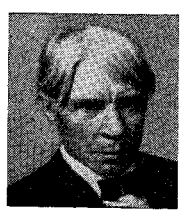

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TOASTS

BORN in Indiana of pioneer stock, CHARLES A. BEARD was educated at such diverse institutions as a Quaker Academy, the Methodist College, De Pauw, Oxford, Cornell, and Columbia. He taught political science at the latter university from 1904 to 1917, when he had "a slight disagreement with the most excellent gents who composed the board of trustees." For a while he was director of the New York Bureau of Municipal Research, and then went to Japan as advisor to Viscount Goto (Mayor of Tokyo and later Home Minister). He returned in 1923, and has, since then, given a major portion of his time to writing and to farming. "I am," he says, "more at home driving a tractor on my farm at Kent than pushing a pen, but until farm relief gets here I shall have to push the pen to pay for the luxury of driving the tractor." Despite his self-disparagement, Professor Beard has achieved a wide and distinguished reputation as the author of *The Rise of American Civilization*, written in collaboration with his wife. Another member of his family, his son William, has collaborated with him on his latest book, *The American Leviathan*, a study of the republic in the Machine Age.

HAROLD J. LASKI

NELIA GARDNER WHITE, who lives at Kenmore, New York, complains that she feels like very much of a stay-at-home when she reads other people's biographical notices. "Perhaps I traveled too extensively as a child, on that eternal, exciting round from one Methodist parsonage to the next." Apart from writing, most of her time is spent playing with her two young daughters. Mrs. White has published a number of short stories and juveniles, and her novel, *Basil and Dill*, will appear shortly.

NOW a member of the staff of the New York *Herald Tribune*, EDWARD ANGLY spent seven years abroad as a foreign correspondent for the Associated Press. Much of that time he was in Russia. "My favorite pastime," he says, "is laughing at the New Era brought about by Efficiency and American Business Genius — laughing, like Beaumarchais, for fear of being obliged to cry over it." From which one gathers that he does not, perhaps, wholly agree with Senator Campbell's prescriptions for prosperity.

ACCORDING to his own rather vague description, ELMER DAVIS is one of the earnest citizens who worry, to no very evident effect, about the welfare of society. To be more prosaically concrete, Mr. Davis was for ten years on the editorial staff of *The New York Times* and is now engaged principally in writing fiction and special articles. Among his better known books are *Show Window*, *Giant Killer*, and his recently published volume of short stories, *Morals for Moderns*

HAVING seen active service in the World War, and having also been a member of the Army of Occupation, Representative HAMILTON FISH, JR. speaks with authority on veterans' affairs. He was Chairman of the Sub-committee of three that drew up the preamble to the American Legion Constitution and later was Chairman of the Advisory Committee appointed by former President Coolidge on Veterans Military Preference. He has been a member of Congress since 1919. He lives in New York.

AS practically everybody knows, ELMER RICE is the author of *Street Scene*, the Pulitzer prize play for 1929. The list of his other dramatic successes includes *It Is the Law*, *For the Defense*, and *The Adding Machine*. Knowledge of city streets comes naturally to him for, it seems, he is that rare phenomenon, a native New Yorker. He was trained for the law, and was admitted to the New York Bar in 1913.

JOHN HELD, JR.

NOT content with his strenuous schedule as the dramatic critic of *The New Freeman*, *Vanity Fair*, and *Judge*, GEORGE JEAN NATHAN is now working on his twenty-first book, to be published next fall. It will be a study of the personalities in American literature. His latest volume was *The Testament of a Critic*, in which was included Mr. Nathan's very provocative Credo, originally published in The FORUM of December, 1930. As it is hardly necessary to say, Mr. Nathan was at one time an editor of *Smart Set* and an editor and founder, with H. L. Mencken, of *The American Mercury*.

BORN in Denver in 1892, ERNEST L. MEYER is, he says, a newspaper man by hereditary curse. In his early youth he worked on papers in Milwaukee, New York, and Warden, Washington — where he did every kind of odd job for $5 a month. "Spent three years at the University of Wisconsin and was expelled in 1918 for patriotic anæmia. Was drafted into the Army, refused the uniform, and spent six months in segregation with Mennonites, *etc.*, at four training camps and Fort Leavenworth. For the past eleven years, except for temporary sojourns in New York, I have been telegraph and managing editor of *The Capital Times*, Madison, Wisconsin. In between newspaper jobs I have worked as stake artist on a surveying crew, dish-washer, warehouse worker, *etc.*" Mr. Meyer is the author of *Hey! Yellowbacks*, a diary of a war objector.

HAROLD J. LASKI, Professor of Political Science at the University of London, is at present teaching at Yale and lecturing at various other American colleges. At one time he taught history at Harvard and McGill and has, since 1920, been connected with the London School of Economics. Author of several brilliant books on the theory of government, his most recent works are *The Dangers of Obedience* and *An Hour of Politics*.

OBLIGINGLY, JOHN HELD, JR. supplies his own biography. "I was born in Salt Lake City, Utah. I was a premature child. Many said I was born twenty years ahead of my time. I am told that I drew pictures before I could talk. I became a newspaper cartoonist in the old days in the West. Years later I came to New York, where I met with slim success. I bought a Connecticut farm and raised horses. I was kicked in the head by one of the horses. After that I started to write. I have written four books, including *Women Are Necessary* and *Grim Youth*. I am very lazy. I am too lazy to stop working."

DR. E. E. FREE, editor of the news service, *The Week's Science*, and director of the courses in general science at New York University, is a distinguished chemist and physicist who is as noted for his work in applied as in pure science. He was at one time editor of *The Scientific American* and in 1925–6 was Science Editor of THE FORUM.

FRANKLIN H. HEAD, who died some years ago, was a distinguished Chicago lawyer. FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED, one of America's leading landscape architects, and a designer of many municipal works, lives in Brookline, Massachusetts.

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